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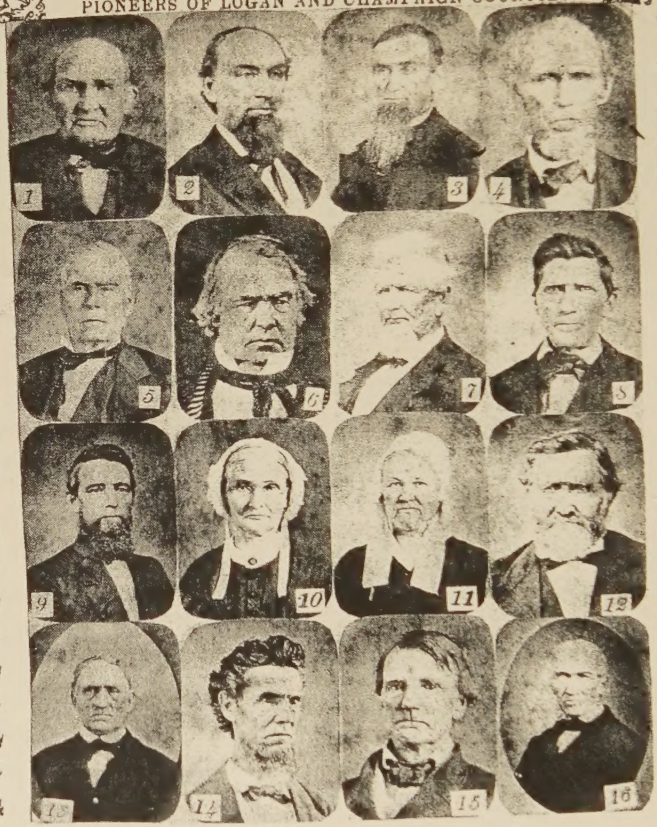
PIONEERS OF LOGAN AND CHAMPAIGN COUNTIES.



1. Elder George McCulloch,
2. Hon. Judge Lawrence.
3. James McDonald.
4. Dr. B. S. Brown.
5. N. Z. McCulloch.
6. Ex-Governor Vance.
7. R. E. Runkle.
8. M. Arrowsmith.
9. J. M. Glover.
10. Mrs. Sarah M. Moore.
11. Mrs. Mary Madden.
12. Nelson Johnson.
13. Dr. Thomas Cowgill.
14. Oden Hayes.
15. Judge Patrick.
16. E. L. Morgan.

F. M. SMEAD, Photographer.

THE HISTORY

OF

Champaign and Logan

COUNTIES,

FROM THEIR FIRST SETTLEMENT:

BY

JOSHUA ANTRIM.

1872.

CERTIFICATE OF AUTHORITY.

—o—

At the Yearly Meeting of the "Western Pioneer Association" held at Bellefontaine, September 7, 1871, Dr. B. S. Rrown, Joshua Antrim and Dr. Thomas Cowgill were appointed a Publishing Committee, to collate, arrange and prepare the material for our Pioneer History. Subsequently the Committee appointed Joshua Antrim to arrange the work. We have examined his proceedings in regard to the arrangement thereof and entirely approve the same, and advise that the work be published in book form.

BENJAMIN S. BROWN, Chairman,
THOMAS COWGILL. } *Committee.*

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1872, by JOSHUA ANTRIM, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

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PREFACE.

TO THE READER:

I have now completed the task assigned me by the Committee on Publications, appointed by the Western Ohio Pioneer Association. The entire labor of collecting material for this work was placed on me by this Committee, and when completed, to be presented to them for their approval or rejection.

In this work I have not satisfied myself in many respects, for I have reason to think I have failed in obtaining a great deal of interesting matter that should have a place in this volume, and in what I have obtained I know there are many unpleasant but unintentional mistakes, especially in some of the names and dates of the first settlers. Though I obtained the most of them from the oldest inhabitants, yet I found *they* could not tell exactly the year of their immigration to this country, (or some of them, at least,) hence they are responsible for what inaccuracies may appear in these pages. I have done all I could to arrive at the exact facts. All I, or any one else could expect under the circumstances was an approximation to accuracy.

To those gentlemen who have kindly favored me with their contributions for this work I tender my sincere thanks for their timely aid in furnishing so much valuable matter for this work. Your articles, gentlemen, will appear in these pages and they will speak for themselves, and will present a better tribute to the memory of their authors than anything I could say; so, wishing each of you a long and happy life, I bid you good bye.

JOSHUA ANTRIM.

HISTORY

OF

CHAMPAIGN COUNTY.

Champaign County was formed from Green and Franklin, March 1, 1805, and originally comprised the Counties of Clark and Logan. The Seat of Justice was originally fixed at Springfield, in Clark County, and the first Courts were held in the house of George Fithian. It is said it was named from its appearance, it being a level, open country. Urbana, the Seat of Justice, was laid out in the year 1805, by Col. Wm. Ward, formerly of Greenbrier County, Virginia. It is said by some that Mr. Ward named the town from the word Urbanity, but I think it is quite likely he named it from an old Roman custom of dividing their people into different classes—one class, the Plebeians, and this again divided into two classes—*Plebs Rustica* and *Plebs Urbana*. The *Plebs Rustica* lived in the rural districts and were farmers, while the *Plebs Urbana* lived in villages and were mechanics and artisans.

George Fithian opened the first tavern in a log cabin on South Main street, formerly the residence of Wm. Thomas; but I think it is now owned by the Methodist Episcopal Church, and they intend to improve it and make a parsonage of it.

Samuel McCord opened a Dry Goods and Grocery Store in the same cabin in the same year, (March, 1806.)

The first house covered with shingles was a house occupied by McDonald as a store room, on the north corner of Public Square, west of North Main street.

For a full and satisfactory description of Urbana and its sur-

roundings, see Judge Patrick's able, minute and satisfactory history, found in the body of this work, in which he has placed me under many obligations, and also done himself credit, and the city of Urbana, of which he writes.

I find in Howe's History of Ohio the names of a few of the first settlers in Urbana and also in the rural districts, and although most of the names found in his history will be found in the body of this work, for fear some valuable names may be overlooked I here transcribe them. But let the reader be assured that most of those honored and venerated names will appear in these pages.

But before I proceed to record those names I wish to make a remark or two in regard to the first settlers of this county. In vain have I made inquiry of the oldest living pioneers as to the first white man that settled here. Likewise the public records have been searched with the same unsatisfactory results. It may seem to some a matter of very little consequence who first settled a country, but we find people in all ages disposed to attach very great importance to so apparently trifling a circumstance. The Carthaginians have their Dido, the Greeks their Cecrops, and the Romans their Romulus: so in our own country William Penn settled Pennsylvania; Boone, Kentucky, &c.; and in most of the counties of this State the first settlers are known, and the date of their settlement. I find in a very able and interesting document, furnished me for this work by an old and respected pioneer, Mr. Arrowsmith, the name of Wm. Owens, who, he says, came to this county in the year 1797 or 1798. I think it not unlikely that he was the first white man that made this county his home.

I now commence the list of names: Joseph C. Vance, Thos. and Ed. W. Pearce, George Fithian, Sam'l McCord, Zeph. Luse, Benj. Doolittle, George and Andrew Ward, Wm. H. Fyffe, Wm. and John Glenn, Frederick Ambrose, John Reynolds and Sam'l Gibbs. Those living in the country—Jacob Minturn, Henry and Jacob Vanmetre, Nathaniel Cartmell, Justice Jones, Felix Rock, Thomas Anderson, Abner Barret, Thomas Pearce, Benj. and Wm. Cheney, Matthew and Charles Stuart, Parker Sullivan, John Logan, John Thomas, John Runyon, John Lafferty, John Owens, John Taylor, John Guttridge, John Cartmell, John Dawson, John Pence, Jonathan Long, Bennet Taber, Nathan Fitch, Robert Nowce, Jacob Pence and Arthur Thomas.

Joseph C. Vance was the father of Ex-Governor Vance, and was

the first Clerk of the Court in this County. Capt. Arthur Thomas, whose name is in the above list, lived on King's Creek, about three miles North of Urbana. He was ordered to Fort Findlay with his Company, to guard the public stores at that place, and on their return they encamped at the Big Spring near an old Indian town called Solomon's Town, about seven miles north of Bellefontaine.

Their horses having strayed away in the night, he and his son went in pursuit of them. When they had got some distance from the encampment they were discovered by the Indians, who attacked them with an overpowering force and they were killed and scalped and left dead on the spot.

Urbana was a frontier town during the war 1812. Hull's army was quartered here the same year, before taking up their line of march for Detroit. In fact, it was a place of general rendezvous for the troops starting for the defense of our northern frontier. They were encampod in the eastern part of the city, and here lie the bodies of many brave soldiers mingled with their mother dust, and no monument to mark the place where they rest, nor to tell the story of their sufferings; even their names have perished with them. All we can do now is to drop a tear over their sleeping dust and say, "Here lie in peaceful slumbers the brave defenders of our once frontier homes."

In penning these sketches, I find myself very much in the condition of the early pioneer who had to blaze his way through a dense forest to find his way from one place to another. Fortunately for me, however, others have preceded me and blazed the way to some extent for me. And to none, perhaps, am I under more obligations than to Mr. Howe, in his History of Ohio; and he is not entirely reliable, for I have been obliged to make some corrections in his statements of facts in the history of this country. For instance, the time of settlement of Logan County, putting it in the year 1806, when in fact it was settled in the year 1801. Also, the names of the first settlers. Of course he had to rely on others for information, and they did not know; but in the main, however, I believe he is correct.

I now resume my sketch of Urbana: On the corner of Public Square and North Main street—now McDonald's Corner, but in the war of 1812 called Doolittle's Tavern—were the headquarters of Governor Meigs. On the opposite corner—now Armstrong's Bank—stood a two-story brick house, and on the end fronting the

Square, could be seen the date of its erection—1811. This was occupied for many years by D. & T. M. Gwynne as a store-room. All the old settlers of Champaign now living, will call to mind the once familiar face of Robert Murdock, with his obliging and gentlemanly manners, who was then a partner in the firm.

The above described building was the place where the commissary's office was kept during the war of 1812, and is the one to which Richard M. Johnson was brought wounded after his personal and deadly conflict with the renowned Tecumseh at the battle of the Thames.

Urbana was visited by a dreadful tornado on the 22d of March, 1830. Passing from the South-west to the North-east, it leveled the Presbyterian Church with the ground, and unroofed the M. E. Church, throwing it down to within a few feet of its foundation. Both of these buildings were substantial brick edifices; also, a great many private residences were either unroofed or wholly demolished, killing three children and crippling others. For a more satisfactory account, see Judge Patrick's history of Urbana in this work.

I can not leave Urbana without giving a short account of the old Court House, built in 1817. I have never seen a description of this then imposing structure. It stood in the center of the Public Square, now called, I believe, Monument Square, fronting North and South, built of brick, two stories high, the roof having four sides, coming to a point in the center, surmounted by a cupola and spire on which was a globe and a fish that turned with the wind. The main entrance was on the South. This, for the time in which it was built, was an elegant and commodious public building.

How many pleasant and interesting memories cluster around this, to the old pioneer, almost hallowed spot! Here, too, or near this spot, many a soldier breathed his last and bade adieu to all earthly conflicts. And the soldier mounted on the pedestal on the spot where the old Court House stood, surveying with down-cast eyes and in solemn and impressive silence the battle-fields of Gettysburg and Shiloh, may drop a tear over the graves of those heroes that freely shed their blood in the defense of our country in the war of 1812.

SIMON KENTON.

Simon Kenton, whose name will appear frequently in these pages, was an early settler in Urbana. I quote from Judge Burnet's letters as found in Howe's History. In his letters he says that when the troops were stationed at Urbana, a mutinous plan was formed by part of them to attack and destroy a settlement of friendly Indians, who had removed with their families within the settlement under assurance of protection. Kenton remonstrated against the measure as being not only mutinous but treacherous and cowardly. He contrasted his knowledge and experience of the Indian character with their ignorance of it. He vindicated them against the charge of treachery which was alleged against them as a justification of the act which they were about to perpetrate, and reminded them of the infamy they would incur by destroying a defenseless band of men, women and children, who had placed themselves in their power relying on a solemn promise of protection. He appealed to their humanity, their honor and their duty as soldiers. Having exhausted all the means of persuasion in his power, and finding them resolved to execute their purpose, he took a rifle and declared with great firmness that he would accompany them to the Indian encampment and shoot down the first man that dared to molest them; that if they entered their camp they should do it by passing over his corpse. Knowing that the old veteran would redeem his pledge they abandoned their purpose and the poor Indians were saved. Though he was brave as Cæsar and reckless of danger when it was his duty to expose his person, yet he was mild, even tempered and had a heart that could bleed at the distress of others.

General Kenton lived many years in Logan county, on what was called the old Sandusky road, about four miles north of Zanesfield on his farm, where he died April 29th, 1836, aged 81 years and 26 days. His remains were removed to Urbana by a deputation of citizens from that place I think in 1865, and buried in the cemetery about three-quarters of a mile east of the city in a lot of

ground appropriated by the city for that purpose containing about seventy-five or one hundred feet in a circular form with a view of erecting a monument at some future day. The only thing that now marks his grave is the same plain stone slab that stood at the head of his grave in Logan county, with this inscription: "In memory of Gen. Simon Kenton, who was born April 3d, 1755, in Culpepper County, Va., and died April 29th, 1836, aged 81 years and 26 days."

His fellow citizens of the west will long remember him as the skillful pioneer of early times, the brave soldier and honest man.

TECUMSEH.

There were several Indian councils in Urbana at a very early day. They were held in a grove on or near where the old grave yard is north-east of town. Distinguished chiefs from various tribes took part in these councils.

Mr. Howe says in his history that Tecumseh in the spring of 1795, took up his quarters on Deercreek near the site of Urbana, where he was engaged in his favorite amusement, hunting, and remained until the following Spring. There never was any creek by the name of Deercreek near the site of Urbana. I think there is a creek by that name in Madison county but I do not think it reaches Champaign. I find Tecumseh's biographer makes the same mistake. I now quote from his biography:

"While residing on Deercreek an incident occurred which greatly enhanced his reputation as a hunter. One of his brothers, and several other Shawnees of his own age proposed to bet with him that they could each kill as many deer in the space of three days as he. Tecumseh promptly accepted the overture. The parties took to the woods and at the end of the time stipulated returned with the evidences of their success. None of the party except Tecumseh had more than twelve deer-skins, and he brought in upward of thirty, near three times as many as any of his competitors. From this time he was generally conceded to be the greatest hunter in the Shawnee nation.

In 1799 there was a council held about six miles north of the place where Urbana now stands, between the Indians and some of the principle settlers on Mad River, for the adjustment of difficulties which had grown up between those parties. Tecumseh, with other Shawnee Chiefs, attended the council. He appears to have been the most conspicuous orator of the conference, and made a speech on the occasion which was much admired for its force and eloquence. The interpreter, Dechauset, said that he found it very difficult to translate the lofty flights of Tecumseh, although he was as well acquainted with the Shawnee language as with the French which was his mother tongue.

Sometime during the year 1803, a stout Kentuckian came to Ohio for the purpose of exploring the lands on Mad River, and lodged one night at the house of Capt. Abner Barret, residing on the headwaters of Buck Creek. In the course of the evening he learned, with apparent alarm, that there were some Indians encamped within a short distance of the house. Shortly after hearing this unwelcome intelligence, the door of Capt. Barret's dwelling was suddenly opened and Tecumseh entered with his usual stately air; he paused in silence and looked around until at length his eye was fixed upon the stranger who was manifesting symptoms of alarm, and did not venture to look the stern savage in the face. Tecumseh turned to his host and pointing to the agitated Kentuckian, exclaimed—"A big baby, a big baby." He then stepped up to him and gently slapping him on the shoulder several times, repeated with a contemptuous manner, the phrase, "*Big baby, big baby!*" to the great alarm of the astonished man, and to the amusement of all present.

CHARACTER AND HARDSHIPS

OF THE

PIONEERS OF OHIO.

CHAPTER I.

THOMAS COWGILL, M. D.—*Dear Doctor:*—Mr. Antrim, of Logan County, called on me a few weeks ago with an urgent request that, as I was an old pioneer of Ohio, I should prepare and send to your address in some readable form, some scraps of early pioneer history, connecting with them such incidents and facts as came within my own knowledge, embracing the times up to about 1820, for the purpose of incorporating them with a proposed history of the early settlements, and more particularly within my own early localities. This seemed to me at the time, more than my physical strength, owing to a general nervous prostration of my system, would warrant, and I excused myself with a partial promise to comply, if sufficient strength permitted, and will therefore, in pencil sketches, make the effort, hoping you will, in their transcription, so mould and remodel as to make them presentable to your readers.

My first acquaintance with men and things in this State commenced in 1806. My father, Anthony Patrick, having emigrated when I was ten years old from New Jersey to Trumbull County, purchased and improved a small tract of wild land in Brookfield township, two miles west of the line between Ohio and Pennsylvania, and two and one-half miles west from Sharon, which is now one of the most distinguished CENTERS for the *manufacture of Iron* in this country. I could here delineate the hardships and privations of that early day among the few settlers in that vicinity, but

it would be traveling out of the objects you seek in your circular. I will, however, as a common specimen of pioneer life, state that from 1806 to 1808 the settlers there labored under many discouragements, even after openings for cultivation were made; such as want of teams and farming implements, and the want of means to procure them. Oxen and cows were with few exceptions the only teams used; horses were rare; rough sleds were the vehicles of travel and transit, rough ploughs with wooden mould boards, with iron nosings attached for coulters, harrows all of wood even to the teeth, were their best implements, and the man that had these with a yoke of oxen or even cows was called rich. The man that had even one cow to harness for farming purposes was considered fortunate; and those that had none of these advantages, but had to put in their crops with manual toil, were the poor, which indeed was very common in that day. Yet with all these conflicts in the start, about 1808 they began to realize relief in return for their toils in products from the rich soil.

But up to this time they had to endure in many cases much suffering; flour and meal commanded fabulous prices, and could not be procured nearer than Pittsburg, and for want of means many families had to resort to roots and wild game entirely for subsistence, using spice-wood and sassafras for teas, and when they could procure it, rye was their coffee, sweetened with sugar of their own make. Salt was also very scarce and dear, so much so, that many families who had pork had to let it remain without salting all winter, using it by cutting from the whole hog as they needed it for cooking during the cold winters. The above are some of the facts connected with pioneer life more than three scores of years ago in the upper end of this State. In this connection it should be stated that there was one characteristic trait plainly prominent in that early day among the people. When it was made known that any one was in need of help, they for miles around would congregate, and if it was a cabin to be raised it was done. If assistance to roll logs was needed in a new clearing it was bestowed.

And in many instances under my own observation when any one from age, bad health or poverty was unable to open his clearing or provide shelter for himself and family, they would on a given day for miles around come together, bringing with them their own provisions at an early hour, with axes, cross-cut saws, teams

such as they had, and such other implements as were necessary for the occasion. If the object was to open up a small clearing, a leader was appointed who gave general directions; some were assigned to cutting up the large down timber into logs, others to hauling them together, others to rolling them into heaps ready for burning, others to cut or grub out the under-growth, and either carry it to the edge of the ground and pile it in rows for a fence, or in heaps for consumption by fire, others to felling timber and splitting it into rails, and building fences where there was no brush fence, especially in front of the cabin, with a slip-gap for egress or ingress. And in some instances after the ground was cleared from debris, they would break patches and plant such vegetables as would come early and afford relief to the occupants; and indeed it was frequently the case that a dense forest in the morning, would by night-fall, present quite a little field, with the standing timber girdled, surrounded with the uncouth fences already described.

CHAPTER II.

BUILDING THE LOG CABIN.

If a cabin was to be built from the forest, as in the case before intimated, the leader, as aforesaid, who was always a man of experience, and dubbed Captain, would, as an initiatory step, classify the congregated masses, and assign to each their respective duties, about in this order:

1st. He would select four of the most expert axe-men as corner-men, whose duty it was to first clear off the site, square it, and place a boulder at each corner to build upon after being duly leveled, then saddle and notch down the logs in good, workman-like order.

2d. He would assign a sufficient number of suitable men to select as near the site as possible, the best large-growth, straight-grained white-oak tree for clap-boards, whose further duty it was to fell it, and cross-cut it into suitable lengths, split the cuts into square bolts, and with a fro rive them. Another branch of this classification was required in like manner to prepare puncheons for floors, doors, windows and chimney-corner jambs, out of such timber as was best adapted for the purposes, such as oak, chestnut or ash, as all these abounded in that part of the State, and were, when properly selected straight-grained timber, and could be made of sufficient length and width to make a good solid floor, when spotted on the under side at the ends out of wind; and to rest upon sleepers placed at proper distances apart, with dressed, straight upper surfaces, and which, when top-dressed by a skillful adz-man, made a good substitute for plank, which at that early day could not be procured for want of saw-mills.

3d. He would then select and detail such a number as seemed necessary to cull out as near the site as possible, straight, suitably sized standing trees, and fell them and chop them off at suitable lengths for the proposed structure, with teamsters to haul them in as they were logged off, in the then usual way of dragging them on the ground hitched by a chain with a hook at one end of the log. To this force were added other teamsters, provided with rough wood sleds to haul in the clap-boards, puncheons, and such

other materials, as would be necessary in the completion of the cabin. These preliminaries being all successfully arranged and being carried into effect, the leader would take his station and make proclamation to the balance of the forces, directing them to forthwith prepare smooth skids, the necessary number of forks with grape-vine or hickory withes around the prongs, and two or three strong cross sticks inserted through holes bored in the lower ends to give hand hold to push by; and also provide a sufficient number of hand-spikes, of tough, small, round hickory, dog-wood or iron-wood, some four feet long, with ends shaved smooth to be used by the men to bear up the logs while in transit to the corner-men, or to the foot of the skids, as the case might be. Then the order would be promulgated that no one but the Captain should give any direction in the further progress of the enterprise; and as the logs would be hauled to the spot, he, with a glance of the eye would make the necessary directions; and which would by his order be conveyed to the corner-men upon hand-spikes with sturdy men at the ends walking abreast on both sides of the log, bearing it up to its destination; then the second log was borne in like manner, each being placed after being spotted flat on the under side, so as to rest level upon the corner-stones, as the end logs of the structure equi-distant apart between the ends, then the ends would be prepared by the corner-men with what was familiarly known as the *saddle*, which consisted in this: The expert corner-men would chamfer or bevel off at an angle of say forty-five degrees each side of the ends of the log, the two chamfers meeting at a point on the top-center of the log, presenting an end view of the upper half of the log. This preparation is to receive the transverse logs notched at each end so as to nicely fit over the saddles. The two end logs having been placed and fitted as above described, the leader would select the two largest logs being straight for the front and rear bottom logs; being sills, these two logs when in the hands of the corner-men would be notched deeper than the other logs of the building, so as not to throw the floor too high from the ground. The corner-men at each end of the log would cut their notches so exactly at the same angle, and at the same time so as to exactly fit their respective saddles, that when put to the proper place would make a solid fit and out of wind. This dexterity in corner-men no doubt gave rise to the old aphorism, "*He cuts his notches close.*"

The four foundation logs having all been properly notched and saddled and in their places, and upon the usual tests being found square; the next thing to be done was to cut in the sills the slots, or gains to receive the sleepers, which if on the ground and prepared as already intimated by being scotched straight on upper sides, were cut to right lengths and fitted at the ends, so as to rest solidly upon said slots, and put in their places; though this was frequently done after the building was raised.

All things prepared for the superstructure, the leader still at his post, with a shrill emphatic voice selects a log, and his forces bear it to the corner-men as already intimated, resting one end of the handspikes on the top log already placed, rolling it upon the two saddled logs; it was then fitted and prepared in proper manner and placed plumb on the wall by the practiced eye, aided by the pendulous axe held loosely at tip of helve, between the thumb and forefingers of the experts. This routine being continued, until the building was too high to reach and rest the handspikes as heretofore described upon the wall; then, the skids resting on the ground at the but-ends would be reared up to the corners on the front side and one end of the building, nearest the collection of the hauled-in timber; the logs one by one selected as aforesaid, would be carried as before to the foot of the appropriate skids, and placed on them, and rolled up as far as the men could conveniently reach; and being stanchioned and held, the necessary number of forks were placed under each end of the log inside of the skids, with lower ends held firmly down to the ground, were by the order of the leader manned at the cross-handles already described at each end of the log, which was at a given word of said leader, slid up the skids by the uniform motive power thus applied, to the top, where, by the leverage of handspikes in the hands of the corner-men, it would be thrown on top of the already saddled logs, and by them rolled to the back wall; then the next log in like manner would be shoved up and received by the corner-men for the wall upon which the skids rested: these being fitted as indicated, the two logs intended as transverse would in like manner be placed on the ends of the last two logs, all being done with exact uniformity and celerity, and with dispatch and neatness fitted to their respective places in the wall. And if the contemplated cabin was intended to be more than one story, at the proper height from the top of

the sleepers for lower floor, slots would be prepared for the joists, and if they were on the ground would be fitted in like manner with the sleepers. Then the building would in the routine already described be carried up to the square; when upon the two ends of the building would be raised the eave-bearers, projecting some twenty inches beyond the wall, and would be notched down and saddled back far enough to receive the timbers hereafter described; when the two ends in front of the building were notched at the upper tips in the form of the large capital V to rest the upper ends of the skids; then the butting pole for the back side of the cabin would be shoved up to the front corner-men, and rolled to the back eave and notched down upon the saddles projecting some fifteen inches, beyond the outside plumb of the wall; then the first rib would be sent up to corner-men in same manner, and rolled back to proper distance inside of said butting pole, and notched down, so as to give the pitch of roof from center of butting pole to top surface of said rib; then the front rib and butting pole would in like manner be sent up and placed in same order as those in the rear, then the first two gable logs would be placed in notches cut into the ribs and chamfered at the ends to suit the pitch of the roof. The other ribs and gable logs being placed, so as to preserve the intended pitch of the roof, the upper and central one being called the ridge pole is in like manner notched down in such position, as that a straight edge would from the centers of the butting poles upward, touch the upper surfaces of all the ribs and ridge pole respectively at the indicated angles. Thus the cabin is ready for the clapboards, which are laid down upon the ribs with the lower ends resting against the butting poles, with small spaces between, which are top-covered in like manner, so as to break joints, and the eave courses on each side being so laid down; knees out of the hearts of clapboard bolts, of proper lengths are prepared at each end, resting endwise against the butting poles to hold up the weight poles, which are placed upon the two eave courses of clapboards as nearly over the ribs respectively as possible; and in like manner another course of clapboards is on each side laid down abutting the weight-poles, and being kneed as described, another weight-pole is put in its place to hold down the boards, and so on until the whole cabin is roofed and weighed down as per programme.

In this connection it may be stated, that those forces that were

detailed to prepare material in the early part of the day, would long before the cabin was raised and covered have finished their several allotments of labor, and report themselves ready for further service, and would again be subdivided and their respective duties under the direction of the leader allotted; some to cutting out the openings, such as doors, windows, and fire-places, and jambing them up with the material prepared for that purpose; others to laying down the floor as already described; others to building up the chimney, back and side jambs for outside fire-place; others to preparing "mat and clay" with which to top out the chimney and put in stone back wall and fire-place jambs; others to making door or doors as the case might be, out of long clap-boards prepared for such purpose, and hanging them with wooden hinges and fixing wooden latches; others to scotching down slightly with a broad-axe inside walls; others to chinking and daubing the cabin and filling up the hearth even with the floor and flagging it with flat stones, if such material was on hands, and putting cross sticks in windows upon which greased paper would be pasted as a substitute for glass. And indeed it may be said the whole would be completed, so that a general house-warming, as it was called—in the shape of a country dance or other innocent amusements—would be the prelude to the family occupancy the same night after the completion.

This characteristic kindness was mutual—all felt it, all manifested it toward each other. All intercourse was social; no one felt that he had a right to domineer over his poor neighbor, but the disposition was to aid and encourage.

These settlers, as soon as they had furnished themselves and families with shelters and provided for their wants, directed their attention to the moral and religious culture of the community, and schools and churches were organized and sustained, and from year to year the facilities of the people were gradually improved, and their condition began to assume prosperity and happiness.

But before this amelioration, notwithstanding all tried to assist each other as far as means to do so permitted; yet there were some distressing hardships endured. One family by the name of Knight was reduced almost to starvation, and had to subsist upon such resources as a wilderness afforded. Mr. Knight had to labor without nourishment enough to give him strength. He was one of those who had no kind of team, and had to carry his rails on

his shoulder out of his clearing to his fence-row, and was actually so reduced for want of food, as to have to stop and rest with his rail one end on the ground, several times before reaching the fence-row. Another family had no other subsistence than that afforded from the milk of a cow, and such wild game and esculent roots as they could procure, and this same cow was kept in gear for hauling, plowing, &c., as their only team; these privations lasted from early spring into the summer of 1807, when their toils were blessed with the products of the soil in the shape of early potatoes, green corn, &c. These are given as samples for many more such cases.

In this connection it may be well to anticipate the question that may be asked: "Could not these extremities have been obviated by the wild game that always abounded in a new country?" It is easier to ask than answer questions, but there were good reasons why a sufficient supply could not always be had. Many of these persons had neither guns nor ammunition with which to hunt; and most of them were not skilled in the use of fire-arms. They had emigrated from old settlements, and those who had the means at hand had to practice; and as an incident the writer of these sketches will state that his father, on his way from New Jersey, when at Lancaster, Pennsylvania, purchased a new rifle, a kind of fire-arms he had never used, but during his first winter in his new home, when there would come a fall of snow he would take his rifle and practice hunting, and succeeded in killing a turkey or a rabbit now and then, but from that nervousness and anxiety called buck-fever, could not for a long time succeed in killing a deer. But one morning after a fall of light snow he tied a white handkerchief over his head and dressed in light-colored clothing, assimilating as near as possible to the color of the snow, put out, gun in hand into the forest immediately back of his cabin, and was not gone more than ten minutes until the family were saluted with the shrill crack of his rifle, and looking in the direction of the report he was seen running at full speed toward the cabin, with his gun held horizontally in both hands, in a perfect fever of excitement, out of breath, and entirely speechless, thrusting the cock of his gun almost in the faces of his family, to let them know he had killed a deer; he had to be even reminded that he must stick it, which he had forgotten under the frenzy of his buck-fever; he

went immediately back and stuck a fine fat doe which had dropped dead from his shot, after which he was more deliberate and cool, and became a tolerably good hunter both in the chase and at deer-licks, which abounded at that time in that part of the State.

A few mornings after the above occurrence his brother Johnson Patrick, who afterwards lived in Logan County, borrowed the gun and was gone but a little while until he came across two cubs and killed them both, but found himself in an almost inextricable dilemma; for as soon as he was about to bring away his game, the old dam made her appearance, and he not having been a skillful hunter, had not reloaded, and had no opportunity to do it; but with the aid of a good dog that happened to be on the spot made good his escape with the trophies of his luck, and this incident made him a wiser man, and better hunter afterward. These fragments are intended as specimens; many such might be enumerated but would only vary in the personages and not in character. As I have undertaken to give the reasons why an abundant supply to relieve suffering could not be had, I will as another reason state the fact that the din of improvement in so many places at one time, added to the discharge of fire-arms to a considerable extent, with other causes, frightened all wild animals and made them extremely wild; and even caused them to retire to more undisturbed places in the forests. I will here intimate a mode of capturing wild turkeys, which was very successfully practiced without the use of powder and lead. It consisted in building of common fence rails a square pen, say three feet high covered with fence rails on top, with interstices between of some four inches, making an opening on on side at the bottom of the pen large enough for a turkey to pass through it, then throw into the pen shelled corn or other cereals, trail said seed outside some distance, and very frequently a whole flock would begin on the outside trail and clean it up to the pen, and one at a time follow the leading turkey through the opening until the whole flock, large or small, would be crowded inside, and when once in they became bewildered, and had neither sense nor instinct to go out as as they went in, but only attempted to escape by flying up, and were knocked back by the fence rail covering; and would either be secured in the trap until needed for use, or taken out and put into another pen and fed; and leave the trap for

a new haul. The writer of this has practiced upon this same principle, and caught as many as a dozen at one time, but that mode would not last long in the same neighborhood, for it would seem that the poor silly creatures would learn caution and instinctively avoid the traps.

While upon this subject, it might be appropriate to notice other modes of capturing game which were devised, such as snares, dead falls, &c.; even wolves were ensnared in this way when properly set and baited. For want of steel or iron traps the resort was simply to select a suitably sized tough, elastic under growth sapling, cutting off the top and tying to the upper end a small strong cord, so adjusted as to present an open slipping noose, then bending down the sapling near to the ground and fastening it to such fixtures as would upon slight contact spring suddenly, being careful to so adjust the noose that the animal must reach through it to obtain the bait already attached to the springing fixtures. These preliminaries having all been so arranged, the unsuspecting victim would approach, thrusting its head through the fatal noose, seizing the bait, which would spring the hole suddenly and draw the noose tight, holding it up in a dangling attitude, until loosened by the owner of the snare. And the dead fall was either a heavy slab of timber, or a small square pen built of poles and covered over with such material as would weigh it down after it had been sprung; the latter mode was the most humane, as it inflicted no torture upon the captured game: to this class may be added the common quail trap, which was built of small light split sticks, fastened at the corners with small twine and drawn in, so as to form what might for want of a better term be called a square cone at the top; this weighted down with a stone on top completed the trap. All these were set upon what was familiarly known as a figure four trigger, baited to suit the kind of game desired.

Before dismissing these fragmentary ruses to decoy wild game, it would not be amiss to notice the practice of watching deer-licks. Then, were here and there certain brackish springs, to which deer in the summer and fall seasons of evenings would resort, and were denominated deer-licks. And the hunter who would avail himself of this opportunity, would prepare himself in the branches of some suitable standing tree near by, a kind of booth, or screen of green limbs with their foliage; and in which he would fix a

seat, and at about six o'clock P. M., would seat himself, gun in hand, prepared with a small piece of spunk into which he would with steel and flint strike a spark of fire, which would make smoke without a blaze to keep off the gnats, &c., which were very numerous and annoying. He would sit there without daring to make the least rustle or other noise, for fear of frightening the expected visitors; he would some times go away disappointed, but frequently they would come and one at least would remain as a trophy to the happy huntsman; but this mode of hunting was anathematized by professional hunters, for the reason that it was calculated to drive away the deer from their winter haunts, and because neither the hide nor the venison was so good as when killed in proper seasons. Speaking of deer hides, they were highly prized at that day for the reason that when properly dressed in the Indian mode, they became very useful material for clothing, such as pants and hunting shirts, and were of common use among the male population.

I will here break the thread of these fragmentary sketches by remarking that I have attempted to show that the early pioneers of the State were noble minded, generous hearted, and social men; full of the milk of human kindness, ready at all times, to aid the needy, relieve the distressed, and hold back nothing that would promote the happiness of their fellows. Indeed we never had better communities of men and women, than were constituted out of the first settlers of Ohio. They were always ready to do good deeds, but added to these noble qualities they had the muscular power to perform. It may be said, "There were Giants in those days."

I have lived too long to make rash statements of facts, but I am about to make one, that I feel almost afraid to make, fearing it may seem to assail my veracity. Here it is: I knew a man of that day by the name of Collins, who between sun rise and sun set, with only his axe and wooden wedges split *one thousand* rails of full size, the cuts having been logged off. It was chestnut timber, and he being a large boned alethic axe-man, would wield his ponderous axe with such certainty as to check the cut, so as to drive in a small wedge, then following it with a tough glut, would so burst it open as to sever it with a few well directed blows of his axe, then quarter it in like manner, and then his axe alone was sufficient to shell the quarters into rails.

As these fragmentary and desultory scraps of the early times in Ohio are intended to perpetuate facts and incidents, connected with the lives of those who have "Gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns," it may be well to hand them down to the

generations to come, that they may compare notes, and realize the contrast. And in that view of the subject, it may not be amiss to bring up in review some of the annoyances to which the people were exposed. Wolves were very numerous and ravenous and consequently it was with difficulty that sheep could be introduced, and indeed other domestic animals had to be kept in safe quarters, near the family residences, in order to save them. It was no uncommon thing in the night season to be saluted with the dismal howl of these nocturnal prowlers, in close proximity to the cabin homes of the settlers; and which if not scared away, would make a raid before morning upon the sheep-fold or other stock within their reach. The most effectual way of riddance, was to keep on hands a good supply of outer, jaggy flakes of the shell-bark hickory, and make a sally at them with blazing torches, which would be sure to make a sudden retreating stampede. Blazing fire-brands from the hearth had the same effect; the sight of fire seemed to strike them with terror; indeed it was necessary at some seasons of the year for persons who were out at night to carry a torch or lantern for self preservation, as attacks upon persons were sometimes made. In some instances persons were not secure even in daylight, and, as one proof of it, I will bring up an instance. The Hon. Samuel Huntington, one of the first Governors of this State, lived in the Western Reserve. He had occasion about the year 1807 or 1808, to travel on horse-back from Cleveland to Warren, which was then almost an entire wilderness, on a very rainy day in the early part of winter; and was suddenly, without notice, beset by a large pack of hungry wolves. They pitched at both horse and rider; the horse was completely frightened into timid docility, and could not be urged to move; nothing was left for the Governor to do but to fight it out, with the only weapon he had, a folded umbrella, with which he punched them off, but was nearly being captured when fortunately it flew open, and the sudden change in its aspect frightened the ferocious animals, so that they fled, and he was miraculously relieved from a terrible dilemma. The probability is that it was the horse they desired to capture in this case, but persons were not safe if they were ravenously hungry.

The writer of this on one occasion had good cause to believe that he escaped providentially from being devoured. The circumstances, as nearly as now recollected, were about these: The first

school in the neighborhood had been opened, and he being then about eleven years old was sent to it, and not being willing to lose time had to use evenings to attend to other matters. The only pair of shoes he had needed half-soling, and it was arranged that after school was dismissed he should go to Wm. Cunningham's, the shoemaker, on a public road, about one mile north from the school house, and his father's residence being about a half mile east from the school-house, on a public road, making his whole distance from home by the road about one and one-half miles. To describe without a diagram, it may be stated that a short distance on the way home from the residence of Mr. Cunningham, a small by-path for pedestrians took off from the north road and led to his father's cabin on the east road, and shortened the distance so that it was only a little over a mile by the path to his home. He remained until near 10 o'clock; it was a bright moonlight night, with a little fall of snow on the ground; his shoes being mended, he prepared to start home, when the family of Mr. Cuningham advised him to take the road for safety; but when he came to where the path took off he failed to take the advice, and at a rapid pace, plunged into the dense forest, and when about two-thirds of the way home began to flatter himself that all would be well, and that in a short time the family welcome would greet him, when suddenly he realized the fact that he was in the midst of danger; he heard the brush cracking some distance in the rear, and his rash folly in attempting to go the short route in the night season without some mode of defense was apparent; but boy as he was he knew his only chance of escape was in a foot race, and being swift of foot for his age, he put forth his energies, still keeping ahead of his pursuers, although they were nearing him; but he sped on and soon reached his father's clearing and bounded over the fence, when the glare of a bright light from the cabin and a faithful house-dog met his enraptured vision, and he was safe. It was supposed that they had sniffed the new, fresh sole leather which caused the pursuit.

CHAPTER III.

LOG CABIN CONTINUED.

In this connection might be named one other pest to the new settlements. Yellow rattle snakes largely abounded to the great annoyance and peril of the people. The country in many portions was underlaid with a strata of shelly rocks, which upon abrupt acclivities of the surface and at heads of springs would crop out, and these cropping points afforded these pestiferous reptiles commodious caverns or dens, in which, in some localities, vast numbers would collect for winter quarters, and in the early spring would leave the caverns to bask in the spring sunshine in the vicinity of their head-quarters, and snake hunts were common in some neighborhoods. I remember to have heard of a raid being made upon some of these dens a short distance west of Warren, which resulted in the destruction of immense numbers counted by the hundreds in one day. But as I do not design to tell a long snake story, I will give a few facts, which may seem at this day to partake of the *Munchausen* type. My father built his cabin near a very fine spring, which headed in a depression bounded on three sides by an oval circular rock bench, some four or five feet higher than the surface of the spring; his cabin had not been furnished when he moved into it in the early Spring, and was not fully chinked; necessity compelled the occupancy of it in that condition, intending soon to finish it, and in the mean time to furnish it temporarily in the most primitive mode of that day; his bedsteads were in this style—one crotch or post of proper height, fastened upright, to rest the ends of transverse straight suitably sized poles upon, inserting the other ends into the interstices between the logs of the cabin, putting in other cross sticks, upon which to rest clapboards, to hold up the bed and bedding. Upon these rustic bedsteads, with appropriate couches, the family enjoyed that sweet repose which they needed after their daily toils; all went on charmingly, until one morning my mother, in making up the bed in which she and my father had slept, in drawing off the feather bed in order to shake up the straw-

tick, discovered to her consternation and terror a large rattle snake gliding away between the logs, which was supposed to have ensconced itself between the two ticks the day before ; and during the night had remained so quietly still as not to have disturbed its bed fellows. I remember another incident that occurred afterward in the same locality. My now only sister Mrs. Jonas Cummings of Illinois was an infant, beginning to sit alone, and my mother having some work to do in the house yard, to pacify the child placed it upon the grass plot with play things to amuse it. While attending to her domestic duties she observed that the child manifested most ecstatic glee, and looking in that direction, she was horrified upon seeing the child about to clutch a huge yellow rattle snake. She ran and jerked away the child, and her excitement emboldened her to hunt a club with which she suddenly dispatched his snakeship.

There were many rattle snake adventures of varied types and phases, but let the above suffice. It may however be said that many persons became reckless and were the victims to their own folly; others were unavoidably bitten, but as a general rule the Indian remedies were resorted to, and generally were effectual in their cure. In some few cases however the bite proved fatal ; one instance can be given that was a sad one ; and by way of introduction to the sequel, the remark may be made that there were persons and not a few, who seemed to lose their terror of the reptiles from their familiarity with the abundance and it was a very common practice to be provided with a stick two or three feet long with a prong at one end, which they would use when an opportunity offered, by throwing the fork or prong upon the neck of the snake, and pinning it down to the ground for the purpose of teasing it, as young kittens will a mouse before killing it, and when they have satisfied themselves with this amusement, they seize the serpent by the tail, lift off the yoke, and give a sudden backward jerk and break its neck. A very fine young man in the neighborhood who was greatly esteemed, by the name of McMahan, who was about to be married to a daughter of Judge Hughs, (who was uncle to Mrs. William Ward of Urbana) espied a large rattle snake, and attempted to capture it in the mode above described, but it slipped away from him and glided into a small hole in a stump, and before it had drawn in its whole length he seized it by the tail to draw it back with a sudden jerk and break

its neck, but unfortunately the aperture was large enough for the snake to coil itself back, which it did, and bit him among the blood vessels of his wrist, which to the universal regret of the community caused almost immediate death. The introduction of swine into the country, relieved the people in a great degree of this pest in a few years. It is averred, though I will not avouch its truth, that even the timid deer was a great snake killer, that when it came in contact, it would with its fore feet stamp the reptile to death. This branch of the subject here closes with this one remark—the rattle snake has one redeeming trait, when let alone it will never attempt to bite without giving notice by the rattles.

This settlement continued to progress in the direction of improvement. Log cabin churches, school-houses, mills and other indispensable utilities were erected, and furnished the people with the usual facilities of society, their granaries and larders were replenished, and they began to realize all the comforts that persevering industry always brings in its wake. All were happy and contented up to about 1810, when that mania among the first settlers of a new country, in the shape of new adventures broke out in all its most virulent types. The most glowing descriptions of new localities westward in the State were circulated, the new counties of Wayne, Stark, and especially a place still further west under the general term of the Mad River Country, attracted the deepest interest as a land "flowing with milk and honey," interlarded with game and wild hogs in great abundance, about which the most extravagant hyperbolical declarations in jest were made, such as that roasted pigs were running at large with knives and forks stuck in their backs, squealing out, "Come and eat."

This agitation in the end, culminated in the exodus of about forty families, more at that time than two-thirds of all the old settlers of Brookfield township, who in their frenzy, sacrificed to new comers, the results of their toils for years; not then, even dreaming of the hidden treasures under their feet, in the shape of inexhaustible coal fields and rich mines of iron ore, that have since been the source of unbounded wealth to that community, making improved lands then sold for three or four dollars an acre, worth, upon an average, one hundred dollars an acre at this time.

As I have elsewhere said not less than forty families began to prepare themselves for this movement, and strange as it may now

appear, not less than thirty of them selected the Mad River Valley, and within a year or two all of them settled in what at that time was Champaign County, and my being so mixed up in these scenes, must be my excuse for connecting my pioneer life in Champaign County, with its incipient stages in Trumbull County. It seems to me from my stand-point, I could not separate them so as to confine myself alone to this my present locality, for the reason that my old associates in a large degree were my new comrades in early pioneer life in this part of the State. And the scenes from 1806 to 1811 are now endeared to me, and can not be eradicated or separated from the scenes of pioneer life in Champaign County, but must by me be treated as one of the parts of my early life in Ohio. I can well adopt the language of Tupper in his veneration of old haunts; his portraiture in the following lines vibrates upon every chord of my early reminiscences, and vividly renews all those early recollections which I have attempted to delineate in varied sketches. In view of all these surrounding circumstances am I not justified in their connection?

Old Haunts.

"I love to linger on my track,
Wherever I have dwelt,
In after years to loiter back,
And feel as once I felt;
My foot falls lightly on the sward.
Yet leaves a deathless dint;
With tenderness I still regard
Its unforgotten print.
Old places have a charm for me,
The new can ne'er attain—
Old faces now I long to see,
Their kindly looks again.
Yet these are gone—while all around
Is changeable as air.
All anchor in the solid ground,
And root my memories there!

The sentimentality of these lines after a lapse of more than a half century, has on two or three occasions induced me to revisit the locality of these scenes of my boy-hood. The spring near my father's cabin; the site of the old log school-house; the place where stood the old church to which my father and mother led me, all claimed my first attention. The "*deathless dirt*" was there, but the "*old faces*" *were not there*; these were "gone." I shall never see "*their kindly looks again.*" A deep veneration for these sacred spots can never be erased. Memory cherishes them, and the judgment endorses the declaration that all is vanity.

I have already stated that a general stampede among the settlers was about to take place, and which ended in its consummation. My father and his brothers Samuel and Johnson Patrick caught the contagion, the two latter moving in the fall of 1810 and settled on Beaver Creek, in what is now Clarke County, and afterward moved into what is now Logan County.

But my father remained in Brookfield until the next spring, and during the winter entered into an arrangement by which five of his neighbors united with him and built a boat, about two miles above Sharon on the Shenango River, of sufficient capacity to contain six families with their goods, and was made ready to be launched. It was no doubt the first, if not the last, enterprise of the kind so far up from the confluence of the river into Big Beaver. The boat being ready, it was after the first sufficient rise floated over three new mill-dams down to the mouth of Big Yankee creek and moored, and side oars and a rudder being attached, was ready for the embarkation of the families of Richard Kramer, Jacob Reeder, William Woods, Josiah Whitaker, Isaac Loyd and Anthony Patrick, with their goods, when after a sudden spring rise in the river were all on board in due order as above indicated, when the cable was loosed, and this band of immigrants numbering about twenty souls set sail and were gently wafted with the current down the Shenango to Big Beaver, and down falls of the latter, when the boat was again moored and the crew and their effects were by wagons employed, conveyed to the foot of the rapids. The boat was put into the hands of a pilot to navigate it over the falls which was done with great speed, but through the unskillfulness of pilot, was greatly injured upon the rocks and had to be refitted at some expense, and made seaworthy, after which she was again duly laden, and the voyage renewed by running with the

current from the falls to the confluence with the beautiful Ohio River, and thence down to Cincinnati without noting the daily stoppages and delays after about a three weeks voyage, interspersed with many incidents which will be now passed.

Cincinnati was then a little town under the hill. Here these old family wayfarers seeking new homes separated, after selling their boat for about twenty dollars and dividing the proceeds, intending to meet again in the Mad River Valley, which was ultimately realized, as all of them became settlers in old Champaign County as bounded in 1811, embracing what is now Clarke, Champaign, Logan, Hardin, &c., &c., north to the Michigan Territory line.

My Father moved his family to Lebanon, Warren County, arriving there on the evening Moses B. Corwin was married, remaining there and working as a journey-man cabinet maker until August, when he moved to Urbana, arriving there the 9th day of August, 1811.

NOTE: I have attempted to describe a log cabin raising, in its multiform delineations from the standing forest to the completed structure. And in doing so have committed myself to the criticism of many yet living, who would be more capable of the task I have assumed. I am aware that my attempt has many defects in point of accuracy of description, that will likely be pointed out as needing amendment. But my motive was not the enlightenment of the present generation, but was attempted from a desire to hand down to posterity the primitive structures up to 1820, believing that before the year 1920, this mode of building will have become obsolete, and unknown. As the new settlers of this day do not resort to the log cabin, but to the frame house or hovel, the idea of the original log cabin as already said will be unknown, hence the reason of my feeble attempt.

CHAPTER IV.

LOG CABIN CONTINUED.

In the presentation of the fragmentary sketches contained in the preceding chapters, I owe it to myself to make some additional explanations of the motives that actuated me, in a seeming departure from the programme of the "*Western Ohio Pioneer Association*," in locating scenes of pioneer life in sections of the State outside of Champaign and Logan Counties. And they in part consist—because my most early experience antecedes, and as elsewhere intimated, connects itself with the scenes which followed my early settlement in Champaign County in the year 1811. Pioneer life in all its general relationships is so uniformly the same, that all its general features are as applicable to one locality as another; and therefore all those generalities of which I have treated, such as hardships endured, dangers encountered, difficulties met and overcome, including all those manifestations of generosity, equality, and sympathetic mutual kindnesses, that have been portrayed as traits of character in the early settlement of the Eastern part of the State, are to the letter, applicable to the first settlers of Champaign and Logan Counties, and as a beginning point may be transferred to the latter locality.

As already said, my father arrived in Urbana, August 9th, 1811, and rented of Benjamin Doolittle a double cabin, then standing on lot No. 175, on what is now East Court St., opposite the First Baptist Church, and near the present residence of Mrs. Keller.

At this point I will attempt a pencil sketch of all the habitations of the old settlers at the date here indicated, and in order to do so more understandingly will promise the remark, that the original plat of Urbana at that day, consisted of 212, in lots 6 rods in front, abutting streets running back ten rods; four fractional lots around the Public Square six rods square; and two tiers of out lots on the western border, and one tier on the southern border of the town, aggregating twenty-two lots, varying in size from about one and one-half acres to three acres; for all further general descriptions I

will refer to the records. And as a further prelude will remark, as the streets now nearly all have new names, that I will adopt them with reference to my localities, and I will take my standpoint in the Public Square, and briefly dot the several localities of the first settlers of that day, as fully as my recollections will enable me.

PUBLIC SQUARE,

On the southeast corner of fractional lot No. 1. Benjamin Doolittle occupied a two-story log house, with a back building attached to west rear for dining room and kitchen, as a tavern stand, and being the same lot now owned and occupied by McDonalds and others.

Joseph Hedges occupied a small frame with shed roof, called the knife-box, little west of northeast corner of fractional lot No. 4, as a store room of Hedges & Neville, with small family residence in the west end, and being the same lot now owned and occupied by Glenns and others.

John Reynolds owned and occupied a neat white two-story building on northeast corner of in lot No. 48, fronting east on the Public Square, and used in part as a store room; the balance being his family residence. The store room being on the corner was also by him used as the Post-office, he being the first Postmaster of the place. The very same spot is now used for the Post-office in the Weaver House. This whole lot is now owned by Henry Weaver, and as already intimated, is the site of the Weaver House.

Widow Fitch, the mother of Mrs. Blanchard, owned and occupied in lot No. 1, opposite the Weaver House, and had a small log building on it, which was occupied as a family residence, to which she added in front facing east on the Public Square, a respectable two-story hewed log house, using the same soon after as a tavern stand for several years. This site is now known as the Donaldson corner, &c.

Dr. Davidson occupied a small frame, fronting the Square on lot No. 154, on part of the site of L. Weaver's block.

SOUTH MAIN STREET,

From the Public Square, south. Alexander Doke owned and occupied in-lot No. 104, and had on it a little south of the present tavern stand of Samuel Taylor, a double cabin residence of

his family, and being a blacksmith, he had on the same lot a smith shop. This lot embraces all the ground south of S. W. Hitt's store to the corner on market space, and owned now by several individuals. All this ground during the war of 1812, was used as an artificer yard.

W. H. Tyffe owned the south half of in lot No. 55, &c., and occupied the southeast corner of it, as his family residence; it being the same building now on said corner, having since been weatherboarded, and is now owned by his descendants.

George Fithian, the grandfather of Milton Fithian, owned and occupied as a tavern stand, the same building now standing on in lot No. 63; it has undergone but little improvement in outside appearance, excepting the weatherboarding of the log part of it. This same tavern was afterward owned and occupied by John Enoch, the father of John Enoch, Jr., and is now owned by the Second M. E. Church as a proposed future site for a Church edifice.

George Hite, on the next abutting lot on west side of South Main St., being No. 71, erected a two-story log house for his family, and being a wheel-wright, had a shop near it. The present residence of Mr. Bennett occupies the site of the old dwelling.

Job Gard, the father of Gershom Gard, owned in-lot No. 87, the corner of South Main and Reynolds streets, and lived in a hewed log house near the present residence of Col. Candy. This lot is now owned by the New Jerusalem Church and others.

Alexander McComsy, father of Matthias McComsy, owned and had a cabin for his family on south-east corner of South Main and Reynolds streets, on out-lot No. 18, now vacant and owned by William Ross.

William and John Glenn owned in-lots No. 124, 125, 126 and 127, on which they had sunk a tan-yard, with a rough log shop for finishing; this is now what is called the lower tannery, in the present occupancy of Smith, Bryan & Co. William Glenn then owned and had a cabin-residence on lots No. 134 and 135, now owned by John Clark, George Collins and others.

NORTH MAIN STREET,

from Public Square, north. John Shyach owned in-lot No. 163, upon which his family lived in a respectable two-story, hewed log house, near the drug store of Fisler & Chance. (Years afterward

was burned.) This property embraces the row of business buildings now occupied from the corner of North Main and East Court streets, to J. H. Patrick's hardware store.

Randal Largent occupied a small rough cabin on lot No. 24, on the north-west border of a pond, between it and what is known as the "*Hamilton House*," on the ground now occupied and owned by J. H. Patrick as his residence.

Samuel McCord had nearly opposite to last mentioned place, his family residence on lot No. 173, being a story and half hewed log house, which was many years after burned down.

N. Carpenter lived in a small one-story log cabin on the corner of in-lot No. 32, near the present residence of John Smith, corner of North Main and West Church streets.

John Frizzle occupied a large double two-story log cabin as a tavern-stand, fronting east on North Main street, on in-lot No. 40, near present residence of O. T. Cundiff.

EAST MAIN OR SCIOTO STREET,

from Public Square, east. Joseph Vance owned lot No. 155, and was erecting in the fall of 1811 the present two-story frame and part of the back building in which his son, Judge Vance, now dwells, as owner of the premises described.

Frederic Gump occupied a small one-story cabin on east half of in-lot No. 160, near the present site of the Episcopal Church.

David Vance owned lot No. 97, and had on it a small story and half hewed log house, occupied by Solomon Vail, and being the same house, with some additions, now owned and occupied by Joseph S. Kiger.

WEST MAIN OR MIAMI STREET,

From Public Square, west. David Parkison owned and occupied a two-story log house, and had a smith shop near it, both fronting the street on in-lot No. 2, now opposite the Weaver House, near the livery-stable and Fisher's rooms.

Zephaniah Luce owned in-lot No. 50, and occupied it by his family in a double log house, standing on the ground now occupied by Doctor Mosgrove's large brick residence. Mr. Luce was also the owner of in-lots No. 51, 52, 53 and 54, and on the two first sunk

a tan-yard, and had finishing-shop on same, which he used during the war of 1812, as Issuing Commissary Office, he holding that post.

Lawrence Niles (hatter) occupied a hewed log house on east part of in-lot No. 3, being the same property now owned and occupied by Wm. Sampson, having been repaired in such a manner as to present a neat two-story house. His family, like many new settlers, after living here a few years, became dissatisfied, and without waiting to dispose of their property moved west, seeking new adventures, and were never heard of afterward. It was supposed they were either all drowned, or murdered by the savages.

EAST MARKET STREET,

East from South Main. James Fithian occupied a two-story hewed log house, with an addition of a one-story on west side of it, (the latter being used in the war of 1812, as a Quartermaster's office) on in-lot No. 105, being the present premises of Mrs. Dr. Stansberry; the log buildings above described were moved east on to lot No. 109, property of estate of Samuel McCord, and very recently torn down.

Simon Kenton, as Jailor of Champaign County, occupied one family room below and the rooms above in the old Jail building, on lot No. 107, as his family residence. Here two of his daughters, Sarah, afterward Mrs. Jno. McCord, and Matilda, afterward Mrs. Jno. G. Parkison, were married. This lot is now owned by two of the Lawsons.

Frederic Ambrose, by trade a potter, afterward Sheriff and County Treasurer, owned and occupied in-lot No. 111, and lived in a cabin on southeast corner, with a shop near it; this lot is now owned by Havery Stump.

Wilson Thomas, colored, right south on the opposite side of the street on in-lot No. 121, owned and occupied a small cabin, near the present residence of Mrs. Jacob Fisher.

——— Toney, a colored man, whose full name I have forgotten, but who was somewhat distinguished in the war of 1812, according to his own statements, occupied an old cabin in the Northeast corner of E. B. Patrick's in-lot No. 112, fronting East Market Street.

Peter Carter, colored, husband of old Fannie, owned in-lot No.

113, and had a cabin in the rear, which stood on the ground now occupied by the present African M. E. Church building.

WEST MARKET STREET,

West from South Main. Edward W. Pierce, a very highly educated lawyer, without family, had a hewed log office near the present residence of Mrs. E. P. Tyffe, on in-lot No. 61. He possessed sterling talents, but from some cause had much mental affliction, and in the winter of 1816, was found dead in the woods between here and Springfield, much torn by wolves as then supposed. Persons of that day who professed to know the fact, said that in his very early life he had the misfortune to exchange shots in a duel, and killed his adversary, which was the secret of his mental malady. This I give as a matter of information only.

EAST WATER STREET,

From South Main, East. Daniel Helmick owned in-lots No. 136 and 137; on the latter he had a double cabin as the residence of his family, and on the corner of the former in front of the Second M. E. Church, was his hewed log cabinet shop; he afterward built the brick house now owned by J. C. Jones.

Nathaniel Pickard owned and occupied lots No. 142 and 143, and erected for his family residence a hewed log cabin, standing immediately West of Moses B. Corwin's present brick residence.

WEST WATER STREET,

West from South Main. William Ward, Sr., the old proprietor of the town, then lived in a double log cabin standing near the present residence of Mr. Smith, southeast corner of West Water and High Streets, on a block of lots, No.'s 83, 84, 85, 86, 91, 92, 93, 94, and now the property of Messrs. Smith, Donaldson and others.

EAST REYNOLDS STREET,

East from South Main Street. Joseph C. Vance owned and occupied in-lots No.'s 152 and 153, and erected on the premises a two-story log house as a family residence; he also erected a small hewed log office, he being the first Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, and Surveyor, &c.

WEST REYNOLDS STREET,

West from South Main Street. Isaac Robinson, a brick mason, occupied a cabin on one of out-lots on south side of the street, but I am now unable to locate it.

John Gilmore, a brick mason, occupied a cabin on out lot No. 8, now enclosed in the private park grounds of Col. John H. Jones, in which his superb family mansion is situated.

EAST COURT STREET,

East from North Main Street. Anthony Patrick, as already stated, occupied a double cabin nearly opposite the Baptist Church on in-lot No. 175, owned then by Benjamin Doolittle.

Jacob Tharp occupied a cabin on lot No. 165, near the site of the present Baptist Church.

WEST COURT STREET,

West from North Main Street. Capt. WM. Powell occupied a small frame tenement on West side of in-lot No. 14, being the present premises of Duncan McDonald.

——Stout occupied a small roughly built frame, which stood near the present residence of Miss Nancy Jennings on in-lot No. 22.

EAST CHURCH STREET,

East from North Main Street. Samuel Trewett the grandfather of Nathan Reece occupied in-lot No. 194, and lived in a hewed log one story cabin near the present residence of Robert Bell. He was a local M. E. preacher.

WEST CHURCH STREET,

West from North Main Street. John Huston a rough carpenter, built a story and a half hewed log cabin and occupied it on in-lot No. 26, being the present premises of William Scorah.

Daniel Harr the father of Newton Harr, was here with his then small family, and as I have no other building in my eye for a family residence, I am inclined to the opinion that he occupied a small cabin on in-lot No. 27, the present premises of W. H. Colwell; if he did so occupy, it was only temporarily, for I remember soon after, he improved the north half of in-lots No. 55, 56, and erected the

two story frame now owned by W. L. Studybaker on South Main Street and occupied the upper part and rear buildings as his family residence, and front as a store room of Harrand Rhodes—the latter being the father of Nelson Rhodes, Esq.

Henry Bacon if memory serves me, owned and occupied a small frame building on the ground now owned by Mr. Osborn on in-lots No. 38, 39; he afterward erected the brick building known as the Insurance Office on in-lot No. 8, and occupied it as a dwelling.

Here are thrown hastily together a pen sketch of the population in Urbana in 1811, comprising 45 familes, describing from memory the kind of tenements with their localities as nearly as possible; there may be some errors, but it is believed they are few. One sad reflection presents its self *now*; all these have gone the way of all the earth. There may possibly be an exception, but the writer of this is not aware of any.

It may be proper here to point out the public buildings of the town. The jail has already been noticed. The Court-house was a large log building on lot No. 174 on East Court Street, which has undergone a change, and is now the property of Duncan McDonald, and is used as a family residence. During the war of 1812-15, it was converted into an army hospital, and in it many deaths occurred from a prevalent epidemic malady of that day denominated "cold plague," and the bones of the victims now rest in the old town grave-yard. And may God in his merciful Providence avert that unhallowed cupidity, that is now instigating municipal desecration upon their silent abode. This building having been appropriated to the use above indicated, the upper part of the jail was fitted up for the purpose of holding the courts, and was so used until the new court house in the public square was finished, in about the end of the year 1817, and this latter temple of justice remained as county court house, until the clamorous raids of the populace culminated in the erection of our present one, standing on in-lots No. 16 and 17, about the year 1839.

In the earlier settlement of the town, the practice in the winter seasons, was to convert the larger class residences, for the time being, into Bethels for public worship, and in the warm summer months, to congregate near the present Public Square, under the shade of the spreading branches of the large oak trees then in that vicinity. And as soon as the Court House first alluded to was finished, it became a place of public worship, and the same will ap-

ply to all its successors. But, I started out with the intention of informing the public that when I first came to Urbana, a large hewed log M. E. Church had recently been erected on in-lot No. 207, and under the itinerant mode of that denomination, was regularly supplied by many sterling pioneer preachers, during the years up to about 1816, when the brick church now part of the Ganson livery establishment was erected. The pulpit in the old log house was supplied something in this order during the years indicated, by Rev. John Meek, —— Clingman, Samuel Brockanier, John Collins, and perhaps some others. About 1816 as already stated, the brick edifice situated on east half of in-lot No. 176, was duly dedicated and supplied in the manner named above, by the higher order of talent in the persons of Rev. David Shafer, Henry B. Bascom, —— Crume, —— Cummings, John Strange, —— Westlake, &c. It may also be remarked that they were fortunate in the years here embraced, say up to 1825, in having a first-class order of local ministrations, and the interests of the Church were fully sustained under Rev. Samuel Hitt and others like him, who were ornaments to their profession, and she added to her number daily such as gave evidence that they had passed from death unto life. Many incidents might be recorded of the thrilling scenes connected with the spiritual labors of that old church, before it put on its new dress, in the exchange of the old houses of worship for its present new temple, situated on north half of in-lots No. 24 and 25. This denomination has always been in the lead in this locality, owing perhaps to the indomitable zeal manifested by both ministry and laity, in the propagation of their popular tenets.

The only other religious interest in this town for the first thirty years after its first settlement, was Presbyterianism, but its growth was greatly behind that of the Church described. It however was the instrument in disseminating much wholesome religious instruction, and exerted an influence for good, upon the morals of the community. It had to encounter difficulties, and inconveniences for want of a house of worship; the Court House was substituted, and not till about 1829 had it any house of its own for the congregation, and before *it* was finished, the tornado of 1830 entirely demolished it, and another was erected on a new site on lot No. 18, on the same site of the present imposing structure, this being the third within less than thirty years.

But to come back to the point sought in the programme of the Pioneer Association, I will say that the Presbyterian Church had no organization as a Town Church for many years, but the membership was attached to country organizations on Buck Creek and Stony Creek, according to their several preferences. This state of things continued until about 1814, when the Rev. James Hughs, the father of Mrs. William Ward, came and settled in Urbana, and was very efficient in building up an interest in the denomination which soon resulted in a church organization, and this worthy divine was called under the rules and regulations of that branch of the Christian Church, and was duly installed as its pastor, and continued in the Gospel labor many years, blessed with many additions to his charge.

Before dismissing this branch of the subject it may be said, that before Mr. Hughs had located here, Rev. McMillin, —— Purdy, and some others officiated, and after he resigned the pastoral relationship, the pulpit was supplied by Rev. —— Brich, Joseph Stephenson, —— Dickey, David Mirrill and others. And as a concluding remark it may be noted upon this subject matter, that although there were no other denominational organizations here than the two above indicated for many long years, yet there were some few belonging to other persuasions, Baptists, Newlights, &c., who attached themselves to country organizations, and were occasionally supplied with preaching in this place. The Baptists, by Rev. John Thomas, and John Guttridge, and the Newlights by Rev. —— Vickers, all of them as a general rule using the School house mentioned hereafter on in-lot No. 102. Notwithstanding the small beginnings heretofore indicated, the City of Urbana at this day may boast her three M. E. Church, two Baptist, two Presbyterian including Associate Reform, one Lutheran, one New Jerusalem, one Episcopal, and one Catholic organizations, each having a comfortable and capacious house for public worship; and all of them, supplied in the ministry with talents of a respectable order.

CHAPTER V.

SCHOOLS.

The next subject in its proper order, would be to say a word in reference to school houses and schools. My first recollection is, that a school was taught by old Nathaniel Pinckard in the old log Court House already described. I remember too, that afterwards a school was taught in the old log church, by William Nicholson and perhaps others. A school was taught in the old tavern stand, which is heretofore referred to as the old George Fithian and John Enoch stand on lot No. 63, somewhere about 1816, by Hiram M. Curry, afterward State Treasurer.

About the year 1811 however, a small school house was erected on lot No. 102, near the present residence of E. B. Patrick, and a school was made up by subscriptions which was then the only mode of supply, and a teacher employed. I do not destinctly remember the first teacher, but am inclined to think it was William Stephens, Esq.; afterward John C. Pearson, Henry Drake, George Bell and others were teachers, but forget the order of their services. In this venerable house the writer of this received his last touches of scholastic instruction, and his only surviving schoolmates that he can now name, are Col. Douglas Luce, Joseph A. Reynolds, and Mrs. Horace Muzzy.

At that early day the opportunities for instruction were very different from now. If parents had the ability and inclination to pay for school instruction, it was given; if not, it was with-held. In looking back into the past, and contrasting it with the present organized system of public instruction for all conditions of society, the mind at once is puzzled in the solution of the question, "How did those early Pioneers of Ohio, hedged in with poverty, surrounded with difficulties, and exposed to all manner of hardships and privations, manage to so educate, instruct and manipulate the *youthful minds* of their immediate successors, as to develop such talent as has, in the last generation, graced the pulpit, the bench, the bar, and both branches of the State and National Legislatures?

Will such a galaxy of stars set, at the close of the present generation? If so, where are they *now* shedding their lustrous brilliancy?

But to return to the subject matter of the early schools of Urbana, say prior to 1820. Having referred to the school-houses used, and the teachers, and the mode of supplying them, up to that time, it might not be amiss to say something of their capacity to teach and govern. They were, as a general rule, men of high moral standing, and qualified to teach all the first rudiments of a common school education, such as reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic and English grammar, and some of them the higher branches of mathematics and algebra; but not many claimed the latter qualifications. But they were thorough in such branches as they professed to teach, and if they found that any pupils were close upon their heels in any branch, they became studious themselves, to be prepared to impart instruction to such. This fact has come under my own observation in more than one instance; in short, they were perseveringly industrious, energetic, and it may be said, ambitious, and the pupils were like them; they applied themselves assiduously to their lessons, and the key to it was, both boys and girls at home had to work, the boys at mechanical trades or upon farms, the girls at house-keeping, hackling and spinning flax, carding and spinning wool; so that when they went into the school-room, it seemed a recreation to take hold of their books, slates, &c. The teachers had an aptitude to teach, and the pupils to receive instruction; the spirit of emulation was infused by the former, and seized and secured by the latter. As already intimated, the teachers were determined to impart, and the pupils to receive instruction. Indeed the invincible determination to learn among the youth of that day, was a common trait. I will have to give an instance as an illustration for many other cases. The writer of this knew an Urbana boy in his teens, whose father in the winter of 1814–15, was drafted, and to save the family who were very poor from the sacrifice of its support in the head, voluntarily left his school, offered himself and was received as a substitute; being engaged in committing the rules of English Grammar, he put up in his knapsack a copy of a small edition containing these rules, and when at his destination at Fort Meigs, at all leisure times pursued the committing of them to memory, preparatory to finishing at the end of his time in school, his studies upon that branch. He was kindly assisted and invited by his Captain, John R. Lemen,

to use his quarters out of the din of the boys in the service. He really came home prepared to apply the rules and did so, under the instruction of the same teacher he left. That boy had no higher aim than a common school education; he did not aspire to any profession, but the same indomitable energy that actuated him, stimulated hundreds of others in the State that did aim at higher aspirations, and this perhaps is the solution to the question asked in a preceding paragraph.

Before dismissing this branch of the subject, I will note the fact of the erection about 1820, of what was called the Academy, and in which higher branches were professed to be taught, and which attracted to our place afterward, a good class of competent instructors. And the greater part of our present business men, who are the descendants of old settlers of the town, received most of their education in it. The building was on the present site of our second ward district school houses on lots No. 179 and 180. Also there was erected a little later, a female Academy, but it did not prove a success; it was on lot No. 35, West Church Street, being part of the present residence of William Wiley.

CHAPTER VI.

CIVIL POLITY—MEDICAL MEN—CALAMITIES AVERTED, ETC.

As I have given some of the desultory outlines of the first churches and schools of Urbana, sixty years ago, I will continue by saying a word in regard to the civil polity. I remember that when I first came here, Nathaniel Pinckard, Esq., was Justice of the Peace for Urbana township, and was a great terror to benders and boys; his wife was his counsellor, and was considered the best statute lawyer of the two, and kept him advised in all difficult and knotty questions of law.

The Court of Common Pleas had on its bench Hon. Francis Dunlavy, President, with three Associate Judges—Hon. John Runyon, John Reynolds, and Joseph Layton; and the way justice was meted out to horse-theives, hog-theives, and all other violators of the law was a "caution," (as the curt phrase expresses it,) to offenders. The Urbana bar, at my first acquaintance, consisted of Henry Bacon and Edward W. Pierce, heretofore noticed in another paragraph. But very shortly afterward it received many very respectable accessions, in the persons of Moses B. Corwin, (who likewise, in 1812 commenced the publication of the *Farmers' Watchtower*, the first newspaper ever publishe l in this place, associating with him a young printer by the name of Blackburn as co-editor,) James Cooley, afterward *Charge des Affaires* to a foreign country; Caleb Atwater, the distinguished Antiquarian; Chancy P. Holcomb, afterward of some notoriety, and J. E. Chaplain. I could add to this very cheerfully, Col. John H. James, whose record as a lawyer needs not the eulogy of my pen, but he located here after 1820, and would be outside of the objects sought by the Pioneer Association. I will now say a word in reference to the lawyers within this then large judicial circuit, embracing Hamilton county, and all the organized and unorganized territory within its eastern and western limits, north to the Michigan territory line, who practiced at the Urbana bar prior to 1820—Jacob Burnett, David K. Este, Nichols Longworth, Arthur St. Clair, son of General St. Clair, Joseph H. Crain, afterward president Judge of this Circuit, John

Alexander, &c. Here was an array of talent that has not since been surpassed.

These men were frequently pitted against each other in the trials of important cases, and many amusing passes of wit and repartee were evoked. I remember an instance of this kind: John Alexander, who was a man of hugh dimensions, and Nicholas Longworth, who was below medium size, were employed against each other in the trial of a State case in the court-room at Urbana; and during its progress they both became very much enraged against each other, when Mr. Alexander stamped his foot, and with excited voice said, "You little thing, hold your tongue or I will put you in my pocket," which Mr. Longworth did not deign to answer, but addressing himself to the Court said, "may it please your Honors, this mountain of flesh," pointing at his antagonist, "has threatened to put me in his pocket; please tell him for me, if he does, he will have more law in his pocket than he ever had in his head."

And sometimes these passes of wit occurred between the Court and members of the bar. I will give an instance: Mr. St. Clair had an unfortunate impediment; although a man of more than ordinary talents he could never give the letter S its proper sound—in other words he lisped, and on one occasion he became very much excited at the decision of the Court in some matter of interest to him, and indulged in improper language, and still persisted after the Judge had commanded him to take his seat. Judge Dunlavy ordered the Sheriff to arrest and imprison him; the Sheriff feeling that the discharge of that duty would be very unpleasant, hesitated, whereupon Mr. St Clair, in the most bland tone, addressed the Judge by saying: "May it Pleath your Honor, perhapth the theriff ith waiting the order of the Court." Whereupon Judge Dunlavy immediately consulted the three associate judges, and to his mortification had to let it pass.

The Supreme Court under the Constitution of 1802 was required to hold an annual session in each county; my first recollection of that Court in Champaign County is, that between 1811 and 1817 its sessions were on some occasions in the old log church—why, I do not now remember, and according to my best recollection, Judges Thomas Scott, Chief Justice, William W. Irwin, and Ethan Allen Brown, the latter of whom afterward was Governor of the State,

were on the bench; and soon after the above period Peter Hitchcock, John McLean, and others not now remembered, were successors of that Court.

As these sketches to be acceptable to future readers should embrace all the varieties of pioneer life, it might be well at this point to say a word as to the gentlemen of the medical profession. And as a beginning I will say that I do not remember any except Doctor —— Davidson, a brother-in-law to Judge Reynolds, who was here when I first came. But very shortly after very respectable accessions were made in the persons of Doctor Joseph S. Carter and —— Collins, to which may be added prior to 1820, Adam Mosgrove and Obed Hor, and perhaps some others not now recollected. These gentlemen, it may be safely said, all secured the confidence of the people, and were very popular and successful practitioners. And in the mean time, young gentlemen of the vicinity had qualified themselves, who also in this time became successful in practice. I will name a few: E. Banes, Wilson Everett, —— Hughs, —— Curry, and afterward, E. P. Fyffe and others. Being hedged in by the 1820 rule, I will dismiss this branch of the subject.

I have already said that my first acquaintance with Urbana was on the 9th day of August, 1811, and I have according to my best recollection given the names and the location of all the heads of families at that date. The first settlers here were exposed to many hardships and difficulties, but banded together in kindly assisting each other. From its first settlement in 1805, through all the succeeding years, embracing those of the war 1812–15, they were frequently alarmed at threatened Indian raids; frequent occasions of the massacre in close proximity, of whole families, added to their terrors. Mr. Joseph A. Reynolds informs me that on several occasions about 1807 and 1808, the few settlers of the place, repeatedly alarmed at rumors of the near approach of hostile savages, would congregate in the most strongly built and roomy log house, barricade the doors and windows in anticipation of an Indian attack. He recollects on one occasion that Zephaniah Luce, the father of Col. Douglass Luce, received information that a body of Indians were in the neighborhood prepared to make an attack upon the place in the night; and he moved around among the settlers, urging them to immediately repair to the house of George Fithian, already noticed, and bring with them all their guns and ammuni-

tion, and barricade it as the most secure strong-hold of the place, which was carried into execution, and as represented, the scenes of that night were very exciting, and have left impressions not to be forgotten. The attack, however, was not made, and the fortress was disbanded, and all for the time being returned to their own cabins. While on this subject it should be mentioned that soon after the scenes above described, the people erected a block-house on lot No. 104, and which during the war was used as one of the army artificer's shops. This must suffice on this branch, though I could recite some similar scenes within my own knowledge afterward. I will, however, in this connection remark, that although our neighboring frontier tribes professed friendship towards the whites, yet many distrusted them, and were suspicious that through the blandishments of Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, they might be induced to join the standard of the Potawatamies and other hostile tribes, which had leagued together, and ultimated in the celebrated battle of Tippecanoe, in November, 1811. In this conflict, though Gen. Harrison's forces were greatly cut to pieces, the Indians under Tecumseh were, after much slaughter, driven from the ground and put to rout, and this being late in the fall, no fears were entertained that they could again, before the next summer, re-organize and renew their depredations. Things being in this shape, precautionary measures were immediately taken to secure the settlements from future Indian raids, and Governor R. J. Meigs came in the spring of 1812 to Urbana, and inaugurated the project of making a call upon all the Indian tribes, and especially those on our border who professed friendship for the people of the United States, to convene at Urbana on a given day, to hold a council with him as Governor of the State, and as a preliminary step, employed Col. James McPherson, one of the Zanes, and perhaps one of the Walkers, to bear the proposals of the call to the several tribes over which they could exert a favorable influence, which resulted in a meeting of the Chiefs of Shawnees and Wyandots accompanied by their braves, including some of the leaders of remnant tribes. Taken all together they presented quite an imposing appearance, and arrangements having been made, by the erection of a platform-stand in a grove a few rods southwest from the old grave-yard, about in the centre of the block of in-lots numbering 197, 198, 199, 200, 207, 208, 209 and 210, enclosed by East Church, North Locust, East

Ward and North Kenton streets in Urbana. The arrangements to bring about this event had required time, and it must have been as late as the latter part of June, a little after the declaration of the war of 1812, before the council met. But its results were very satisfactory to Governor Meigs, and to the tribes represented, and ended in the exchange of wampum, and in smoking the pipe of peace. The Indians avowed their determination to take sides with the United States, and the Governor on his part guaranteed protection and support to their families, which was accepted soon after as a measure of security against hostile tribes. And a block-house was erected near Zanesfield for the protection of their women and children, and they were, at the public expense, furnished with provision, &c. I was very young at the time, and have nothing but memory to aid me in these allegations, but believe them substantially true.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY POPULATION.

I will at this point break the thread of these scattered fragmentary sketches and return to the subject of the early population of the place. The forty-five families that have been enumerated embraced within their numbers many young persons of both sexes, and frequent intermarriages occurred. And confining myself to the years between 1811 and 1820, I will name a few in the best order I can from memory.

George Hunter intermarried with Ruth Fitch, now Mrs. Blanchard.

James Robinson intermarried with a Miss Swing, sister to Mrs. Alex. Doke.

Asel Sweet with Miss Gard, daughter of Job Gard.

Allen M. Poff, afterward an editor of a paper, with Rebecca Fithian, daughter of George Fithian.

John Glenn with a Miss Cooper of Kentucky.

William Neil with Miss Swing, also a sister of Mrs. Doke.

Amos J. Yarnall with a Miss Swing, sister to above.

Hugh Gibbs with Elizabeth Fitch, daughter of Nathan Fitch, and sister to Mrs. Blanchard.

Peter R. Colwell with Lavina Fitch, sister to above.

John Goddard with Mary Hull, father and mother of Doctor Goddard.

David Vance, Sheriff, &c., with Miss Wilson.

James Paxton with Miss Luce, sister of Col. D. Luce.

George Moore with a Miss Luce, sister to above.

Samuel Miller with Elizabeth Dunlap, daughter of Rev. James Dunlap. Mrs. Miller survives.

Col. William Ward, Jr. with Miss Hughs, daughter of Rev. James Hughes. Mrs. Ward survives.

William Chatfield with Elizabeth Hull, neice of Mrs. Goddard.

Doctor William Fithian, now of Illinois, with a Miss Spain, and after her decease, with Miss Berry, daughter of Judge Berry.

John A. Ward with Eleanor McBeth, daughter of Judge McBeth, one of our first Representatives in the State Legislature.

Benjamin Holden with Lucinda Pennington.

Matthias McComsey with Phebe Logan.

Joseph S. Carter with Miss Fisher, daughter of Madox Fisher, of Springfield.

John Downey with a Miss Parkison.

John McCord with Sarah Kenton in 1811, and John G. Parkison with Matilda Kenton, both daughters of General Simon Kenton.

John Hamilton came here about 1814, and soon after intermarried with Miss Atchison, sister of Mrs. J. H. Patrick.

Doctor Evan Banes with Miss Ward, daughter of Col. William Ward, Senior.

John G. Ford with —— ——

Thomas Ford with a Miss McGill, daughter of James McGill.

James Scotton with a Miss McGill, sister to above.

Jacob Lyons with Miss Robison.

Col. Douglas Luce with Miss Taylor, daughter of Alexander Taylor.

Daniel Sweet with Miss Thompson.

John Helmick with Miss Rosey-grant.

William Patrick with Rachel Kirkpatrick.

I will close this list here; and introduce the name of Calvin Fletcher, who came here a poor boy in 1817, without any means, worked his way as best he could until by perseverance in study, qualified himself for the bar; married a Miss Hill, sister of Col. Joseph Hill, and soon after, without even money sufficient to take himself and wife comfortably, moved to Indianapolis, where he applied himself assidiously to business, and at his death in 1866, by reason of the intimate relationships and early associations of the writer of this with Mr. Fletcher, his family telegraphed him the sad intelligence, requesting his attendance at the funeral; which invitation he promptly accepted, and when at the residence of his early friend, he learned the fact from those who knew, that his estate approximated to near one million of dollars.

It may also be stated that in addition to the foregoing list of early pioneers a very large number of enterprising young men came to Urbana and located themselves as merchants, mechanics, &c. I

will name a few, Hezekiah Wells, Thomas Wells and William McDonald (who is well known, and came here at an early day, connected himself in a mercantile interest, and became afterwards a public man, he representing this county in the Legislature in after years.) William Neil, late of Columbus, commenced business here as a merchant, in a small frame near the stove store of John Helmick. He was likewise the Cashier of the old Urbana Bank. J. Birdwhistle, about the beginning of the War of 1812, opened a hotel in the corner building lately torn down by Kauffman and Nelson on corner of fractional lot No. 2, and will here note that Joseph Low, father of Albert and others, continued the same business after Birdwhistle, in the same house; John and Uriah Tabor manufactured hats on the hill west of the square on West Main Street, near the present residence of E. Kimber. —— Price had a shoe shop, location not now recollected. Henry Weaver, a previous old settler of Mad River township, came to Urbana with his small family about 1813, built the small room now standing on the east end of Mr. Ganmer's present residence on lot No. 160 Scioto Street and occupied it as his family residence, in which he also had a shoebench and worked at shoe-making, connecting with it a stall for the sale of apples. This was the beginning to the vast amount of wealth which he has acquired and is now enjoying in the eighty-fourth year of his life. George Bell, who came here at an early day erected a small nail cutting establishment on lot No. 160, North Main Street, near the present location of P. R. Bennett's jewelry shop. Francis Dubois opened a kind of tavern stand in a double log house on the corner of in-lot No. 24 near the First M. E. Church building. The Gwynnes located here within the years indicated in these sketches, and opened what was then a large dry goods store in a red one-story frame building on lot No. 154, being the lot now occupied and owned by Mr. L. Weaver; William Downs was also one of the early settlers here, and carried on blacksmithing. John Hurd was one of the oldest settlers, and learned the trade of blacksmithing with Alex. Doke, and carried on the business afterward to some considerable extent. John Wallace and Elisha C. Berry came here at a very early day as carpenters, and when Reynolds and Ward had determined to establish a factory, they were employed to erect the large building now occupied by Mr. Fox, and in the process of its erection Mr. Wallace met with an accident that came near proving fatal; he was employed about

the hip in the roof on the south side, when the scaffolding gave way and precipitated him to the ground, making a cripple of him ever after. Mr. Wallace being a very worthy man with considerable culture, was elected Sheriff, and held other important public trusts up to the time of his emigration west, years afterward.

About the end, and at the conclusion of the war, many accessions were made to the population from New Jersey, Kentucky and other places, but as there are some other subjects before that time that need attention, I will have to bring this to a point, by remarking that this historical dotting of business men and business places might be greatly extended in locating tailor, shoemaker, cabinet, wheelwright, carpenter, chair, saddler, potter and other mechanical shops; adding to the list other mercantile interests not already noticed.

CHAPTER VIII.

MILITARY OPERATIONS IN WAR OF 1812.

The war of 1812, and its relationship with the population of Urbana may here claim a passing notice. Urbana was a frontier town upon the southern border of an almost unbroken wilderness, without any public highways north of it, except a very short distance in that direction. Its location naturally made it an objective point as a base for army operations, and as such, it infused a good degree of business, bustle and animation among its citizens.

His Excellency Return Jonathan Meigs, Governor of Ohio, made it a strategic point, in concocting measures bearing upon the then exposed condition of the frontier settlements. He here held councils with Indian tribes as already intimated, and from his room in what would now be called the Doolittle House, issued and sent forth his proclamations as Commander-in-Chief. And immediately after the declaration of war, on the 18th of June, he designated this place as the rendezvous for the troops of the first campaign of the war. Here it was that General Hull was ordered to bring his forces, being three regiments, under the respective commands of Colonel Duncan McArthur, Colonel Lewis Cass, and Colonel James Findlay, for the purpose of being here organized with other forces, and they were encamped on the high grounds east of the town, resting their left on what is now named East Water Street, on the lands of Kauffman, Nelson and Berry, extending north through their lands, and the lands lately called the Baldwin property, to about East Court Street. They remained here some two weeks for the arrival of Col. —— Miller's regiment, which had gloriously triumphed under General Harrison at the battle of Tippecanoe, the previous November. And as a testimonial of the high appreciation of their valor on that occasion, the citizens of the town united with the troops in making the necessary preparations to receive the gallant Col. Miller and his veteran regiment, with both civic and military demonstrations, in honor

of their chivalrous deeds. Two posts, one each side of the road, about twenty feet high, were planted at what would now be known as the foot of the Baldwin hill, a little southwest of the present residence of Mr. Marshall, on Scioto Street, and an arch made of boards was secured at the top ends of the posts, with this inscription in large capital letters, "TIPPECANOE GLORY," on its western facade; with the national flag floating from a staff fastened to each post that supported it.

These preliminaries being all completed, and the time of arrival being at hand, General Hull with his staff, accompanied by a body-guard, headed by martial music, moved from the camp to the Public Square and halted, to await the approach of the veterans, who were advancing under flags and banners with appropriate music, at quickstep on South Main Street, and at this juncture Col. Miller called a halt, with the additional orders to deploy into line and present arms, as a salute to General Hull, under the star spangled banner which had been by the citizens unfurled upon a fifty feet pole in the center of the Public Square. Whereupon the General and his staff with suwarrows doffed, rode slowly in review along the whole line. Then, after the necessary movement to reform into a line of march, the General, staff and guards formed themselves at the head of the regiment as an *escort*, and at the command, "To the right wheel! Forward, march!" they moved slowly with martial music and colors flying, between lines of citizens and soldiers, the latter resting right and left respectively at the posts of the triumphal arch, and the former resting on the Public Square and extending eastward to the military lines, all being under complete civic and military regulations, agreeably to an arranged programme.

As these veteran United States troops began to move with precise measured tread upon Scioto street, the civic ovation began to unfold itself, in the strewing of wild June flowers by young Misses and Maidens, with which they had been provided, the waving of handkerchiefs of matrons, and the swinging of hats and caps of the sterner sex, with continued shouts and huzzas. These exciting demonstrations continued without abatement until they reached the lines of the troops as already indicated, when the scene changed into a sublime military display, such as the din of muskets, the rattle of drums, and the shrill notes of the bugle, clarionet and fife,

until they reached the Arch, and while passing through under it, a park of artillery belched forth its thunders in the camp, as the signal of welcome to the brave boys who had distinguished themselves upon the fields of Tippecanoe. After arriving in the camp they, at the word "Left wheel," displayed to the north-west and halted upon the high grounds now occupied by Griffith Ellis, Mr. Boal and others, in front of the right wing of the troops already encamped, and there pitched tents. Taken as a whole this civic and military demonstration presented a pageant never before or since equaled in the new City of Urbana.

This re-enforcement completed the organization of General Hull's army, which was soon ordered to open an army road, which was afterwards known as Hull's Trace, through the wilderness, and move its headquarters from Urbana to Detroit, reaching the latter place somewhere about the 12th July, 1872. The unfortunate sequel in the following month is upon the historic page, and does not for the object of this sketch require further notice. It might however, be noticed that this army erected while on its march, the McArthur and Findlay *Block Houses*, and detailed a small force for their protection as posts of security for army supplies in transit to the seat of war, and as a covert in case of Indian raids in their vicinity.

As these sketches are not intended as a history of the war, but only as connecting links to the early pioneer scenes of other days, I need not continue these extended outlines, but mearly remark, that from the force of circumstances growing out of the fall of Detroit in Agust 1812, the defeat of Winchester at the River Rasin in the early part of the year 1813, and other reverses to the North; Urbana, being as already said a frontier town was made of necessity, a busy objective point.

Soon after the events already recited, troops were here concentrated. Governor Shelby of Kentucky for the defense of our exposed frontier settlements, called out and took command in person of some 5,000 mounted men, and encamped them on the south border of the town, resting his right wing about where the upper pond of the factory now is, extending its left westward through the lands now owned and occupied by Henry Weaver and the heirs of the late John A. Ward to Redmond's mill, and they remained several days before moving to the front.

It may here be also noticed, that Govenor Meigs immediately after the surrender of Detroit, made a requisition and designated Urbana as the place of rendezvous for a large Ohio force under the command of Gen. W. Tupper, and its encampment was on the high grounds north of the Dugan ravine, bordering on what is now known as Laurel Oak Street.

During the seige of Fort Meigs in May 1813, General McArthur, upon request of the Governor, came here and sent out runners throughout all the surrounding country, urging the male inhabitants to immediately assemble themselves at this point, to inaugurate measures of defense to the exposed frontier settlements, and for the relief of the besieged fort, which resulted in a large mass meeting from all points south to the Ohio River, and the greater part of them being armed, volunteered to immediately march to the relief of Fort Meigs. The late Governor Vance and Simon Kenton, including many other citizens of Urbana were among the number, and took a prominent part in the movement. This force being officered by acclamation and duly organized, immediately moved north, under command of Col. McArthur, with Samuel McColloch as Aid-de-Camp. It should be stated that this force was made up of horsemen and footmen, and were with all possible celerity rushed forward some four days' march into the wilderness, until they were met by Col. William Oliver, John McAdams, and Captain Johnny, a celebrated Indian of that day, who had been sent as spies, with the intelligence that the enemy had abandoned the seige; whereupon these forces returned to Urbana, and were honorably discharged.

Other and various concentrations were here made throughout the war, which need not now be noticed. Permanent artificer shops were here established, a hospital, commissary and quartermaster departments were here organized, and located as already intimated in these sketches; and Urbana had all the paraphernalia and characteristic appendages of a seat of war, and was to all intents and purposes *The Head Quarters of the North Western Army*, bating a secondary claim of Franklinton.

From here troops were ordered to the front, and assigned their posts of duty; here army supplies concentrated, and by wagons, sleds, pack-horses and other modes of transit, were sent to all points needing them.

It has already been intimated that Urbana had assumed the dignity of headquarters to the North Western Army; that the several departments of military camp and depot of munitions of war, were here located under appropriate agencies.

1. Wm. Jordan managed the Quartermasters department.
2. Alex. Doke had charge of the artificer yard and shops.
3. Zephaniah Luce was issuing commissary.
4. Dr. —— Gould, physician and surgeon to the hospital.
5. Jacob Fowler was a general agent and contractor for Government supplies, by virtue of his functions as head of the Quartermasters department for this point.
6. Major David Gwynne, who exercised the office of a paymaster, had his headquarters here.

This was also a recruiting station, the late Josiah G. Talbott, the father of Decatur and Richard C., &c., in his younger days was a Lieutenant in the regular United States service, belonging to a company commanded by his brother, Capt. Richard C. Talbott, and enlisted at this point quite a number of recruits. He married a Miss Forsythe, near the close of the war, and some years after located in business as a hatter, and remained here to the time of his decease.

And in this connection one other individual deserves to be noticed, for the valuable services he bestowed during all the war, in aiding the government by advancements of money and means when her treasury was greatly depleted, and waited the return for such advancements until she was able to refund; he was actuated in his course entirely through patriotism as a private individual, and not as a public functionary; many poor destitute soldiers would have had to have gone into winter service destitute of blankets and other indispensable articles promotive of comfort, had it not been for the kind interposition of his patriotic soul. John Reynolds was the man whose acts I have attempted to describe. Mr. Reynolds well deserves this tribute, and aside from those acts, Urbana owes him a debt of gratitude for his devotion to her interests during a long life of usefulness; he indeed contributed greatly in building up the interests of both town and county, and his name should be cherished in Urbana as a household souvenir.

Governor Vance, at a very early day, as one of those sturdy ath-

letic young men that could endure hardships and face danger, organized a volunteer company of riflemen, selected from the surrounding country for several miles, who were like him, fitted for the times. They were mostly old hunters, well skilled in the use of the rifle; many of them could make a center shot at a target seventy-five yards off. The company being of the material described, elected him Captain, Col. Wm. Ward, Jr., Lieutenant, and Isaac Myers, Ensign. They were denominated minute men and rangers, and whenever any imminent danger from Indians was apprehended, Captain Vance would call his company together and move it to the point of danger, and if necessary erect a blockhouse for the settlement. This was done upon several occasions before and during the war.

And it may be here noted, that during the war Capt. John McCord and his whole company of Militia were by the Governor ordered to Fort McArthur for one month, to protect it and the government property from depredation. This latter company furnished all its quotas upon regular drafts; these facts are given to show that Urbana did her part in the defence of the country during the war of 1812-15. And the same may be said in reference to the country organizations of the militia. I will name Captain Barret's Company, Captain Kizer's Company, and all others within my knowledge, promptly responded to calls made upon them.

I will dismiss these rambling generalities, and say a word in relation to Governor Vance as a neighbor and friend; he came here at a very early day with his father, Joseph C. Vance; his opportunities for instructions were limited, yet by dint of close application, attainded to such general knowledge of men and thing, as to afterward qualify him for the most important trusts, and became indeed distinguished in public life, of which I, however, will not attempt further to speak, as his official life has become matter of history. He had all the nobler qualities that adorn the man; he had a heart to sympathize with the distressed, and relieve the wants of the needy, and all relationships, the fast friend to those who sought his friendship. Although decided in his political opinions, he would always concede merit even to his opponents, if the occasion required it. This trait made him many friends, even among those who differed with him.

CHAPTER IX.

SIMON KENTON.

I will next introduce the name of General Simon Kenton, and say a few things from personal intercourse with him. I need not rehearse the thrilling scenes connected with his early eventful life. History informs us of his early departure from his Virginia home, one hundred years ago with an *alias* to his name, his adventures with the early pioneers of Kentucky, his associations with Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clarke, and others, his many wild adventures and hair breadth escapes, his capture by the Indians, his relationships with Simon Girty, his running the gauntlet on several occasions, his riding the wild horse without bridle to guide it through dense thickets of under brush. I repeat I need not speak of these scenes as they are all on the historic page. But will speak of him as a citizen of Urbana, as a neighbor, and a friend. I have already stated in these sketches, that he was the Jailor at my first acquaintance, and as strange as it may now sound, he was a prisoner by legal construction to himself. In his early Kentucky life, he engaged in some land speculations which involved him, and some creditor pursued him with a claim which was unjust as he alleged, and which he was unable to pay. A capias, or full execution, for want of property, was levied on his body, and to avoid being locked up in his own prison-house, he availed himself of the prison-bounds, which at that day were between Reynolds street and Ward street north and south, and between the east line of the town and Russell street east and west, according to my present recollection. These bounds, by legislative provision, afterward embraced the whole county. He was soon released, however, from this constructive imprisonment. These prison reminiscences are here given to expose some of the barbarisms of the law of that day, which put it in the power of a shylock creditor to harass his debtor, even to the incarceration of his body if so unfortunate as to have no property upon which to make a levy. General Ken-

ton, as a neighbor, was kind and obliging, and as a friend, steadfast; he was generous, even to a fault, affable and courteous in all his relationships, and for a man without scholastic culture was remarkably chaste in his behavior and conversation. He was unassuming in his whole deportment toward others, never arrogating to himself superiority over those with whom his associations brought him in contact. Although docile and lamb-like in his general intercourse in life, yet, if occasion prompted it, he could doff the lamb, and don the lion. I will give an instance: As has already been stated, the friendly border tribes of Indians had been invited to come into our vicinity for protection, and after they had accepted the offer, some hostile savages had made their way into one of our settlements and committed an atrocious murder, which had created intense excitement throughout the whole country, and the spirit of revenge was aroused, and found its way into an encampment of soldiers in this place, and it soon became known that a conspiracy was about being formed in the camp to move upon the friendly tribes above indicated and massacre the men, women and children, in retaliation for that murder. Some of the citizens of Urbana, with General Kenton at the head, remonstrated with them; he being chief speaker expostulated with them, giving his superior experience in regard to the Indian character; told them that every circumstance connected with the murder clearly removed every vestige of suspicion from those friendly tribes, and told them the act would disgrace them as soldiers; and would implicate each of them in a charge of willful murder. At this point General Kenton and the citizens retired, but soon learned that the hellish purpose was determined upon, and preparations made to move upon the Indian camp. When General Kenton, rifle in hand, accompanied by his few fellow-citizens, again confronted the malcontents, and told them they were not soldiers but cowards, and under a solemn imprecation, with eyes flashing fire, told them that if they went he would go too, and would shoot down the miscreant who would first attempt to commit the deed, and that if they succeeded, they would have to do it over his dead body. They found with whom they had to deal, and hesitated, and calmed down, and the poor Indians were saved.

I will now give an incident to show the spirit of forgiveness that he would manifest toward an old enemy. One morning, at

the close of the war of 1812, might have been seen on one of our streets a tall, well-built specimen of an Indian, enquiring for the residence of Simon Butler, and soon after, General Kenton might have been seen moving on the same street; the two personages met, eyed each other a moment, and immediately were in each other's most affectionate embrace. It seemed that the Indian had been his adopted brother during his captivity, and as such had formed strong attachments. General Kenton took his Indian brother home, and kept him some days as his visitor.

The writer of this, though very young at his first acquaintance with General Kenton, seemed to secure his confidence, and the General would take pleasure in rehearsing the scenes through which he passed; and as some individuals of this day are trying to disparage him by calling him an Indian horse thief, I will state as nearly as possible General Kenton's own version, and in his own language: "I never in my life captured horses for my own use, but would hand them over to those who had lost horses by Indian thefts, nor did I ever make reprisals upon any but hostile tribes, who were at war against the white settlers." He disavowed taking from friendly Indians horses or other property, then why should he be assailed as a horse thief when he only did such acts as are of common practice in a state of war?

I can not extend this notice, but will say that during the war of 1812, he took an active part whenever the settlements were menaced with hostile attacks. Although old, he still had the courage to face all dangers. My acquaintance with him reached through all the years from 1811 to his death in 1836, and taken as a whole, his life was a model in many respects worthy of imitation. He was one of nature's noblemen, and well deserves the eulogy which closes the inscription on the slab at his grave in Oak Dale Cemetery:

"His fellow citizens of the West, will long remember him as the skillful pioneer of early times, the brave soldier, and the honest man."

CHAPTER X.

JOHN HAMILTON.

In connecting Urbana with the incidents of the war of 1812, some mention should be made of one of her citizens who came, as has been elsewhere intimated, at a very early day, raised a large family and at one time seemed very prosperous in his affairs, but reverses came, and John Hamilton died in 1868, dependent upon his children for the necessary comforts at the close his life.

The writer of this, knowing the facts that Mr. Hamilton, when a young man, had volunteered in the service of his country in the war of 1812, taken a very active part, and been prisoner among the Indians for one year, thought in view of his dependent condition, that the Government, upon proper showing would make special provision for him, and he waited upon Mr. Hamilton a short time before his death, and proposed to prepare a narrative of his service and wild adventures, coupled with a memorial of the old citizens who knew him, asking Congress to grant him a special pension for life. He being then in his seventy-sixth year, and being a very modest man rather declined at first, but upon weighing the matter consented. It was drawn up, and through Hon. Wm. Lawrence, was introduced in the beginning of the year 1868, and a bill to make such provision passed its second reading in the House, but before it could be finally acted on his death occurred.

Since I commenced these sketches, by accident I have found a rough draft of all his statements, which were verified at the time by him, and that will enable me to do him an act of justice, and perpetuate facts that would soon have passed out of knowledge. I shall not attempt to publish his whole narrative of the events, but will merely condense in as small a compass as possible the substance.

He begins by telling that his father about 1793, emigrated to Kentucky from Maryland before he was a year old, that he continued with his father until about 1811, having in the meantime learned the saddlers trade, and went to Winchester, and worked as a jour-

neyman with one Robert Griffin until the breaking out of the war of 1812. The enthusiasm that animated the young men of that day reached young Hamilton, and under the call of Governor Scott, he volunteered and attached himself to Capt. Brasfield's Company which was attached to the regiment commanded by Col. Lewis, of Jessamine county, which moved on to Georgetown the latter part of June, thence to Newport where they were equipped and ordered to Fort Wayne via Dayton, Piqua, and St. Mary's. From Fort Wayne they were ordered westward in the direction of Tippecanoe, to drive away and destroy the supplies and burn the village of a hostile tribe, which was accomplished, and they returned to the place of their last departure.

From Fort Wayne, Colonel Lewis' Regiment was ordered by General Winchester to march to Defiance on short rations about November 1; thence down the Maumee River to Camp, No. 1, 2, and 3. Here they had no flour, and very little meat for about three weeks. He recites the fact, that near this place while on a scout, Logan being in company with Captain Johnny and Comstock, was shot through the body some seventeen miles from camp, and rode in behind the latter and died soon after his arrival in camp. He further says, that about the time they left their camp, a little port was furnished, but that they were still on short rations. Great afflictions were here endured from fevers and other diseases incident to camp life, and many died. On the 25th of December 1812, they left this encampment, and it commenced snowing, continuing all day, and fell two feet deep. They reached a point on the bank of the river, and pitched their tents with much difficulty in the deep snow, and enjoyed themselves that night in all the sweets of soldier life. The next day they marched in a body to the head of the *Rapids*, and encamped and remained there a few days. General Winchester ordered Colonel Lewis to detach about six hundred of his regiment, and move them immediately to the river Raisin, to dislodge the British and Indian forces there encamped, and on the 18th of January, 1813, Colonel Lewis commenced the assault and drove them from their quarters into the woods, both belligerents suffering great loss in the skermish. Colonel Lewis returned and occupied the enemy's position within pickets enclosing a Catholic Church, sufficiently large to contain his forces, when he immediately sent a courier to General Winchester reporting the victory, which induced the General to order

another detachment of three hundred to support Col. Lewis, of which Mr. Hamilton was one, and these were commanded by the General himself, who arrived and encamped outside of the pickets.

On the morning of the 22d of January, 1813, the British forces with their Indian allies, were discovered in line of battle; the long roll was sounded, and the American lines were formed, the battle commenced, and was fought with desperation, the enemy having the vantage ground; at this juncture Major Graves ordered the second detachment to retreat, and it retreated into the woods, when Col. Lewis rode up and requested it to make a stand, that perhaps the force of the enemy might be broken. The request was complied with; but before many rounds had been fired, he exclaimed, "Brother soldiers, we are surrounded; it is useless to stand any longer; each take care of himself as best he can."

Here was the beginning of the troubles of John Hamilton, and in my further extracts, I will let him speak for himself, and he says: "I immediately shaped my course southward, and soon discovered I had been singled out by an Indian; I kept about sixty yards ahead of him—so near that we could converse. I was still armed and held him in check, and when I stopped I would tree, he using the same precaution. He could use enough English to say with a beckoning hand, "*Come here!*" I responded "*No!*" We remained in this position until I could see an opportunity to make another effort to escape. Then I would present my gun in shooting position as though I would shoot; this would drive him again to his tree, when I would spring forward and gain another tree. Spending some time in this way, I discovered I had another pursuer who fired upon me from a western position, and I at once was satisfied I could not dodge two—one north and one west—so I made up my mind to surrender to the first to avoid being instantly killed. I leaned my gun against my covert tree and beckoned to the first, and gave myself up to him; the other arriving immediately, demanded a division of spoils, which was settled by No. 2 taking my long knife and overcoat, and he left me the prisoner of No. 1, after showing me his power to scalp me, by the flourish of his knife over my head.

My captor then took me to the rear of the British lines, where we remained by some camp-fires, it being a very cold day, and while at the fire the same Indian that got my over-coat and knife made further claim, which was not so easily settled this time. In

this controversy between the two, my friend being an Ottawa and the other a Potawatamie they had much difficulty. The Indian No. 2, the Potawatamie, manifested a determination to take my life by actually cocking his gun and presenting it to shoot, when it was again settled by an agreement to take my remaining coat and relinquish all further claim, which was complied with, and I became the undisputed prisoner of No. 1, the Ottawa.

At this point a Canadian Frenchman, who was a camp-suttler, beckoned me one side and said if I had any money or other valuables that I wished saved he would take charge of them, and at the end of my captivity he would be at Detroit and restore them to me; and if I did not I would be rifled of them; not knowing what to do I yielded. I had a small sum of money, and some other valuables, which I handed to him, but never realized any return. I could not find him at Detroit after my release.

While we remained at the fire, General Winchester and other prisoners passed by, stripped of their honors and apparel, which was the last I saw of my suffering comrades-in-arms; and at this point I also discovered the fight was not over, but the defense within the pickets was still continued by Major Matison, under several repeated charges of the British forces, demanding surrender; finally, after consultation, he agreed to surrender on the terms that the British would treat all as prisoners of war, protect them from their savage allies, and remove our wounded to Amherstburg to be properly cared for; but the history of the sequel must supply this part of my narrative.

On the evening of the battle, I as a prisoner with the Indians retired to Stony Creek, about four miles eastward; there I was informed by an interpreter that I would not be sold or exchanged, but must go with my adopted father, who was the natural father of my captor, to his wigwam, where we arrived after about nine days' walk in about a northwestern direction, and with whom I remained up to the 1st day of January, 1814.

In brevity, I would say I lived with them nearly one year, and endured all the privations and hardships of savage life. And this is saying a great deal in my case, as all the warriors were absent preparing for the intended siege of Fort Meigs, which left the old men, women and children, including myself, without the supply generally provided by hunters, and we were reduced almost to

starvation much of the time I was with them. I became so reduced that many times I was almost too weak to walk, by reason of short supplies. My condition really was worse than that of my friends, as I may call them, for they resorted to horse flesh, and even to dog meat, which I could not eat. I do not design to spin out this narrative, or I could present many diversified incidents, that might be considered very interesting."

At this point Mr. Hamilton made some statements which were merely intended as episodes, not intending to add them to this narrative, which I will, however, from memory, try to give in his own language, and it was about to this effect:

"The family belonging to our wigwam at a time when starvation stared them in the face was very agreeably surprised one day, when my old adopted father drew forth from a secret place he had a small sack, and required his whole family then in camp to form a circle around him, myself among them, when he began by opening his sack to distribute in equal quantities to each a small measure full of parched corn, and as small as this relief may seem, it was received by us all with great thankfulness, and seemed to appease our hunger. We appreciated it as a feast of fat things.

"This old Indian Patriarch had traits of moral character that would adorn our best civilized and christianized communities; he was strictly impartial in distributing favors and in dispensing justice to those around him, and was in all respects unquestionably an honest man. His moral sense was of a higher order: he could not tolerate in others any willful obliquity in the shape of deception or prevarication, as I can very readily testify; on one occasion, I had attempted to hold back a fact which I knew affected one of his natural children that he was about to punish for some disobedience, and as soon as he became satisfied of the guilt of the culprit and my prevarication, he procured a hickory and applied it upon both of us in equal measure of stripes. This was characteristic of that man of nature's mould."

Here his written narrative is resumed: "Some time in the latter part of November, 1813, the commanding officers at Detroit sent a deputation to our little Indian town, offering terms of peace to the Ottawa Nation or tribe, on condition that they would bring into Detroit their prisoners and horses, which they had captured, and that if these terms were not accepted and complied with in a

reasonable time, measures would be adopted to compel a compliance.

"A council was shortly afterward called and convened, and the terms proposed were accepted, and complied with, and I was delivered at Detroit on the first day of January, 1814, to the commanding officer of the Fort, and there I met with other prisoners and we were all provided for."

Here Mr. Hamilton's captivity ended, and in the continuation of his narrative, he says he found himself three hundred miles from home in the middle of a cold northern winter, thinly clad, and without money. He was here furnished with an order for rations to Urbana, to which place he came and remained a few days with friends and then left for Winchester, Kentucky; where he arrived without any further government aid about the middle of February, 1814, after an absence of nearly twenty months. He further says, he remained at Winchester a few days, arranged his little affairs and returned to Urbana and made it his home. Mr. Hamilton's exemplary and religious life is well known to this community, and here this narrative ends.

CHAPTER XI.

ADDITIONAL PIONEER SETTLERS.

As so much has been said in regard to the Indians in connection with early pioneer life, during the war of 1812, it might in continuation be noted, that soon after the war, our border tribes, the Shawnees, Wyandotts and some other remnant tribes, made Urbana a great trading point. In the early Spring, after their hunting season, they might be seen with their squaws and pappooses every few days coming in on North Main Street in large numbers in single file, riding ponies laden with the various pelts—deer skins, both dressed and raw, bear and wolf skins, moccasins highly ornamented with little beads and porcupine quills; with some times maple sugar cakes and other marketable commodities, all of which they would barter to our merchants for such articles of merchandise as they needed for the summer season, or that would please their fancy. And in the fall months the same scenes would be presented in bringing in other commodities, such as cranberries, and such other articles as they had to dispose of, to barter for powder and lead, preparatory for their hunting season; blankets, handkerchiefs, &c., would also be purchased as necessaries for the approaching winter. It was then a common practice to encamp near town, and as Indians as a general rule were very fond of whisky, they would some times give trouble, and would have to be watched closely. Restraints, from selling or giving them whisky or other intoxicating liquors, were at that day provided by law, and had to be enforced against those who kept them for sale. In that way the Indians could be kept from over indulgence, and by that means the citizens were secured from drunken depredations from them.

There might many more pioneer scenes be presented in relation to Urbana and Champaign county, but it is difficult to weave them into the narrative of events in the order in which they occurred, and I will leave them for other pens. The same general remarks that I have delineated in these sketches, in regard to the disposi-

tion to aid each other, may be applied to the old settlers of this whole community; the same wild adventures are also equally applicable, and older settlers than myself will be more competent to portray them. I will, however, here state that some other old settlers' names should be mentioned in connection with early pioneer life in Urbana. Thomas Pearce, father of Harvey, as I am informed, before Urbana was located, built and occupied a log cabin on what is now known as market space, and opened a field north of Scioto Street, and cultivated it for some years.

The following additional names may be noted as very early settlers in this town: William Bridge, James McGill, James Hulse, Folsom Ford, Joseph Gordon, William Mellon, Samuel Gibbs, Hugh Gibbs, Benjamin Sweet, Martin Hitt, A. R. Colwell, William McColloch, William Parkison, Curtis M. Thompson, George Moore, Alexander Allen, and others. At this point it may be noted that Harvey Pearce and Jacob Harris Patrick are believed to be the oldest male settlers now here who were born in Urbana, both of whom are over sixty years old.

Through the kind assistance of Col. Douglas Luce, who has been in Urbana from 1807 to this time, I am enabled to present the following list of old settlers of the township of Urbana. It is to be regretted that it will be impossible to extend to them individually anything more than the mere names, which will divest them of much interest, as each one of them might be made the subject of interesting pioneer experience. It may be here noted that as other persons who live in the other townships of the county are engaged in presenting the names of old settlers in them, it will supercede the necessity of my extending them beyond the limits of Urbana township: Samuel Powell, Abraham Powell, John Fitzpatrick, Joseph Knox, James Largent, John Wiley, Joseph Pence, Jacob Pence, William Rhodes, John Thomas, Joseph Ford, Ezekiel Thomas, John Trewitt, George Sanders, Jessie Johnson, Benjamin Nichols, William Cummings, John White, Robert Noe, Robert Barr, Alexander McBeth, Isaac Shockey, Major Thomas Moore, Thomas M. Pendleton, Elisha Tabor, Bennett Tabor, Tabian Eagle, Job Clevenger, James Dallas, John Winn, S. T. Hedges, Jonas Hedges, Rev. James Dunlap, John Pearce, John Dawson, Charles Stuart, Christopher Kenaga, Minney Voorhees, Jacob Arney, John G. and Robert Caldwell, Richard D. George, —— Wise, (near the pond bearing his name,)

Thomas Donlin, Isaac Turman, William McRoberts, —— Logan, Andrew Richards and Thomas Watt. Many of the above settled in Urbana Township as early as 1801, and all of them before 1820.

These fragmentary and desultory sketches have almost entirely been grouped together from memory, and if some errors as to exact dates, and even as to matters of fact, should have crept into them, they must be imputed to that common frailty that is inseparable from humanity. It is believed, however, that as a whole, the statements are all substantially warranted by the facts and circumstances from which they are delineated.

Many things perhaps might have been omitted, and supplied to advantage by others that have been left out. This would be true if the Pioneer Association depended upon the pen of only one individual. But as I understand it, the object is to solicit contributions detailing pioneer life from many writers, and throw them together in such order as to make one collection of facts and incidents in relation to the whole subject-matter; the versatility thus united contributing matters of interest to all classes of readers.

I need not therefore continue these sketches, but leave to more proficient pens the task of filling out omissions, and will in that view make this summary remark, that in the sixty-six years, since my first acquaintance with Ohio, great changes have taken place. She had then been recently carved out of a wilderness of limitless extent, called the North Western Territory, and still more recently merged into an infant State Government, containing nine counties, with less population than is now contained in one of our present towns. It was then a wilderness, with here and there a small settlement, with a few scattered cabins, surrounded by new openings or clearings, without roads or other conveniences. At a few points small towns were laid off, and a few rustic cabins built; such was Ohio in 1802. Seventy years later, and she presents the panorama now unfurled to our view, and which needs no pen painting sketch, as it is all before us. What a contrast! And pursuing the thought, let us bring it home, and apply it to Urbana and Champaign county, in 1802, when all the territory from Hamilton county north, to the Michigan territory line, was a vast, unorganized wilderness, abounding with wild game, and the hunting grounds of the Indians interspersed here and there with small cabins, surrounded with clearings of white adventurers. In 1803, Butler, Warren, Montgomery and Green counties were organized. In 1805 Cham-

paign county was formed, embracing the territory north from Green county including what are now Clark, Champaign, Logan, Hardin, &c., and the same year Urbana was located as the seat of justice. But extending it six years forward to 1811, we find Urbana as heretofore described containing forty-five rustic log cabin family residences, surrounded with a few hardy adventurers, widely scattered upon wild lands, erecting cabins and opening up clearings, and throwing around them brush or pole fences to ward off stock running at large, as a beginning point to farms without any of the facilities of travel or transit. Such was the picture then: What do we behold now?

This same Champaign county, subdivided into new organizations containing populous towns, and all over dotted with large cultivated farms, upon which fine family residences and commodious barns stand out in bold relief, all over its original limits; and rustic Urbana, advanced from its rude beginning, without any improvements upon her streets, to a second class city, with well graded and ballasted streets, bordered on each side with substantial pavements, end side walks, and being behind no town of her population in railroad facilities; being in telegraphic connection with all the outside world; and in the midst of a county fully developed in an agricultural point of view; with a net-work of free pikes in all directions, leading to her marts of trade, and traffic, as an inland commercial center; such is Urbana in 1872, under her present extended area, claiming a population of 5,000 inhabitants, with her public buildings, churches, school edifices, superb business emporiums, palatial family residences, and surrounded as already indicated, by highly cultivated farms, teeming with the products of the soil, in return for the toil and indomitable industry of her first-class citizen farmers.

And now, finally, dear Doctor, I will close these sketches, prepared by a nervous hand with a pencil, and which were full of blurs, erasures, and interlineations, abounding in orthographical and other errors, resulting from hasty preparation, by the single remark, that they could not have been presented as they are, had not my grand-daughter, Miss Minnie M., kindly tendered her services in transcribing, correcting and revising them to my acceptance. Therefore if they have any merit in their present dress, she is entitled to her share of the awards. This deserved tribute she delicately declines, and asks to be excused from copying, and for that reason this closing paragraph appears in my own hand writing.

January 22, 1872. WILLIAM PATRICK.

HULL'S TRACE.

The following facts in regard to Hull's Trace I obtained from several pioneers that were here and saw Hull when he passed through with his army. I will give the names of some of my informants: Judge Vance, of Urbana, John Enoch, Wm. Henry, and Henry McPherson. It was in the year 1812 he took up his line of march from Urbana. Their route was very near the present road from Urbana to West Liberty, a few rods east until they reached King's Creek. About two miles beyond this they crossed the present road and continued on the west until they arrived at Mac-a-cheek, crossing that stream at Capt. Black's old farm. Coming to Mad River, they crossed it about five rods west of the present bridge at West Liberty. Passing through Main street, they continued on the road leading from the latter place to Zanesfield until they reached the farm now owned by Charles Hildebrand. Here they turned a little to the left, taking up a valley near his farm. Arriving at McKees Creek, they crossed it very near where the present Railroad bridge is; thence to Blue Jacket, crossing it about one mile west of Bellefontaine on the farm now owned by Henry Good. They continued their line of march on or near the present road from Bellefontaine to Huntsville. They halted some time at Judge McPherson's farm, now the county infirmary, passing through what is now Cherokee, on Main street, to an Indian village called Solomon's Town, where they encamped on the farm now owned by David Wallace. The trace is yet plain to be seen in many places. Judge Vance informs me there is no timber growing in the track in many places in Champaign county.

I forgot to say they encamped at West Liberty. James Black informs me he saw Gen. Hull's son fall into Mad River near where Mr. Glovers' Mill now stands, he being so drunk he could not sit on his horse.

PHENOMENAL.

There has been, as the reader will see elsewhere, two dreadful tornados in these counties; one at Bellefontaine, the other at Urbana. In addition to these phenomena this country was visited by several earthquakes. These shocks were distinctly felt in Champaign and Logan counties. They were in the winter of 1811-12. See Patrick's and my accounts of tornados elsewhere in this volume.

On the 7th day of February, 1812, at an hour when men were generally wrapt in the most profound slumbers, this country generally, was visited by *another* shock of an earthquake. It was of greater severity and longer duration than any previous one yet. It occurred about forty-five minutes after three o'clock in the morning. The motion was from the south-west. A dim light was seen above the horizon in that direction, a short time previous. The air, at the time, was clear and very cold, but soon became hazy. Two more shocks were felt during the day. Many of the inhabitants, at this time, fled from their houses in great consternation. The cattle of the fields and the fowls manifested alarm. The usual noise, as of distant thunder, preceded these last convulsions. The shock was so severe as to crack some of the houses at Troy, in Miami county. The last shocks seemed to vibrate east and west.

This shock was felt with equal severity in almost every part of Ohio. Travelers along the Mississippi river at that time were awfully alarmed. Many islands, containing several hundred acres, sunk and suddenly disappeared. The banks of the river fell into the water. The ground cracked open in an alarming manner. Along the river, as low down as New Orleans, forty shocks were felt, from the 16th to the 20th. At Savannah, on the 16th, the shock was preceded by a noise resembling the motion of the waves of the sea. The ground heaved upward. The people were affected with giddiness and nausea.

TORNADO AT BELLEFONTAINE.

Tornado at Bellefontaine, June 24, 1825, *as related to me by those who witnessed it*: About one o'clock, there was a dark mass of clouds seen looming up in the west and seemed to increase in volume and in terrific grandeur as it approached the town. The mass of black clouds now intermingled with others of a lighter hue of a vapory appearance, all dashing, rolling and foaming like a vast boiling cauldron, accompanied by thunder and lightning, presenting a scene to the spectator at once most grand, sublime and appalling. A few minutes before its approach there seemed to be a death-like stillness, not a breath of air to move the pendant leaves on the trees. It seemed as if the storm king, as he rode in awful majesty on the infuriated clouds had stopped to take his breath in order to gather strength to continue his work of destruction. Man and beast stood and gazed in awful suspense, awaiting to all appearance, inevitable destruction. This suspense was but for a moment; soon the terrible calamity was upon them, sweeping everything as with the besom of destruction, that lay in its path. Fortunately this country was then new and almost an unbroken forest, consequently no one was killed. It passed a little north of the public square, however within the present limits of the town, struck Mr. Houtz's, two story brick dwelling, throwing it to the ground, and a log spring-house, carrying it off even to the mud sills; it picked up a boulder that was imbedded in the ground, weighing about three hundred pounds, carrying itsome distance from where it lay. Mr. Carter, who was there at that time, informs me it stripped the bark off a walnut tree from top to bottom, leaving it standing; it carried a calf from one lot and dropped it into another. Mrs. Carter says she saw a goose entirely stripped of its feathers. Passing through town its course lay in the direction of the Rush-creek Lake, passing over that little sheet of water, carrying water, fish and all out on dry land. The fish were picked up the next day a great distance from the Lake; even birds were killed and stripped

of their feathers. The writer of this has followed the track of this storm for thirty miles. Its course was from the south west to the north east, passing through a dense forest. I don't think it varied from a straight course in the whole distance. Its force seemed to have been about the same. It did not raise and fall like the one that passed through Urbana some years after. Last summer the writer visited the track of this storm where it crossed the Scioto near where Rushcreek empties into that stream in Marion county, where the primitive forest stands as it left it. There as elsewhere it is about one-half mile in width. In the out skirts of the track there are a few primitive trees standing shorn of their tops looking like monumental witnesses of the surrounding desolation. But for fivehundred yards in the center of the track there is not one primitive tree standing, they having fallen like the grass before a scythe. If such a storm should pass over Bellefontaine now, there would be nothing left of it.

THE LOST CHILD.

About two miles directly west of Lewistown, in Logan county, on the farm now owned by Manasses Huber, was the scene of this melancholy event. Abraham Hopkins, son of Harrison and Christiana Hopkins, about five years old, was lost November 13, 1837.

"Heaven to all men hides the book of fate,
And blindness to the future has kindly given."

How cosily this little fellow slept in the arms of his mother the night before this sad event. The father and mother likewise slept sweetly, unconscious of the sad calamity that was then at their very door. They got up in the morning, ate their breakfast as cheerfully and with as great a relish as they ever did; the father goes singing to his daily toil, while the mother attends to the ordinary duties of her house, cheered by the innocent prattle of her happy boy. Everything passed off pleasantly till about 2 o'clock, when Mrs. Hopkins started with her little son to visit a neighbor, about a half mile distant—a Mr. Rogers. She had to pass by a new house, now being built by Charles Cherry, an uncle to the boy. When they got there, they stopped for a few moments. The little boy wished to remain with his uncle; he did so, and the mother passed on to Mr. Rogers. The little fellow got tired playing about the house, and said he would go after his mother, and started. There was a narrow strip of timber between the new house and Rogers', and nothing but a dim path through it. Mr. Cherry cautioned the boy not to get lost. It seems he soon lost the dim path, for he hollowed back to his uncle, saying, "I can go it now; I have found the path." These were the last words he was ever heard to say, and the last that was ever seen of him. Mrs. Hopkins having done her errand, returned to the new house where Mr. Cherry was still at work, and inquired for her boy; and what was her surprise, when she was told he had followed her and not been seen since! Immediate search was made by the frantic mother and father, and Mr. Cherry. They immediately went to Mr. Rogers'

and to another neighbor living but a short distance from him, but no tidings could be had of him. It was a pleasant day, and he was barefooted. They could see the tracks of his bare feet in the dust in a path that led through a field to the house; it seems he had gone to the house, and not finding his mother there (for she, finding the family absent had gone to another house) he attempted to return to his uncle at the new house, where his mother had left him. Soon the alarm was spread far and near, and people collected from all parts of the country. There were at times over a thousand people hunting him. They continued their search for three weeks. Every foot of ground for three miles from the house was searched, even the Miami river was dragged for miles: but all in vain—not a track could be seen in the yielding alluvial soil of the neighborhood—nothing, save the imprint of his little feet in the dust of the path in the field above-mentioned; not a shred of his clothing was to be seen any where, and to this day his history is a profound and melancholy mystery It is, however, the opinion of Mr. Cherry, the uncle of the child, that he was stolen by the Indians. He says there was an Indian who, for many years, had been in the habit of trapping in the neighborhood, and suddenly disappeared, and has never been seen there since. There was a deputation of citizens sent out where the Indian lived, and accused him of the crime, but he resolutely denied it. Mr. Hopkins has been singularly unfortunate with his family; one son died in the army, and another was crushed by the cars, near Champaign City, Illinois, where he now resides.

ANDREW HELLMAN,

ALIAS

ADAM HORN:

HIS LIFE, CHARACTER AND CRIMES.

His birth—Travels in Europe—Arrival in this country—His opinion of women—Good character—His courtship and marriage—Jealousy—Charged with attempting to poison his wife—Sudden death of his two children—Charged with poisoning them—Murders his wife—Is committed to prison—Breaks jail and eludes pursuit—Evid ence on his trial for the murder of his second wife—Conviction.

In all the list of crimes recorded in the annals of the law, none has ever existed, which, in all its terrible features, displayed a more ruthless disregard of the laws of instinct, or so utterly violated and set at defiance the common bond of human nature, as the bloody acts of Andrew Hellman, *alias* Adam Horn! The dreadful enormity of them must not be concealed, for they serve as a warning, and show us to what a length our bad passions may lead us, if suffered to master us.

From the most authentic sources we have collected the following particulars of Horn's life, which may be relied upon as correct.

Andrew Hellman, *alias* Adam Horn, was born on the 24th of June, in the year 1792, at the ancient town of Worms, on the river Rhine, renowned as the place where the German Diet assembled in the year 1521, before which Luther was summoned to answer to the charge of heresy, and is a portion of the Hessian State of Hesse Darmstadt. He is, therefore, a Hessian by birth, and the son of

Hessian parents. We have before us a certificate, signed by a priest, and dated at the town of Worms in the year 1792, giving the names of his parents, and certifying to the day of his birth and baptism under the name of Andrew Hellman; there can, therefore, be no doubt as to this being his true name. His parents gave him a good education, and at the age of sixteen he was bound an apprentice to a tailor at Wisupenheim, in Petersheim county, Germany, where he remained until he became of age, when a desire to roam induced him to start off with only his thimble and his scissors in his pocket, with the aid of which, according to his own representation, he worked his way through all the German States, as well as various other parts of Europe, returning again to Wisupenheim in the fall of 1816, after an absence of nearly three years. He could not long content himself there, however, and hearing of the golden harvest that was to be reaped in America, and having a desire to see a country that he had heard so much of, he took passage for Baltimore, where he arrived in the year 1817, being then about twenty-five years of age. As far as can be learned after his arrival, he worked for a merchant tailor of that city, for nearly three years, when he started for Washington, and passing through the ancient city of Georgetown, soon found himself in Loudon county, Virginia.

It may be proper here to remark that during his stay in Baltimore, he so conducted himself as to secure many friends. He was then a young man of good personal appearance, sober, steady, and industrious, well-behaved, and mild in his demeanor, and withal intelligent and well-informed. He seemed, however, to have imbibed a lasting dislike to the whole female race, looking upon them as mere slaves to man, whilst he considered man, in the fullest sense of the term, as the "lord of creation." Woman, according to his opinion, was only created as a convenience for the other sex, to serve in the capacity of a hewer of wood and drawer of water; to cook his victuals, darn his stockings, never to speak but when spoken to, and to crouch in servile fear whilst in his presence. He regarded the scriptural phrase applied to the sex, as a "helpmeet for man," in its literal sense, whilst he would deny her all social privileges and rights. That this is still his opinion may be aptly illustrated by a conversation held with him a few days ago, since his conviction, by a gentleman who was starting for Ohio, who asked him if he had any message to send to his son

Henry. He replied, "Yes, tell Henry if he should ever marry, to marry a religious woman." The gentleman replied that he thought he ought also to advise him to embrace religion himself, as it was as necessary on the part of the man as the woman, in order to secure permanent happiness. "No! no! no!" passionately exclaimed the old reprobate. "Woman must know how to hold her tongue and obey. She has nothing to do with man."

He arrived in Loudon county, Virginia, in the fall of the year 1820, and stopped at the farmhouse of Mr. George M. Abel, situated about four miles from Hillsborough, and about seven miles from Harper's Ferry. Mr. Abel was an old and highly respected German farmer, who had emigrated to this country a number of years previous; and had reared around him a large family of sons and daughters. The old gentleman took a liking to Hellman, and unfortunately, as the sequel will prove, allowed him to stop or board with him, and being a good workman, he soon succeeded in having plenty of work to do from the farmers of the surrounding country. He remained through the winter, and in the spring of 1821 started for Baltimore. He, however, remained in Baltimore for but a few months, and in July again returned to his old quarters at Mr. Abel's, where he had so effectually succeeded in concealing his opinion of the sex, or had perhaps been lulled from its expression by the scenes of happiness, contentment, and equality that prevailed among the different sexes of the household of the respected old Loudon farmer, that he was allowed to engage the affections of one of his daughters.

Mary Abel was at this time in the twentieth year of her age, a blithe, buxom, and light-hearted country girl, with rosy cheek and sparkling eye, totally unacquainted with the deceitfulness of the world, and looking to the future to be a counterpart of the past, which had truly been to her one continued round of innocent pleasure and happiness. With a kind and affectionate disposition, and a thorough and practical knowledge of all the varied duties of housewifery, she was just such a one as would be calculated, if united to a kind and affectionate husband, to pass through the chequered scenes of life with all the sweets of contentment, and but few of the bitters of discord. But such was not her lot. Deceived by his professions of love and promises of unceasing constancy, and with the approval of her father and family, in the month of De-

cember, 1821, she became the wife of Henry Hellman. They continued for two years in the family of Mr. Abel, during only a portion of which time the presence of relations and friends was sufficient to restrain the fiendishness of his disposition. After the lapse of a few months he appeared to be gradually losing all affection for her, though for the first sixteen months, with the exception of this apparent indifference, everything passed off quietly. On the 8th of August, 1822, Louisa Hellman, their first daughter, was born, which, however, he looked on as a serious misfortune, and, had they not been under the parental roof, sad would doubtless have been the poor mother's fate.

In the month of April 1823, about sixteen months after marriage, an unfounded and violent jealousy took posession of his very soul, and all the pent-up ferociousness of his disposition towards her sex broke forth with renewed violence. He accused her of infidelity of the basest kind, and on the 17th of the ensuing September, when Henry Hellman, their second child, who is now living in Ohio, was born, he wholly disowned it, and denounced its mother as a harlot. From this moment all hopes of peace or happiness were banished, but like poor Malinda Horn, she clung to him, and prayed to her God to convert and reform him, hoping that his eyes would be ultimately opened to reason and common sense. But, alas! it was all in vain. In return for every attention and kindness she received nothing but threats and imprecations. Instead of the endearing name of wife, she was always called "my woman," and his ideas of the degrading duties and dishonorable station of women fully applied to her. He had, however, never used any personal violence, and she consequently felt bound for the sake of her children, not to desert him.

In the spring of 1824, he rented a small place in Loudon, about a mile from her father's, where they lived for nearly eight years, during which time, in June 1827, John Hellman a third child, was born, at which time he openly declared that if she ever had another he would kill her. This, however, was their last child. On one occasion, whilst living on this place, he left her, in a fit of passion, and went to Baltimore, leaving wife and children almost destitute, where he remained about three months, and returned with promises of reformation.

In the mean time her father, having several sons grown around

him, began to cast about for some mode of giving them all a start in the world, and finally sold a portion of his farm, and bought a section of land for each of them in different counties of Ohio. John Able and George Able went to Stark county, Ohio, and Helman received for his wife a section of land in Carroll county, though he refused to live on the section of ground belonging to his wife, apparently through ill feeling towards her. When he left Loudon county he disposed of property to the amount of at least $8,000. How he had accumulated so much in the short space of ten years, when he had come there penniless, was, and still is regarded as a mystery. Although possessed of a close and miserly disposition, denying his family nearly all the comforts of life, with the exception of food, of which he could not deprive them with out suffering himself, it seemed impossible, from the fruits of his needle, so large an amount could have been accumulated.

The five years he passed over in Carroll county we pass over in silence, with the exception of the remark that the lot of the poor wife during the whole of this time, was one of continual unhappiness, whilst the children also regarded him with fear and trembling, particularly poor Henry, whom he wholly disowned. This treatment on the part of her brutal husband of course entwined her heart more closely to that of Henry, who was then in his twelfth year, and the knowledge of this increased his growing enmity towards her and him. When he left Carroll county he was in possession of two fine farms, which he sold for a large amount. They were located within half a mile of the now thriving city of Carrollton.

His removal to Logan county was hailed by his wife with joy and delight, for there resided her two brothers, Gen. John Abel and Mr. George Abel, who had emigrated thither some eight years previously, and were now surrounded by large and happy families. As good fortune would have it, he bought a fine farm, the dwelling of which was within a hundred yards of Gen. Abel's, and but a short distance from her brother George; and now poor Mary expected and did occasionally meet a countenance that beamed on her with affection and kindness. She could there, when an opportunity afforded, seated at the hospitable hearth of one of her brothers, go over the scenes of enjoyment and happiness that they had passed together in old Loudon, and the memo-

ry of her good and kind-hearted father and mother, who were long since departed, would often call a tear to the eye of the afflicted mother.

They arrived in Logan county in the spring of 1836, at which time the three children had arrived at an age when they became useful about the farm. Louisa was in her fourteenth year, Henry was thirteen, and John was about nine years of age. They were three fine intelligent children, such as a man should have been proud of, still they appeared to have no share in their father's affections. Money and property is the god he worshiped, and although in reality he was far better off than many of his surrounding neighbors, still he kept all his family dressed in the meanest manner, so much so that they were compelled to remain at home on all occasions. The children were, however, knit into the very heart of the mother, and she looked on them with all the fond hope with which a mother usually regards her offspring.

About a year after their arrival at Logan, Mrs. Heilman on one occasion had poured out a bowl of milk with the intention of drinking it, but before she got it to her lips she found that the top of it was completely covered with a quantity of white powder, which had at that moment been cast upon it. Immediately suspecting it to be poison, and having no mode of testing it, she threw it out, and undoubtedly, from subsequent events, thus preserved her life. There was no one at the time in the house but her husband, and he denied all knowledge of it. She was under the impression at the time that he had attempted to poison her, and it is now generally believed that such was the case.

For the year following this event he apparently became more morose and sullen, but his family had become used to it, and expected nothing better. In the month of April, 1839, all three of the children were suddenly taken sick, and lay in great suffering for about forty-eight hours, when Louisa, the eldest, aged seventeen years, and John, the youngest, aged twelve years, died, and were both buried in one grave, leaving the mother inconsolable for her loss. Her whole attention, however, was still required for poor Henry, who lay several days in great suffering, but he finally recovered. This was a sad stroke to the heart of the already grief-stricken mother, which was doubly heavy on her from the firm belief she entertained that their death had resulted from poi-

son, and that that poison had been administered to them by the hand of their father—by that hand which should have brushed away from their path every thorn that could harm them. The belief is now general throughout the county that their blood is also on the head of Andrew Hellman, but whether true or false remains to be decided between him and his God. It would seem, if the charge be correct, to have been a miraculous intervention of Providence that poor Henry, the child of Misfortune, the one alone above all others that his father disliked and ill-treated, was the one that outlived the effects of the deadly potion. Happy would he doubtless now be could he disown such a father, and forever obliterate from memory his existence. He is, however, now loved and respected by all who are acquainted with him, having fully inherited all the good qualities of his unfortunate mother, and fully proving the saying that a bad man may be the father of a worthy son. Just entering on manhood, he bids fair to reclaim, by a just and honorable life, a name that has been tarnished by the most detestable acts of crime and guilt.

It may be stated here, in justice to Hellman, that, since his conviction of the murder of Malinda Horn, he has been questioned with regard to the death of his children, and though he did not deny the murder of his first wife, he positively asserts that he had no hand in their death. He, however, will find it difficult to satisfy those who witnessed the heart-rending scene, and his utter callousness as to the result, that he is not also their murderer—that the blood of his innocent offspring does not rest on his head, equally with that of the unborn child of his second victim. The bodies, we learn, were not examined, to discover the cause of death, the suspicion as to their being poisoned having been kept a secret in the breasts of the members of the family, for the sake of the poor mother, whose hard lot might have been embittered in case they should have been unable to sustain the charge. As bad as they then thought him to be, they could hardly believe him to be guilty of such a crime, but experience has since taught them that he was capable of anything, let it be ever so heinous and criminal, and not even a denial under the solemnity of a confession can now clear him of the charge.

The two children, as has already been stated, died in the month of April, 1839, and on the 26th of September, 1839, five months after, the poor mother met her terrible fate. The intervening time

had been passed in fear and trembling, and she watched over and guarded her only remaining child with tenfold care and anxiety. She feared that the blow which she thought had been aimed mainly at the head of the disowned Henry, was still reserved for him, and she therefore followed him with the argus eyes of a mother, when evil or danger threatens; she watched his departure, and longed for his return when absent at his daily labor, and folded him to her heart as its only solace under the heavy weight of sorrow and affliction she had been called on to endure. Henry loved his mother equally well, and did much to ease her heart of its heavy burden.

On the 26th of September, hearing that her brother George was unwell, she gladly embraced the opportunity of sending Henry to assist his uncle on the work of the farm for a few days, knowing that there at least he would be out of harm's way. It was the first time that he had ever been absent from her, and when she bade him farewell, and admonished him to take care of himself, little did she think that it was the last time she ever would see him—that ere the ensuing dawn of day she would herself be lying a mangled and mutilated corpse. Such was the melancholy fact, as the sequel proved.

The events of that night and the two succeeding days are wrapped in impenetrable darkness, no witness being left but God and the murderer that can fully describe them, but such a scene as we are left to imagine, we will endeavor to narrate.

On Saturday morning, the 28th of September, 1839, Mrs. Rachel Abel, the wife of Mr. George Abel, came to the house to see her sister-in-law, and so soon as she entered the door she was surprised to see Hellman lying in bed in the front room, with his head, face and clothing covered with blood. With an exclamation of wonder she asked him what was the matter. He replied, affecting to be scarcely able to speak from weakness and loss of blood, that two nights previous, at a late hour, a loud rap had summoned him to the door; on opening it, two robbers had entered, one a large, dark man, (meaning a negro) and a small white man, when he had immediately been leveled to the floor with a heavy club. How he had got into bed he said he could not tell, but that he had been lying there suffering ever since, unable to get out. On hearing this story, and from his bloody appearance, and apparent faintness, not doubting it, Mrs. Able exclaimed, "Where in the name

of God is your wife?" to which he replied, "I do not know, go and see." On pushing open the back room door, a scene of blood met her view that it would be impossible fully to describe. In the center of the room lay the mangled corpse of the poor wife, with her blood drenching the floor, whilst the ceiling, walls, and furniture, were also heavily sprinkled with the streams which had evidently gushed from the numerous wounds she had received in the dreadful struggle.

Mrs. Able immediately left the house, and proceeded with all dispatch to the house of Gen. John Abel, which was but a short distance off, and on relating to him the story of Hellman and the condition of his sister, he immediately pronounced her to have been murdered by her husband. Charging her as well as his own wife and family, not to go to the house again, until some of the neighbors had entered, he proceeded to make the fact known, and in a short time a large number had assembled. In answer to their inquiries Hellman told the same story, and with faint voice and apparent anguish, pointed to the bloody and apparently mutilated condition of his head, still lying prostrate in his own bed. The condition of the house also bore evidence of having been ransacked by robbers, every thing having been emptied out of the drawers and chests and thrown in confusion on the floor. His story being credited by the neighbors, he was asked where he had left his money, and on looking at the designated place it was found to be gone. A small amount of money, $16 60, belonging to Henry, which had been deposited in the heft of his chest, had also been abstracted. The reader can doubtless imagine the scene, and the commiseration of the neighbors for the unfortunate victims of the midnight assassin.

At this moment Gen. Abel entered, and shortly after him a coroner and a physician. Twelve men were immediately selected as a jury of inquest to examine into the cause of the death of Mrs. Hellman. The jury being sworn, and having entered on their duty, Gen. Abel openly charged Andrew Hellman with being her murderer. The jury were struck with astonishment as they looked at Hellman, lying prostrate in his bed, and demanded of the accuser what evidence he had to substantiate such a charge. The afflicted brother in reply stated that he unfortunately had no evidence, but desired that the physician in attendance would examine Hellman's wounds. The examination was accordingly made,

and the result was that not a scratch, a cut, or a bruise could be found on any part of his person. Not only morally but practically was it thus established, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that "her blood was on his head." He had evidently taken up a quantity of her blood and thrown it on his head and shoulders, in order to give credence to his story, which act alone served as a positive evidence of his guilt. On a search being made of the premises, his axe was found, leaning against the bar post, about fifty yards from the house, reeking with blood, and hair sufficient sticking to it to identify it as that of the deceased—his knife, covered with blood, was found concealed on the hearth of the chimney—his tailor socks were found in the cellar, covered with blood—and the shirt he had on, as well as his arm, was saturated with blood up to the elbow. There was, therefore, nothing wanting to identify him, fully and conclusively, as the murderer, and he was forthwith committed for trial; and the remains of his victim, having laid two days exposed before discovery, were, on the evening of the same day followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends and relatives, and deposited by the side of her two children, whom she had sorrowed over but five months previous.

From the condition of the body, as well as other marks in the room, there remained no doubt that the murder had been committed in the most cold-blooded, premeditated and malicious manner. The body was lying on the floor, but from the fact that a large quantity of blood was found in the center of the bed, it is supposed she was lying asleep at the time of the attack, wholly unconscious of any impending evil. The stains on the pillow indicated that she had partially risen up after the first blow, and had been again knocked back on the bed. The soles of her feet were saturated in blood, which led to the belief that she had managed to get out of bed, and had stood erect in her own blood on the floor before she was finally despatched. Six distinct cuts, apparently inflicted with the handle of an axe, were discovered on her head. The hands and arms were dreadfully bruised, as if she had in the same manner as his second victim, endeavored thus to ward off the blows aimed at her head, whilst the little finger of the left hand, and the fore-finger of the right hand were both broken. A large gash, laying open the flesh to the bone, was visible on the right thigh, apparently inflicted with an axe, and across the whole length of the abdomen there extended a heavy bruise, in the shape

of the letter X, in the center of which was a large mark of bruised blood, at least six inches square. An attempt had been made with the axe to sever the head from the body, and three separate gashes passing nearly through the neck, the edge of the blade entering the floor, appeared to have been the finishing stroke of the bloody deed.

The fact of his having hewn up and dissected the body of Malinda Horn, can no longer therefore be considered a matter of wonder. It was only the second act of the bloody drama, and well did he understand his part. The man who had passed, without being conscience-stricken, through such a scene of blood as we have just described, was doubtless capable for any emergency, and he probably disposed of his second subject with the same ease of mind that a butcher would quarter a calf.

After he had been some time in prison he confessed he had hidden his money himself, and that it was in a tin cup behind two bricks on the breast of the chimney. A search was there made, and money to the amount of $176 24 in gold, silver, and bank notes was found, with promissory notes to the amount of $838, making in all $1014 24. There were also in the cup two certificates for sections of land in Mercer county, Ohio. The money belonging to his son Henry, which had been taken out of the chest, was found stuck into a crack on the jamb of the chimney. His acknowledgement of the concealment of the money was of course looked on as a full confession of guilt. He of course obtained possession of it, and it is thought found some means of transmitting it to a friend in Baltimore, from whose hands he afterwards again obtained possession of it. His farm in Starke county, having three dwellings on it and considered to be a very valuable piece of property, he deeded to his son Henry during his confinement, which is in fact the only worthy act with regard to the man that has yet come under our notice.

A few months after his arrest a true bill was found against him by the Grand Jury of Starke county, and he was brought out for arraignment before the Court of Common Pleas, and there made known his determination, as he had right to do, to be tried before the Supreme Court. At length the term of the Supreme Court commenced, and two days before the close of its session, his case was called up for trial. Having secured eminent counsel, they urged on the court that the case would occupy more time than that

allowed for the close of the term, and finally succeeded in having it postponed to the next term, which, meeting but once a year, caused a corresponding delay in the trial.

He was accordingly remanded back to the jail in Bellefontaine, Logan county, Ohio, which was a large log building, from whence on the 13th of November, 1840, after being confined nearly fourteen months, he made his escape. It had been the custom to keep him confined in the cells only during the night in cold weather, allowing him to occupy an upper room during the day, depending almost entirely for his security on the heavy iron hobbles that were kept attached to his legs. The means whereby he escaped have been the subject of much controversy, and several persons have been implicated as accomplices, either before or after the fact. Since his arrest he has positively denied having any assistance, and states that, having got the hobble off of one foot, he started off in that condition, carrying them in his hand. On the night of his escape he had been left up stairs later than usual, and there being no fastenings of any consequence on the door, he walked off. He was immediately pursued and tracked to the house of a man named Conrad Harpole, near East Liberty, in Logan county, in the neighborhood of which, a horse, *belonging to one of his attorneys*, was found running loose, and it was ascertained that he had there purchased a horse, saddle and bridle, and pursued his journey. He was then traced to Carrollton in Carroll county, where he had formerly lived, passing through in open day. He was here spoken to by an old acquaintance, but made no reply. Some of his pursuers actually arrived in Baltimore before he did, and although the most dilligent search was made for him, assisted by High-Constable Mitchell, no further trace could be found of him. They, however, were under the opinion that he was concealed in the city, and finally gave up all hope of detecting him. The next thing that was heard of him was in York, Pennsylvania, where on the 28th of September, 1841, about ten months after his escape, he appeared before John A. Wilson, Esq., a Justice of the Peace, and executed a deed for 640 acres of land in Mercer county, in favor of Charles Anthony, Esq., one of his attorneys.

We have heard it positively stated, though we cannot vouch for its correctness, that in the fall of 1841, which is about the time the deed just mentioned was executed at York, he was a resident of Baltimore, and kept a small tailor shop on Pennsylvania Avenue,

near Hamburg Street, where he was burned out. If so, he then passed by another name, and had not yet assumed the name of Adam Horn. He made his appearance in Baltimore county in the neighborhood of the scene of the last murder early in the year 1842, and commenced boarding at the house of Wm. Poist, in the month of May. On the ensuing 17th day of August, 1842, he was married to Malinda Hinkle.

The horrible particulars of his second wife's murder, we present our readers in the succinct and satisfactory account of it that we glean from the evidence produced upon the trial. Horn was arraigned before the Baltimore county Court, and the case came up before Judges Magruder and Purviance, on the 20th of November, 1843. The awful barbarity of the man's crime, and the hardened indifference he exhibited in regard to it, created a thrilling excitement in the public mind, and at an early hour a crowd had assembled on the pavement east of the Court-house, in the area above, and all along the lane. Shortly before the hour, the van drove up below, and was instantly surrounded with an eager throng, anxious to catch a glimpse of the prisoner. The prisoner was taken out, and, after a considerable struggle with the crowd, brought into the court room. In five minutes thereafter, the whole space allotted to spectators was crammed to every corner.

Two days were occupied in empanelling a jury, which finally consisted of the following gentlemen, citizens of Baltimore county, exclusive of the city: John B. H. Fulton, Foreman; Alexander J. Kennard, Stephen Tracy, Melcher Fowble, Hanson Rutter, Wm. Butler, Benjamin Wheeler, senior, Abraham Elliot, Samuel Price, Henry Leaf, Samuel S. Palmer, James Wolfington.

J. N. Steele, Esq., Prosecuting Attorney for Baltimore county Court, opened the case in a lucid and effective manner. He spoke to the following purport:

"I shall in the prosecution of this case expect to show to you, that the prisoner, in the early part of the year 1842, came to reside in Baltimore county, under the name of Adam Horn; but that his real name is Andrew Hellman; that a short time thereafter in the course of the ensuing summer, he settled in the country, purchased some land, bought a store, and worked at his trade as a tailor; he became acquainted with the deceased, and in August, 1842, married her; that some time thereafter their domestic life was disturbed by frequent bickerings and angry dissensions; that Horn

was dissatisfied, saying to his neighbors that she was too young for him, that she loved other men better than himself. I shall show you that this prisoner is a man of deep-seated malignancy of character, of passionate and violent temper; and though we know some facts in relation to their habits of life, we know not what private feuds and what severity of treatment the deceased may have been too often exposed to. I shall show you that upon one occasion she had gone to church, contrary to his desire, and that upon her return, he threw her clothes out of the window, and put her violently out of the house, in consequence of which conduct she remained absent several days. I shall show to you that some time before that event he had looked upon her and spoken of her, evidently to find some cause to be rid of her; and after she was gone, he applied to her the most opprobrious epithets, peculiarly degrading to the character of a woman and of a wife, and openly threatened that if she returned to his house he would shoot her. Nor was this a temporary feeling raging in his heart at one time more violently than at another; not an outbreak of temper for the moment, but as I shall be able to show you, a malignant, deep-settled and insatiate hatred. Thus they continued to live together until the 22d of March last; on the evening of that day, she was seen the last time alive—that evening at sunset, and these two thus unhappily paired, dwelt in the solitude of this house alone; not another human soul lived within those walls; these two alone on that night were in sole companionship, moved by feelings which the event can alone explain.

"There was deep snow on the ground that night; there was also a tremendous tempest; it was the worst night remembered during the winter; the wind blew a hurricane, and the snow was banked up in the roads, and at every eminence which offered resistance to the wind, in a manner which rendered it almost impossible to move; and on that night he was in the house with his deceased wife; the next morning he was seen to go up the road; he passed the house of Mr. Poist, his nearest neighbor, with whom he had been intimate since he first went into the county, but said nothing to him about the absence of his wife; but went on to the house of a German acquaintance (who has since committed suicide), and said to him, as I expect to show—the counsel for the defence admitting his testimony as given at the jail—that his wife had left him two hours before day; that they had had no quarrel,

yet she had gone out on such a night, in the condition she was in; he told this German that she had taken $50 in money from a corner of the store in which she had seen him count it; but I shall show you, gentlemen of the jury, that he told another person that she took the money from a trunk up stairs; and still another person that she took it from a chest in the back room, thus stamping the fabrication with its true character of falsehood. The snow that had fallen remained upon the ground some ten days, at the expiration of which period, I shall show you that Horn went to the house of Mrs. Gittinger, and requested her to engage for him a housekeeper; that matters continued thus until Sunday, the 16th of April, when Catharine Hinkle, a sister of the deceased, hearing of the absence of Mrs. Horn, went to the house of the prisoner; that although they had previously to that time been on the most friendly terms, Horn, without refusing to speak to her, spoke with manifest reluctance, seemed confused, colored in conversation, and otherwise betrayed uneasiness and guilt; that on being first questioned by Catharine, he said his wife had left the house, on the evening referred to, about bed-time; but afterwards, before she went away, apparently recollecting the contradiction that would exist, he told her that Malinda had gone away about two hours before day. I shall then show you, gentlemen, that Catharine went off with the determination to see Justice Bushey, satisfied that there was something wrong, but first called at the house of Mrs. Gittinger, who was, however, absent; Mrs. Gittinger's little daughter only was there, and to her Catharine imparted her suspicions, said she was going to Justice Bushey's, and would have Horn's house searched forthwith. On that day the little girl stated this conversation to her mother; and, gentlemen, I shall show you that at that time, Horn himself was at Gittinger's, in an adjoining room, with some neighbors who had come to visit a sick person; that the statement of the little girl to her mother was distinctly overheard in that room, and immediately thereafter Horn got up from his chair and left the house. I shall show you that at that time he had on his usual Sunday dress, and that he was seen soon afterwards, in the evening, in his ordinary working clothes, although there was no apparent cause for the change. On the following day, Monday, he fled—and with so much precipitancy of flight, that he had left his store, containing $400 or $500 worth of goods, without a single person to take

care of it; and deserted his farm, and indeed so precipitately absconded that the doors of the house had been left unfastened, and his shoes left out upon the floor, he was next seen in the office of the Clerk of Baltimore County Court, on Monday, where he got out a deed of his property, and next heard of in Philadelphia, where, according to his own statement, he arrived on the following (Tuesday) morning. Thus, on the slightest intimation that active measures would be taken to discover the whereabout of the deceased, overheard in the conversation of the child with her mother, we find this man—a man of thrift, and careful in his business—a man of even miserly habits, thus hurrying away from his home, leaving all his property exposed. I shall further show to you, gentlemen, that when the prisoner was arrested in Philadelphia, he admitted that he was from Baltimore county, and that his name was Horn; that when passing along the street, in custody of the officer, he was asked his trade, and he replied 'a shoemaker,' his real business being that of a tailor; he was seen to throw something away soon afterwards, which was picked up by another officer, and proved to be a tailor's thimble, the latter saying: 'Did you see him throw this thimble away?' the prisoner offering no denial; at the officer's house to which he was first taken, he threw away a pair of scissors; he also assured the officers he had no deed, but when further search was proposed, he either produced, or there were found upon him, two deeds, one conveying the property from another party to himself, and the other drawn in Philadelphia, conveying it from himself to John Storech, the German who has since committed suicide.

"I shall further show you, gentlemen, that by what may be regarded as remarkable interposition of Providence, on the morning following the Sunday on which he had fled, some young men, while shooting in the neighborhood, came on Horn's place, and crossing a small gutter or gully in the orchard, their attention was attracted by a hole newly dug in it, and close by a circular place, a little sunk, into which they thrust a stick, and soon found it resisted by a substance of a nature which caused it to rebound; that without further examination these young men went to a person named Poist, whom they informed that they had discovered something strange in the gulley, and they thought it was probably Malinda Horn. Accompanied by Poist, they returned to the spot, dug up the earth, and there found the body—no gentlemen, not

the body—but the headless, limbless, mutilated trunk, sewed up in a coffee-bag.

"In this remote place, they also found a spade near by, standing against a tree, which a witness identified by a particular mark as belonging to the prisoner. On the coffee-bag was seen the name of Adam Horn, and it will be identified by Mr. Caughy, a merchant of this city, as one in which he sold a quantity of coffee to Horn, nine or ten months before. In this connection we shall prove to have been found Horn's spade, and Horn's coffee-bag, but it does not stop here; they went to the house to pursue their investigations, and there in a back room up stairs, they found another bag containing the legs and arms of a human being, corresponding with the trunk; thus in the very house occupied by the prisoner and his wife, were found these mangled remains; contained too, in a bag soiled with a quantity of mud, exactly resembling that in the hole of the gully from which they are supposed to have been taken; mud upon the several limbs also corresponding with it; the clothes of the prisoner also found scattered about the house, soiled in the same way, and his shoes even when found, wet and moist, and muddy, in every particular indicating the recent visit of the wearer to that place; still further, by way of tracing him to the very grave of these mutilated remains, his footprint, exactly corresponding with the shoe, is discovered by the gully. But, unfortunately for the prisoner, we do not stop here; I shall produce evidence to convince you beyond all doubt that this body and those limbs so discovered were the body and limbs of Malinda Horn. I shall show you that there was no other woman missing from that place and neighborhood, and I need not say to you that a woman is not like a piece of furniture that can be destroyed without the knowledge of persons out of the household. I shall prove to you, gentlemen, that the body and limbs were the size of those of the deceased; that they were large, she being a large woman; that Malinda Horn at the time of her disappearance was known to be pregnant; that the body discovered proved to be in this state; that a small portion of the hair sticking to the back of the neck was of the color of the hair of the deceased; that a peculiarity in the form of the deceased was the width of her breasts apart; that the same peculiarity was perceptible in the body that has been found; that the deceased was seen daily in household duties by her acquaintances, barefoot, and I shall produce testimony to prove

positively that the feet found in the prisoner's house are the feet of Malinda Horn; a peculiarity in the thumb of one hand, which had been bent by a felon, also affords positive proof by which the dismembered arms have been identified as those of Malinda Horn. From this evidence, I say there can be no question of the identity of the body. Yet is there another fact, a startling, a marvelous one; I do not know that I shall have occasion to resort to it, but I shall mention it now; should I, however, find it necessary to introduce it, what I now say you will be at liberty to discard. I am not familiar, gentlemen, with the wonder-working powers of nature as exhibited in the human form, but in what I am about to assert it would seem that Providence has indeed followed this terrible murder with evidence from the unborn. I have alluded to the state in which the unfortunate woman deceased, and I ought now to add that a post mortem examination was conducted some time thereafter by a distinguished surgeon of this city; that in the course of the operation the womb was removed, and preserved by that gentleman, and remarkable as it may seem, I learn that the infant, yet four months wanting of the hour of parturition, is indeed, in every feature, a *fac simile* of Adam Horn!

"In addition to what I have stated, and the awful picture presented to your view, we have a striking fact to be considered; the mangled trunk has been found with every limb rudely torn from its place; the limbs have been found, legs and arms, huddled together in horrible confusion, but the head has never to this hour been discovered; there can be no doubt that it has been concealed or destroyed to prevent its identification, and its very absence is proof that it was the head of Malinda Horn. I shall further show to you, gentlemen, that the body discovered, proved to be that of a person suddenly deceased, in high and perfect health; and I shall show in connection with this fact, that the deceased, when last seen, was in that state—perfectly well. I shall be able to show to you, that great violence had been committed on this her mangled body; that a large bruise was found extending its effects deep into the muscles on the breast and shoulder; that there was another of four or five inches diameter upon her back, as if inflicted by some large instrument, and by a most violent blow; and further, that one hand and wrist exhibits almost a continuous bruise, as if mashed in apparently fruitless efforts to prevent the dreadful injuries which followed.

"Still further must I proceed with the disgusting, revolting spectacle; and show you that in the perpetration of the murder, the after circumstances were only part of the original plan; to sever the limbs, to cut off the head, and to salt down the trunk and limbs, was all necessary to be done, because he could not dispose of them by burial; the snow was on the ground, and to do so would expose him to certain detection; and I shall show you that on the floor of an up stairs back room, there is a stain occupying a space about the size of a human body with extended legs; this stain is moist, and at certain times presents on the surface a white incrustation, as having been produced by a quantity of salt; the murder is believed to have been committed on the 22d of March, and the body was found on the 17th of April, and when found, though it had been buried in a damp hole in the ground, in moisture and mud, yet it was in a state of preservation evidently from the effects of the salt; it was again buried, and when exhumed three or four weeks after for the post mortem examination, it was still found but slightly decomposed. I must call your attention to the time at which the body could have been disposed of by burial, after the disappearance of the snow, as agreeing with that when the prisoner called on Mrs. Gittinger to provide him a housekeeper until the mangled remains were gone."

EVIDENCE OF WITNESSES.

Wm. Poist, sworn.—Knows the prisoner at the bar very well; known him since May 1842; came to witness's house to board; boarded with him 'till the middle of August, and then got married; witness was his groomsman; two weeks afterwards they went to house-keeping; took a house about three hundred yards from witness's house; it is situated about twenty-two miles from Baltimore, on the Hanover and Reisterstown road; Horn's house is this side of witness's house; Gittinger's house is about one hundred and fifty yards this side of Horn's; Storech's house is about three hundred yards beyond that of witness; the "gate house" is between witness's house and Storech's; when Horn went to housekeeping, he kept a store and worked at his trade as a tailor; recollected the time when Malinda Horn disappeared; on morning of 23d saw Horn go by his house; said to a wagoner in there that he wondered where Horn was going so early; he said he supposed he was going to church; witness said no, that was not

the way he went to church; he was not a Catholic, but pretended to be a Lutheran; soon after, Frank Gittinger came in and said, "Horn's wife was gone again last night;" witness said, last night was too bad a night for any one to go out; it was a very stormy, ugly night; there had been a heavy snow on the ground about ten days.

On good Friday the people had been talking a good deal about the matter, and I went down the road to the fence between Horn's place and mine, and saw a spade standing against a tree; thought "My God, what has he been doing with this spade?" could not see any peach trees that had been planted; walked round the spade, at a few feet distance; recognized it as one that he had seen at Horn's house; it had a paper on as the outside one of a bundle; it was about four or five steps from the place where the body was found; is positive that it was the same spade that he had seen before at Horn's house.

On Easter Monday about 9 o'clock, saw Jacob Myers, Henry Fringer, John Storech, and Isaac Stansbury, go by his house with guns, down the road; between 10 and 11 o'clock, while witness was up in his field, the men came back again; asked them what game; they said, "Oh, we found plenty of game down there," and allowed they thought they had found Horn's wife; agreed to go along, and went around to avoid Horn's house, so that he should not see them; went down to the place, and pushed a stick down and found that it rose up again when pressed; witness then threw the dirt away with a spade, and found a coffee-bag, which he proposed to slit open; there was something in it; some of them thought perhaps it was a hog buried there, and did not want to open the bag for fear they would be laughed at; witness cut the bag a little, and saw the breast of a woman; they then concluded to go to Horn's house first; went up to Horn's house and knocked, but nobody answered; Nase said the back door was open; pushed it with a stick; waited till more people came; none would go in until witness went; went into the entry and then the store, and found all right; went into a sleeping room back and found a bed which looked as if it had been tumbled; finally one of the party went to the back room up stairs, and there saw the arms and legs sticking out of a bag; he called to witness, who was on the stairs, to see them; all went up and looked at them; then went down to the place where the body was, and lifted it out; witness then cut

it open, and there was the trunk of the body, without head, arms, or legs; examined it and found marks of violence on the breast and the shoulder; turned the body over and found another wound on the back; then went and brought down the legs and arms, and found they corresponded with the body; then sent for some women, and Mrs. Gittinger came; asked her if she knew Mrs. Horn was *enciente;* she said she was; thought that body was in the same condition; the mud of the gully was a kind of slimy mud, not exactly yellow, not black; that upon the limbs was of the same kind; the hole from which they supposed the limbs were taken seemed to have been quite fresh opened; as if opened the night before; the same kind of mud was upon the clothes; the field was a clover-field and orchard; the soil upon the surface in the field and surrounding country is of a different kind and color from the gully mud. In the house found Horn's clothing and shoes—same kind of mud on them; the shoes were moist and muddy; found part in back room, part in front; shoes under the counter; a bucket of water, discolored with the same sort of mud, was found in the entry; a basin of the same muddy water, as if hands had been washed in it, was found in the store; [the bags and clothes spoken of produced; that in which the limbs were found is marked "A. Horn," with certain private marks; the waistcoat exhibited, marked with mud;] witness saw Horn wearing it on the Sunday night before he left; [a piece of striped linsey produced, found between the bed and sacking, worn by Mrs. Horn as an apron, considerably stained with blood;] witness found the piece of linsey himself; saw nothing of Horn on the Monday; through his house and ground; he was not there; knew Malinda Horn; the body found was about the size of that of deceased, as near as witness could judge; searched for the head all about; tore up a fence, thinking it might be in the post holes; dug all about the garden and other places; the hand was marked with a heavy bruise, as if it had defended a blow off; knows of no other woman having disappeared from the neighborhood about that time; found dried apples and peaches up stairs in back room of the front building; several bushels; there was a pile of plaster in the back room up stairs, where the limbs were found; they were close to the pile; there was a mark on the floor, as if the body had been laid down there; supposed it had been cut up there; this room was at the head of the back stairs; this stain was about the size of a human being, and a

body cut up and salted there would likely have made such a stain; it was a greasy sort of a mark, such as a pickle or brine always makes.

The condition of the goods in the store was in the usual form after Horn had fled; about $400 or $500 worth of goods were there; the entry door and the door that leads into the store were open; there was no one left in charge of the house and store; the house is immediately on the turnpike; the body was in a good state of preservation; looked as if it had been salted; there was no blood visible; one of the thighs appeared as if a peice of steak had been cut off of it; witness had a coffin made, sent for her sister and a preacher, and had the body buried in the burial ground on the next day, the 18th of April; the body was again taken up about ten or twelve days after, for a post mortem examination; when it was dug up it smelt a little but very little, and was in a good state of preservation; the orchard in which the spade was found was not used for any agricultural purpose; Horn had been at work building fense along the turnpike, about two-hundred yards distance; witness thinks for the purpose of preventing easy ingress to the spot where the body was buried; the nature of the soil where he was digging for the fence would not have made the same stain on the clothing found, as that which was on it. When he saw him at the jail in Philadelphia, he reached his hand towards him, and said to him, "My God, Mr. Horn, must I meet you here! we have found the legs and arms of Mrs. Horn at the head of the stairs, and the body you, I suppose, know where; and you ought to pray to God to forgive you of your sins;" that the prisoner looked at him but did not say a word, nor did he shed a tear, but seemed to be endeavouring to smother his feelings.

Cross-examined by Mr. Mayer.—Horn passed my door before sunrise in the morning; did not say he had gone up to Storech's; soon after that Mr. Gittinger came and told witness that Horn's wife had left him on the previous evening; and he replied it was a bad night for any one to leave home; it was on the 23d day of March that he told witness his wife was missing, and it was about the 17th day of April that the body was found; saw the spade at the tree on Good Friday; Horn went away on Easter Sunday, and there had been considerable talk in the neighborhood as to his wife being missing; when I saw the spade I wondered if he had been planting trees; I looked whether he had, and I found that he

had not; Horn was attending to his business quietly and composedly all this time; Horn came on Good Friday evening to his house, and offered to pay him $10 out of the $50 he owed him; he replied that that would do him no good, as he wanted it all to pay his rent; did not examine his house very closely for stains of blood, but was looking about for the remainder of the body; I saw a large stain upon the floor up stairs some time after; some of the neighbours called my attention to it; I came to the conclusion that it was salt, and that the body had laid there and salt thrown on it on account of the weather being too bad to dispose of it at the time it was killed: the stain on the floor was in the form of a body; the stain is still there; smelt it, and it smelt like brine; it was dry, I could smell it; there was no fancy about it, as I do not snuff; I took for granted that the body had not been buried; when I saw him in Philadelphia I asked him if he could pay me what he owed me; I asked him in the presence of the jailor; I was ordered to Philadelphia by Squire Bushey to identify the prisoner; the mark on the spade by which I knew it, was a label pasted on the handle; all spades have not that mark; it was a mark such as is put on by the maker, a label.

Cross-examined by Mr. Buchanan.—I first became acquainted with the prisoner in the month of May, 1842, when he came to my house to board; he had been living in the neighborhood before, but I did not know him; he lived with me until the 16th or 17th of August, when he got married to Malinda, and he and his wife stayed with me until the end of August, when they went to live at the house where his store was; Mrs. Horn was missed on the night of the 22d of March, and on the morning of the 23d, the prisoner passed my house before sunrise; I did not see where he went; on the same day about half an hour afterwards I learned that his wife was missing; did not go to his house or see him that day; but saw him the next morning, the 24th; saw him on the porch at the house; I did not speak to him after his wife was missing until the 3d of April.

[A question was here put to the witness by Mr. Buchanan, as to the conversation of the prisoner, which was objected to by Mr. Steele; but as the objection was afterwards waived by the prosecution, it is unnecessary to detail it. The cross-examination was accordingly resumed.]

We met together as stated, for the first time after she was miss-

ing, on the 3d of April, in his store; after I had taken my seat I asked him for the fifty dollars he owed me; he told me that his wife had run off and taken fifty dollars with her, and consequently he could not pay me; I then asked him about his wife leaving him, and he told me that she got up in the night whilst he was asleep, alongside of her, and when she went out of the door he woke up and went to look after her, but not seeing her, he went to bed again. I then told him that there was some rumor or suspicion afloat among the neighbors, to the effect that he had killed or made away with his wife. The prisoner, clapping his hands on his knees, replied, "My God, you don't say so! How could the people think so?" I then told him if he could prove there was no foundation in the rumor, that he might still consider me his friend; if not, I was done with him. I then proposed that he should submit the house to be searched, in order to satisfy me as well as the neighbors, to which he expressed himself willing. He then said to me, "Ah, Mr. Poist, you know much;" to which I replied, "Why, you do not suppose I have had anything to do with, or know anything about your wife?" He replied, "No; but another man is the cause of all this." I then advised him to stop the stage driver, and question him as to whether he had seen her, shortly after which I went home. I had not been home long when the stage came past, and I saw him stop the stage and speak to the driver. I then returned to his house and asked him whether the driver had seen her, and he said that he had not. I did not search the house, however, until the body was found. Storech, who has since killed himself, was one of the four who were out gunning, and first discovered the body. He went with them to the spot where they thought the body was, and one of them pointed out the print of a shoe to him in the clay, but is certain it was not Storech; it was Storech, however, who said that the print of the shoe was that of Horn's, as he knew the shoe and had made it; I then took the spade and threw up some of the dirt, when I discovered a bag, and thinking that some one had buried a sheep there, and that we would be laughed at, I took my knife and cut it open, and the breast of a female was visible. (Witness then proceeded again to detail his examination of the premises around Horn's house, and his gathering the people together.) On going into the house I found a stain on the stairway, which I thought was stained by apples, but the others thought it was blood; did not say that

the large stain on the floor in the form of a body was not blood ; I said nothing about it at the time; I did not come to the conclusion that the large stain was blood; the apron was found in the house about ten days after she had been found; does not know that that part of the house where the apron was found had been searched before ; found the apron in the front building between the bed and the sacking-bottom ; nobody went into the house with me; did not see any mark that he was certain was blood until the apron was found ; had never seen the body naked until they had joined the limbs to it on a plank ; would not know your body or my own if I saw it cut or mangled in that way ; could not recognize the body ; has no certain *personal* knowledge what became of Malinda Horn ; she had left her husband once and went up in the neighborhood of Littlestown ; she was gone some six weeks ; she had left some of her clothes up there and had wanted to go again after them ; that Horn was at my house and saw the stage at his door, and he ran out and stopped it and took his wife out, and made her go home ; she never went away again until she went finally.

In Chief.— I proposed to the prisoner that he should allow the house to be searched, and he consented ; the snow was then off the ground ; he did not propose to have a search, but said they might search if they came ; the spots on the stairs he thought were not blood ; that after the floor had been scrubbed the blood was visible on the large stairs ; when the deceased left the house of Horn the first time thinks he said nothing to him about it, though he might.

Henry Bushey, Esq., was called upon to come to Horn's house on the 17th of April, by Mr. Poist's son, who told him that they had found the body ; that he went up with two or three neighbors, and went immediately to the lot and saw the trunk of the body ; that the boy came to him from the house and told him to come up, that they had found the rest of the body ; that he went, and Mr. Poist showed him the bag, and he directed him to cut it open, and the legs and arms were found in it ; that he then summoned a jury, and brought the body to the house, and after placing it on a board, joined the arms and legs to it, and they seemed to correspond ; thinks that it was the body of Malinda Horn from the size of it ; thought the lady was pregnant; saw blood in the house on the next day, on the steps, or at least

he thought it was blood; saw the clothes and the mud upon them, and the mud on the body and bag correspond in color, as it also did with the mud in the gully; the dirt about the hole seemed to have been recently turned up; the hole would have contained the bag with the arms; a search was then made for the head; even the ashes in the fire-place were searched for bones, but none were found; on one of the bags the name of A. Horn was written very legibly; the body was found, he thinks about three hundred yards from the house; the goods were in the store, but no one in charge of them; a waistcoat, a shirt, a roundabout and shoes were found with the mud upon them; they were in different sections of the house; a bucket and a pan with water in them were found in the store, discolored the same as the earth where the body was found would have discolored it, as if something had been rinsed in them; (the witness here identified the two bags in which the parts of the body had been found, as well as the clothes;) the hands were bruised as well as the shoulders and back; he did not discover any other marks on it.

Benj. Caughy, sworn.—[Bag produced in which the limbs were found.] Has seen that bag before; saw it last on the last day of May, 1842; sold it to Horn; the marks on the bag I put on; "A. Horn," "155," for so many pounds, and "11" for so many cents per pound; they are to the best of my opinion my marks; they correspond with the book and my hand-writing.

Mrs. Gittinger, sworn.—Knew Malinda Horn from August, 1842, till the 23d of March, 1843, the time of her disappearance; had seen her barefooted every day, from the time she came into the neighborhood until it was cold weather; my house is about a hundred yards from Horn's; Mrs. Horn was, at the time of her death, "in the family way;" she expected to be confined about the last of August; saw the body that was found; it was in a pregnant state; the feet of Malinda were very peculiar; they tapered off very much in consequence of the great length of the big toe; there was a little knot or lump by the joint of the little toe; from these peculiarities I know the feet were those of Malinda Horn; she one time went away and left her husband six weeks; at that time she came to my house and said she was going away; I said, "My, la! Malinda, what are you going away for?—you've got everything comfortable around you, and a good home; what is the reason you can't stay?" "Oh," she said, "you don't know how it is; if I

don't go he'll kill me!" Witness said, "How would he look, killing you?" Malinda said, "If he don't kill me, he'll break my heart." "Well, then," I said, "you may as well go." Before she left home that time, some four days, she had been to see a sick old man; on going home she stayed a minute or two, and then came to my house and told her sister that Horn had turned her out; could see from my house her clothes thrown out of the window; Horn afterwards said to witness that his wife was good for nothing, and that was the reason she went.

Cross-examined by Mr. Mayer.—The time when Mrs. Horn first went away was a few days before Christmas, 1842; she came back after being away six weeks; came to my house, and I went with her to Horn's, and said, "Here Horn, I've brought your old woman back;" he never looked up, and as they didn't seem to say anything, I was going away; she asked me not to go; she went up to the counter and bought kisses and pins; Storech was there, and said it was a shame she should pay for the things; she was then going away with me, when Horn said, "Where are you going to?" Malinda said, "I am going where I have been;" Horn told her to come back; she said, "I shan't;" I persuaded her to go back to the old man, and she went. It was then about dusk, and she stayed until 9 o'clock, and then came to my house and slept with me that night; next day they made it up between them somehow; heard no more of any difficulties between them; but she always said she was afraid Horn would knock her down; she never said he had done it, or struck her at all; never knew what the difference was; after she came back she didn't tell of any particular quarrel; she was afraid to tell, she said, for fear it should come out; when she went away she was trembling; he treated her hufishly at the best of times; never heard him curse her, or threaten her.

Catherine Hinkle, sworn.—I am the sister of Malinda Horn. On Sunday, the 16th of April, went to see Mr. Horn on account of my sister; he was sitting on the back porch; I called to him and he came to the front door; asked him where Malinda was; he did not answer at first, but appeared much confused; then said he did not know where she was; he said she had left home about bedtime; asked him whether she went away before she went to bed; he replied that he had gone to bed, but she had not; that she went out of the front door as he came through the room, having heard her

move about; that he did not see which way she went; said they had no falling out on that night, but they had a few days before; told him I did not think she could get away on such a bad night as that was, and he didn't make any reply; asked him where her clothes were, and he said she had taken all but two dresses; he refused to give them to me, and said she might have them herself if she would come for them, and I replied that I thought she would never come for them; told him he had accused her of being intimate with other men, but that it was not so, as he would never allow her to speak to any man without getting angry; to which he made no reply; when I left him I went to Mr. Gittenger's house, and his little daughter was present, and I told them that I wanted to see Mr. Gittenger, as I thought there was a great change in him, and that he had made way with my sister, and I was going to 'Squire Bushey to have a search made. The change I allude to is, before that he had been more sociable and friendly, and that now he would hardly speak to me or look at me. It was about 12 o'clock on Sunday when I called at his house; did not tell him any thing about getting a search warrant. I was at Horn's house on the 17th of December, before dark, and went to church with Malinda; when we came back, he commenced running her down, and said she was too young for him, and abused her, and said that she liked other men better than she did him, and was very angry; next morning I went to church with her again, and she was confirmed; it was a protracted meeting; when she went home I went to Mrs. Gittinger's, and she came over and said the old man had thrown her clothes out to her and would not let her in; I then went over with her, and he said I might come in, but that she should not; she tried to get in, but he pushed her out, and said she should never come in his house again; it was about 12 o'clock on the 18th of December. When she was at Littlestown Horn came to me and said if I would send for her he would try and do better than he had done before; after a few weeks I wrote her a letter and told her what Horn had said, but did not advise her to come back to him; when she came back she staid at Mr. Gittinger's all night, and said she would try and please him. When he turned her out on the Sunday he said she should never come back, as she thought more of other men than she did of him; I told him that he ought not to treat her so, particularly while she was attending meeting.

A singular circumstance, collaterally connected with the murder of Malinda Horn, is the suicide of Storech, who was the neighbor and friend of the murderer, and was one of the gunning party who found the body in the hole. To Storech it appears that Horn had deeded away his property, and we have every reason to believe that if this man had not made away with his own life previous to the trial, his evidence would have brought to light some secrets in regard to the *motives* of the murder that must now remain forever buried.

The trial lasted one week—the prisoner was ably defended by his counsel, Jas. M. Buchanan, Chas. F. Mayer, Chas. Z. Lucas, and John I. Snyder, Esqrs.; and on Monday, 27th of November, the arguments closed, and the case was sumitted to the jury, who were instructed to find the prisoner "guilty," or "not guilty," and if "guilty," to find the grade of guilt. A bailiff being sworn, the jury retired to their room, and after an absence of about ten minutes, returned into court.

The prisoner was then placed in the bar; he took a position merely resting against the seat, standing on the lower step, and a sort of languor seemed to pervade his frame.

The Clerk then asked, "Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?"

The foreman replied, "We have."

"Who shall say for you?"

A juror answered, as usual, "Our foreman."

"How say you; is Adam Horn, the prisoner at the bar, guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?"

The foreman replied, in a distinct voice, GUILTY.

The sanctity of the court room was instantly violated by a spontaneous outburst of applause, consisting of stamping of the feet and cheers; and a constant succession of loud raps from the ivory hammer of the Judge, and the vigilance of the bailiffs, were insufficient to restore order for several seconds. As soon as silence again prevailed, his Honor, Judge Magruder, remarked that he would send any one to prison who should be detected in such a breach of decorum, and hoped that every one would consider the solemnity of the occasion.

Mr. Berryman, the clerk, then demanded the grade of the guilt.

MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE.

The counsel for the defence then asked that the jury should be polled. The jury were accordingly each called separately, and rose as they were called, delivering their answers standing, in the following manner:

J. B. H. Fulton.

Mr. Fulton, who was the foreman of the jury, rose.

"Look upon the prisoner at the bar. How say you, is Adam Horn guilty of the matter whereof he stands indicted, or not guilty?"

"GUILTY OF MURDER IN THE FIRST DEGREE."

And so with the rest.

The prisoner, who had manifested throughout the whole of these solemn proceedings the same stoicism which characterized his general deportment, with the exception of a slight flush which passed over his cheek at the word "guilty," was then conducted from the bar by Mr. Tracy, the Sheriff, and Mr. Sollers, the warden of the jail. He was shortly afterwards conducted through the library, under a large official escort, but the crowd was so dense without the court room, down the steps, in the lower portion of the building, and extending down the lane to the carriage, that it was only with great difficulty they could force their passage. They finally succeeded in getting the prisoner into the van; and it drove off amidst the hootings, cheers and execrations of the surrounding multitude.

On the 4th of December 1843, the prisoner was brought into Court to receive the awful doom of the law; and in the midst of a crowd of witnesses of the solemn scene, the prisoner being first asked whether he had any thing to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him, and signifying that he had nothing to say, the Honorable Richard B. Magruder, who presided alone at the trial pronounced the sentence, that he be taken to the jail of Baltimore county, from whence he came, and from thence to the place of execution, at such time as shall be duly appointed, and there be hanged by the neck until he be dead.

This unhappy criminal has been ordered for execution on Friday,

the 12th of January, before the hour of 12 o'clock at noon, the death warrant having been received by Mr. Tracy, the sheriff on Saturday night, an emendation having been made according to the provisions of the act of Assembly of 1809. It was deemed by some of the gentlemen of the bar that the original warrant was legal, the law contemplating twenty days between the judgment of the court and the day of execution, and the judgment of the court being always recorded within four days after the verdict, although sentence may not be delivered at the time. The verdict was rendered on the 27th of November, and the judgment necessarily recorded according to law, as soon as the 1st December; the 22d instant would therefore embrace twenty clear days. There is, however, a difference of opinion on the subject, not to be regretted, since, leaning to mercy's side, the Governor has added three weeks to the life of the wretched culprit, which suitably improved, will better prepare him for the awful change he must undergo.

The following is a copy of the death warrant:

"*The State of Maryland to the Sheriff of Baltimore County, greeting:*

"Whereas Adam Horn, otherwise called Andrew Hellman, late of Baltimore county, was convicted in the county court of Baltimore county, at November term, A. D. 1843, of the murder of one Malinda Horn, and the said court sentenced him to be hung by the neck until he be dead;

"Now, therefore, these are to will and require, as also to charge and command you, that on or before twelve of the clock, on Friday, the 12th day of January next, you take the said Adam Horn, otherwise called Andrew Hellman, from your prison and safely convey to the gallows in the county aforesaid, the place of execution of malefactors, and there the said Adam Horn, otherwise called Andrew Hellman, hang by the neck until he be dead: For all which this shall be your sufficient power and authority.

"Given under my hand, and the Great Seal of the State of Maryland, the 6th day of December, in the year of our Lord 1843, and of the Independence of the United States the sixty-eighth.

{ SEAL. }

(Signed) FRANCIS THOMAS.

By the Governor:

JNO. C. LEGRAND, Secretary of State."

The foregoing has been extracted from the columns of the Baltimore Sun, and the publishers vouch for its correctness. Since the report of the trial, &c. appeared in the paper, a confession by Horn has been published, which abounds so much in partial statements and gross misrepresentations, that in justice to the memory of his victims, as well as to the public, we have copied from the *Sun* the following review, which fully exposes the unfairness of the Confession.

A REVIEW OF ADAM HORN'S CONFESSION,

SHOWING ITS

Falsehoods, Omissions and Prevarications.

[BY ONE OF THE PEOPLE.]

When it was first publicly announced that Adam Horn was about to make a *full* confession of his crimes, and that it would be forthwith published, a suspicion immediately seized the public mind that the promised expose would be unsatisfactory — that the publication of it before his death was intended to change the tide of public opinion that had set against him, and perhaps procure an amelioration of his lawful punishment. The perusal of the confession has tended rather to confirm these suspicions, whilst the tone of enmity and vindictive feeling evinced toward the memory of his murdered victims, falsely traducing them as they lay in their graves, in an effort for his own vindication, has, if possible, rendered him more odious than before. The keen eye of public scrutiny has weighed every word that he has uttered, and the motive can be traced throughout, clearly showing it to be a studied effort to excite a feeling of pity in behalf of the murderer; and, did not his assertions bear the impress of falsehood on their face, such might have been the impression produced. If his story is to be believed, he has been a man of proverbial good disposition,

prone to yield everything for peace and quiet, whilst his whole life has been embittered by an unfortunate union in the first place with an unfaithful and devilish woman, and in the second with one equally evil disposed, and prone to violate her marriage vows. Verily, if such were the case, he would, indeed, be worthy of public sympathy, and none would be more willing to yield it to him, with all the benefits that might accrue therefrom, than the writer of this communication. The character of his first wife has, however, been fully vindicated in the sketch of "his life, character and crimes," given to the public through the columns of the Sun, which will live long after her murderer and traducer has met his deserts. Sad, indeed, has been her lot on earth, and she richly deserves "Peace to her ashes." After living for eighteen years in constant unhappiness, accompanied by relentless torture and misery, deprived of all the comforts of social life, she was hurled headlong and unprepared into eternity, by that hand that was pledged to protect her; and now, after the lapse of several years, we find him again using his bloodstained hands to record all manner of evil to her memory, and to traduce, vilify, and blacken her character, as one whose sad fate should be unlamented. The character of Malinda Horn has also been fully vindicated from his last malignant and cruel attack, by your faithful record of the evidence adduced on the trial. From the mouths of a "host of witnesses," we there have the most conclusive proof of the falsity of his charges, establishing her character for virtue, fidelity, piety, submission, and kindness of heart, far above the efforts of his vindictive arm to blacken it.

The high character of his legal friends and advisers, to whom this confession was made, at once clears them from any implication of joining in the palpable designs of the criminal, but that they did not advise him to a different course and thus save him from adding perjury to his other crimes, is a matter of general surprise. The old saying that "a drowning man will catch at a straw," is fully verified in this confession, and that same cunning which led him to smear the blood of his first victim over his person, in order to substantiate his story, has undoubtedly led him to disregard both truth and honor in his abortive effort to palliate his crimes, and excite the sympathy of the public in his favor. Whilst the tenor and spirit of the confession, as well as its early publication, fully sustains this construction as to the *motive* of the

criminal, the plain manner in which it is drawn up clearly shows that his intentions were not communicated to, or entertained by, his legal friends.

The object of this communication is not to crush the fallen, or to strike a blow at the defenseless, but rather to protect from the foul tongue of slander and falsehood those who are mouldering in untimely graves. To shield the memory of the dead is the duty of all who have it in their power, but it is doubly incumbent in a case like the present, when the deceased are of that sex whose character is dearer to them than life, and who would doubtless, whilst living, rather have submitted willingly to their unfortunate fates, than have surrendered their claims to virtue and purity of life. Having, therefore, from undoubted sources, become acquainted with facts—stubborn and uncontrovertible facts—I feel called on to stand forth in their defense, and if, in so doing, falsehood is stamped on this confession, and its author be followed to the gallows without one sympathizing heart in the train, no more than justice will be done to the memory of his helpless victims.

With regard to the first part of the confession, as to his early life in Germany, nothing new is detailed—it is only a repetition of his own representations in former days, as fully detailed by you in the *Sun* two weeks since. Whether it be true or false, rests solely between him and his God, and the fearful reckoning will shortly be made. But his history, from the time of his arrival in this country, in the detail of the murder of his two wives, of which sufficient had previously been known to render a confession unnecessary, I will prove him guilty of so many falsehoods, prevarications, and omissions to detail so many important matters, that the rest of the confession, which cannot be touched for want of information, must be considered equally void of truth.

From the time of his birth, up to his marriage with Miss Mary Abel, he represents himself as possessed of every good quality of both head and heart; and he would then have us believe that he entered the marriage contract as a lamb goes to the slaughter—that he was always disposed to do well, and she to do evil—that he was industrious and she was lazy—that he was mild and kind in his disposition, and she was cross, stubborn and morose; in short, he would have us believe that she was a very devil, and that he was as kind as an angel. He does not, however, tell us how he slighted and neglected her immediately after marriage, which was the

case; he does not tell us that, when she became *enciente* with her second child, and during the whole time of her pregnancy, when she was in that weakly condition which commands kindness from the vilest of creation, he continually taunted her with being unfaithful to him, denied that the child she bore was his, and denounced her in the strongest terms as a harlot. If, as he says, she had afterwards been unhappy, sullen, and morose, she had here cause enough, in all conscience, to make her so. But such was not the case. Her whole life was one of fear and trembling. So tyrannizing was his disposition, and bitter his temper, that, like his second victim, she was afraid to speak aloud in his presence; whilst those very children, whom he now calls his dear offspring, were kept in rags, one of them was totally disowned, and all of them strangers to kindness or love from their father. The love he now professes for his "dear son Henry," the disowned, must be a new-born passion, that has never before been visible, and which will not now, at this late hour, I should think, be reciprocated. It is now the son's turn to disown the father, and most thoroughly should he do it.

Again, he does not tell us that on the birth of his third and last child, John Hellman, when the poor heart-broken mother was lying, weak and emaciated from her sufferings, that he approached her bed, and with oaths and imprecations swore that "*if she ever had another child he would kill her.*" From the day that this horrid threat was made, the poor mother determined to use the only means in her power to prevent its consummation, and from that time to her death she had no more children. On the night of her murder Henry Hellman was absent, they were alone together, for the first time, and the reader can imagine the scene as well as the cause which led to the bloody drama that ensued.

Had he detailed these facts, it would have spoiled the amiable and inoffensive character which he had laid out for himself, and have shown him to the world as he is, in his true character, grasping, miserly, tyrannical, unfeeling and fiendish in his temper and passions, consequently they were entirely withheld. There is an evident desire to justify himself throughout the confession, to make it appear that he had suffered and forborne until "forbearance ceased to be a virtue," and had then rid himself of the evil spirits which had rendered his life so miserable and unhappy. We can discover no remorse, no sorrow or contrition for his

crimes, no prayer for forgiveness from an offended God, but it is all self-justification, and a person on perusing it cannot but imagine that the heart that dictated it must have exclaimed to itself: "Well done! I have served them right?" Not the slightest indication of regret appears, even when contemplating the forfeit of his own life for his crimes, but he seems, on the contrary, to think that this is nothing in comparison with the satisfaction received from their committal.

His description of the murder of his first wife is glossed over in its details, and none of the real horrors of the scene are at all mentioned. He speaks of striking her but twice, and then cutting her throat, whereas the fact is, her body displayed fourteen distinct wounds, besides the bruises on her hands, and the forefinger of the right, and the little finger of the left hand being broken. According to the appearance of the room and the body, the contest must have been a fierce and determined one. The large quantity of blood in the bed clearly gives the lie to his assertion that she was awake and getting up when he attacked her, whilst the sprinkling of the blood in all sections of the room, and the number of her wounds plainly indicates that she was not despatched so quickly as he has "confessed." To inflict so many wounds time must have been required, and the suffering of his victim must have been intense. He then tells us that he bruised his head and back and went to bed, but he says nothing about *smearing her blood* over his head and person, to give credence to his story—and instead of giving the true cause which excited him to the committal of the murder, he has evidently fabricated another relative to his wife's charging him with being the father of his nephew, who, it will be remembered, even according to his own story, had been then long absent from his roof. It being thus evident that he has disregarded truth, and omitted important facts in relation to the first murder, may it not be equally presumed that the array of "*startling facts*," which, according to the preface, "illustrates the soundness of the injunction, that in the infirmity of man's judgment such circumstantial testimony may shed a false light, and lead into fatal fallacies, and that therefore the most anxious caution in receiving and weighing it should ever be used," are equally false and unfounded in the second. There are some things, however, in his detail of the cause and the manner of the murder of Malinda Horn, which we shall also be enabled to stamp with false-

hood, and therefore the remainder of the confession may be considered equally void of truth. But we are digressing.

He then states to us that he was thrown in jail at Bellefontaine, and having filed the hobble off one leg, made his escape, carrying them in his hand; but he does not say who assisted him in his escape—by whom the hobble was taken off of the other leg—who it was that sold him the horse—who visited him in his cell prior to his escape. These matters as he is aware, have been much discussed in Bellefontaine, and names have been handled in the controversy, but he remains wholly silent on the subject. If his confession were a *full* and a true one, this would not be the case; nothing would be withheld, and those wholly under the foul imputation, if innocent, would have been exonerated from the charge. But he tells us every thing which is known, and artfully conceals that which justice requires should be disclosed. On the heads of those who thus shielded and protected him from the punishment due his first offence, rests a fearful responsibility, and they are equally guilty, in a moral point of view, with him who is condemned to suffer death for the murder of his second victim! Yes, her blood is on their heads, and on the fearful day of judgment God will require them to account for it. If it had not been for their assistance, she would doubtless yet have been living, surrounded by relatives and friends, whilst her murderer would have met the doom which *now* awaits him, two years ago in Ohio. These are stubborn facts, which are recommended to the serious reflection and consideration of those concerned.

With reference to his detail of the murder of his second wife there are few who will believe, after reading the evidence of the host of respectable witnesses, that she, a young and defenceless female alone and in his power, and acquainted with the violence of his temper, would have dared to call him a liar, or even to quarrel with him. Can it be believed that she, who was in constant dread of her life, and was afraid to speak aloud in his presence, could have mustered sufficient courage, when he was almost bursting with rage, to have called him a liar? The assertion is preposterous, and bears on it the impress of falsehood. Nor has any one been found credulous enough to believe that the bruises on the hands, the breast, the shoulder and the back, resulted in any other way than by blows inflicted at the same time that those which caused her death were given. A man who had gone through such a scene

of horror as he confesses, at a previous day, would not have struck a blow, and repeated it, without knowing and contemplating what would have been its effect. He was, from experience, skilled and practiced in the force of the blow required on the human head to cause death, and still he would have us believe that it was almost the result of accident, not intended, and unpremeditated.

In order to substantiate the charge of infidelity, and to palliate the offense, he states that he had *understood* she was in the habit of clandestinely meeting a young man who resided in the neighborhood in the vicinity of his house. From whom had he understood this, and why was not the person who had given him the information brought forward as a witness? Could he have proved her infidelity, it would doubtless have saved him from the gallows, by changing the character of his offense to murder in the second degree. But no such person could be found, as it was doubtless a creature of his own jealous and evil imagination. Any person who has the slightest doubt as to her fidelity can be satisfied that it is utterly without ground in truth by calling at the office of Dr. Dunbar. There will be found the unimpeachable testimony of God himself in behalf of this murdered and traduced victim, establishing her virtue and fidelity to her husband beyond the power of frail man to controvert it.

With regard to the preservation of the body, the writer of this, for one, does not believe him when he says that he can not account for it. After it had been in the cellar for three or four days he states that he cut off the limbs, and burnt the head, and two or three days after deposited the body in the bag, and buried it, leaving the limbs under the oven in the yard, and they were not buried for seventeen days. Can it be believed that he would have thus left the body lying in and about the house, where persons were constantly visiting, without using some means to prevent it from smelling? If, as he says, it was preserved by some mysterious agency, he must have been aware that it would be thus preserved, or he would never have kept it so long in the house, where it was constantly liable to lead to his detection. In the course of nature it would have become very offensive in a few days, which he must have known, and without using some means for its preservation, or knowing that it would be preserved, his confession of the one fact proves the falsity of the other. If the truth were known, it would doubtless be found that the body was cut up for the purpose

of enabling him to pack it up in a barrel of brine, in order to preserve it until the disappearance of the snow would enable him to bury it. Its appearance, even six weeks after death, indicated that salt had been applied to it, and few will be so credulous as to believe his assertions to the contrary, particularly when there is such an apparent motive throughout to conceal the most horrid features of both acts of the tragedy, in an effort to palliate the crime and justify in some measure the murderous deeds which he has confessed.

The lantern which induced his sudden flight, may or may not have been the imagination of his cowardly heart, dreading that the forfeit of his life would be the result of discovery, but be it what it may it was a most providential visitation, and at the very moment above all others, which sealed the guilt on the murderer.

That the whole of this confession is a one-sided, partial affair, glossed over for effect, I think has already been clearly proved, but there are yet other portions of it which perhaps demand a notice, before the subject is dismissed. In speaking of the fact of his last wife having left his house and gone to Littlestown, he wholly omits to mention his threats to kill her, as proved on the trial, which was the cause that had driven her from his house, as well as his harsh and abusive treatment of her. The fact of her going is only mentioned, and that in such a manner as to leave the reader to infer that his jealousy was not without grounds—that he had cause not only to suspect her, but was confirmed in his suspicions.

With regard to his protestations of innocence as to the death of his children, he has told so many other palpable falsehoods that this is equally liable to be untrue. The denial of the charge, in *such* a confession as this, even if it should be credited here, will find few believers beyond the Alleghanies, particularly in the region of country where he was personally known. His language respecting the death of his "dear offspring," whose death he witnessed without a tear, will rather tend to confirm the suspicions of those who witnessed their final moments. Suffice it to say, that their mother, who knew the feelings he entertained for them, suspected him of poisoning them, which opinion was afterwards, and is now, the universal belief of the whole neighborhood.

That he has not yet deserted all hopes of life is evident from the perusal of his narative, and is also sustained by a conversation held by him a day or two since with the warden of the jail. When,

however, the certainty of death approaches, it will be found that his assumed indifference will fail him, and then, under the guidance of his spiritual teacher, the public may expect from him a true and full confession, that will be free from all expressions of malice and attempts at self-justification, and having in view his forgiveness at the bar of God rather than the bar of public opinion, to which this has evidently been solely addressed.

ANDREW HELLMAN IN OHIO.

The Logan *Gazette*, of Dec. 23, published at Bellefontaine, Ohio, where Hellman broke jail, and in the immediate neighborhood of the scene of the first murder, contains a sketch of the "Life, Character, and Crimes of Andrew Hellman," covering 17 columns of that paper. The general tenor and facts of the narrative fully corroborate all the particulars of the Ohio tragedy as published in the *Sun*, whilst the opinions urged by "One of the People" against the truth of that part of his confession which relates to his treatment of his first wife, &c., are corroborated. We have extracted such portions of the narrative as go to justify the feeling evinced in defence of his first victim, at the request of "One of the People," to show that no sinister motive guided his pen:

In this confession, which was doubtless gotten up to influence the public mind, and perhaps induce from the Governor of Maryland a commutation of his punishment, Hellman seems to labor to render odious the character of his first victim,—to transform the faithful, devoted and suffering wife, into a lewd and fiendish termagant, whose temper nothing could restrain, and no sacrifice could soften. But, fortunately for her relatives who survive, his malice has betrayed itself, and involved him in several contradictions. That she may have spoken in her own defence, and for the sake of the future character of her offspring, resisted and resented his vile imputations and unmanly abuse, is highly probable—most women would have done the same. And she should be respected for it—for her bravery in defending her character and her children from the infamy he would have heaped upon them, bespeaks a noble mind and a strong and ardent love for those whom she had borne. But that she was the fiend he represents—violent and unyielding in temper, fretful and discontented, loose in her morals, and always ready to harass and vex him, without cause, is totally at variance with her character and conduct while residing in this county.—Here, she was regarded by her neighbors—those who knew her best and saw her often—as a mild, inoffensive woman, who bore

the tyranny of her husband with great patience—who resisted not, but for the sake of peace, endured, without a murmur, hardships and abuse. As a housewife she was held a model. Her house was always clean and tidy, and every thing about her was well taken care of. It is not true, therefore, that she was the vixen Hellman would make her appear; and after inquiry of those who knew her personally, as well as by reputation, we have no hesitation in pronouncing so much of this confession as contains imputations against her, *malicious*, *willful*, *and deliberate falsehoods*.

He reached Bellefontaine with his family, in the spring of 1836, and took a room in the tavern af Mr. Haines, (now occupied by Mr. M. Smith,) north of town, where they dwelt until the ensuing fall. And here we cannot omit to state, as he has spared no efforts to traduce the character of his first wife, and torn her mangled, mouldering remains from the silent grave, only to dwell upon the faults and errors which she possessed in common with the human race, that his treatment to her while they resided at the tavern of Mr. Haines, was cruel in the extreme. So violent was he, that without any apparent cause, he would throw chairs or any thing he could lay his hands on at her; and the family of his landlord were several times compelled to rescue her from cruelty. We have this from undoubted authority— persons who were cognizant of the facts. And yet, with all the effrontery of a fiend, he hesitates not in his confession to lie to his Maker, and charge the cause of all their differences upon his wife. Instead of the terrible being he portrays, she presented the appearance of a heart-broken, miserable woman, and so she was considered by all her neighbors and acquaintances."

Speaking of his attempt to poison his wife, the narrative says:—

After this circumstance there was a manifest change in his conduct for the worse. He became morose and sullen, and appeared to his family the incarnation of all that was vile and wicked. Yet, with his bosom lacerated with the deepest feelings of malice against his unoffending offspring and his unfortunate wife, and the strongest desire of revenge urging him on, Hellman, in the eyes of the world, was a moral, upright, inoffensive, quiet citizen. No man, perhaps, in the same sphere of life, possessed a higher character for morality and honesty. He was punctual to his engagements, and scrupulously honest in his dealings. How little did the world know of that man. With what consummate duplicity

did he conceal from society the devilish passions which were raging in his bosom. Did we not know, by appalling experience, the fearful transformation which jealousy can effect in the human heart, the conduct of this man would present an inexplicable enigma.

His children were all three attacked with the scarlet fever as he confessed, but speaking of this fact the narrative says:—

The sudden death of his children made little or no impression upon Hellman — none at least that was visible. Soon the suspicion got abroad that the poison prepared for the wife had been administered to her children; and his subsequent conduct, as well as the testimony of those who saw the sick children, among them the attending physician, only increased and strengthened those suspicions. His poor wife and her relatives seem to have entertained no doubt upon the subject, from the fact that in a letter to their friends in Virginia, communicating the demise of Louisa and John, they unreservedly stated that they believed they died by the hands of their inhuman father. That opinion still prevails here, and the bare word of the monster, though spoken from the scaffold, cannot remove it. Unfortunately, the bodies were not submitted to examination, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth. As if by a miraculous dispensation of an all-wise Providence, Henry, the hated, disowned child, the one most ill-treated, recovered from his dangerous illness, and was left to his mother.

Here, the cause of truth compels us again to refer to the published confession of Hellman, and to what he says upon this point. And though he declares "solemnly, as with a voice from the grave, where he is doomed soon to lie," that the "imputation is untrue," we feel authorized to assert, that his declarations in reference to his children are not founded in truth. He places their sickness and death in 1841, when in fact they died in 1839; and he states that Dr. Brown, the attending physician, was "with them until just before they breathed their last," thereby intimating that their illness was so severe that the Doctor did not leave them until all hope of saving them was gone. Here is a studied misrepresentation, to say the least. When Dr. Brown was called in, he found that the children were severely attacked with scarlet fever; he attended them for several days; they were sick about a week, as Hellman says, but they had survived the worst attack of the

disease, and were so far convalescent that Dr. Brown discontinued his regular visits. On the last time but one that he visited the house for the purpose of administering to the patients, Mrs. Hellman followed him out of the dwelling, and anxiously inquired if there was any hope of their recovery. He assured her that she need have no fears on the subject, for he entertained no doubt that they were beyond all danger, and would soon be restored to health.

Dr. Brown was, therefore, greatly surprised when, a day or two after, he was sent for in great haste, and heard the children were dying; and it is his impression that one of them expired before, or shortly after, he reached Hellman's house. He was the more surprised at the result, from the fact that the disease under which they suffered is not usually, if at all, attended with such sudden changes; and acknowledges that without suspecting the father of anything improper, he was led to doubt his own judgment in such cases. It is proper here to remark, also, that Hellman administered the medicine to his children, his wife not seeming to have a knack for it, and thus he had every opportunity to administer the fatal drug. However feelingly he may speak of his "dear children," not even the solemnity of a confession, filled as this is with innumerable falsehoods, can now clear him of this charge.

EXECUTION OF ANDREW HELLMAN.

This event, which has been looked to for weeks past, as the consummation of the penalty due to the commission of one of the most atrocious murders that ever blurred the character of humanity, transpired in accordance with the law, at exactly 22 minutes before 12 o'clock, meridian, this day, and was witnessed by not less than fifty thousand people, one-fourth of whom were females. The excitement from an early hour in the morning until the execution took place, continued to grow more and more intense, and was only relieved at length by the awful scene which was required to be enacted, for the satisfaction of the fearfully violated laws. By 10½ o'clock, the various streets leading towards the jail, began to present a very uniform appearance of the tendency of passengers that way, and even before that hour hundreds of persons occupied various positions, or stood grouped in conversation within the immense circle commanding a view of the jail. The gallows was erected in the north-west angle of the yard, the upper beam being not less than fourteen feet above the level of the top of the wall. It could be distinctly seen from many points in the central part of the city, and the whole execution was witnessed from several windows of the Court-house. As the hour approached, the ways to the prison became thronged with parties who had quitted their avocations and were hastening to the scene; and the number of strange faces, indicative of visitors from the surrounding country, drawn hither by curiosity, resistless from the startling character of the malefactor's crimes, was immensely great. The city poured out its thousands, and the merchant, the clerk, the lawyer and divine, the industrious mechanic with the soil of labor upon his hands, the pale-faced and sedentary student, the young, and the old, the matron, the maid, and the wanton, hoyden boys and girls, the moralist, and the jester, the serious and profane, swelled up the motley multitude to an oceanic flood. "Such is human nature," we moralized and paused, for we ourselves had wended our way to the spot, but found a ready excuse in an imperative duty

requiring us to present the details of the day's doings to the eyes of the multitudinous mass spread out before our gaze. But are there no promptings of a Dionysian curiosity within ourselves? we asked. We could not analyze the feelings with sufficient care to obtain a satisfactory response. Human nature, however cultivated, is human nature still.

The view from the top of the jail was of the most interesting kind, presenting a dioramic picture of the most diversified character it is possible to conceive. Immediately below, the gaunt object which lifted its skeleton form into the cold air, stood peering over the wall upon the vast concourse beyond, itself the center for a myriad eyes. Around and about it, conversing in subdued tones were those who had obtained by privilege or solicitation, admission within the walls, and the busy forms of those immediately engaged and interested in the approaching catastrophe occasionally passing to and fro. Beyond, the great interjacent plain, which had in the morning been a white field of snow, was now thronged with an almost compact mass of people, occupying both the hither and thither side of the Falls. The elevations upon the north and the banky heights of Howard's woods, opposite upon the west, afforded facilities to immense numbers, especially of women and children. A great many carriages, chiefly crowded with women, occupied the line of Belvidere Road, and some had drawn up nearer to the wall. The windows of nearly all the houses commanding a view of the death scene—a few exceptions forming a pleasing attraction to the eye of the observer—were densely crowded by the occupants, their friends and acquaintances. And an uninformed traveller who had passed that way might have looked on for an hour, and had the gallows escaped his eye, imagined that a national jubilee was about to be celebrated, and that the shrine of oblation was the jail.

But we revert to the more immediate details connected with the criminal and the closing scenes of his life. We visited the jail at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and found our friend Sollers, the warden, with anxiety and fatigue in the corner of his eye, he having been up all night with his prisoner.

Hom's Cell, 10 o'clock.—We have just been admitted to the cell of the doomed malefactor. The officers have this moment knocked off the iron shackles from his legs, having been engaged at it some

twenty minutes. Horn then turned to the fire, stirred it up, sat down and warmed his boots, which stood at the hearth, and put them upon his feet. Horn is now in conversation with the reverend gentlemen in attendance, Messrs. Sarndel and Newman. He is evidently conversing with a free lom and ease of mind and expression that denotes the most perfect composure.

We learn from Mr. Sollers, who was up with him during the greater portion of the night, that he remained engaged in reading and prayer until about two o'clock in the morning, when he laid down for about an hour, and appeared to enjoy repose during that time. He then rose and re-applied himself to devotional exercises during the residue of the night. He declined taking any breakfast this morning, the only meal, by the way, he has taken for two or three weeks past, and from Friday last until Monday, he maintained perfect abstinence. He was, however, persuaded to resume his morning meal again, lest he should become too weak to sustain the trying scene of this day unassisted.

Half past 10 *o'clock.*—The Rev. S. Tuston, chaplain of the U. S. Senate, has entered the cell by consent of the criminal, and the reverend gentlemen attending, of course with no purpose of taking any part in the religious exercises. Horn has continued in intercourse with the priests, the conversation being carried on in German. A few minutes since, Mr. Tracy, the sheriff, came into the cell, he having previously visited the prisoner during the morning.

At about 20 minutes before 11 o'clock, Mr. Bersch and young Henry Hellman came into the cell. The prisoner directly took the hand of his son and said "Well, Henry," and the youth replied, "Well, father;" it seemed as much as either could say for the moment. Horn, after interchanging salutation with Mr. Bersch, beckoned his son to the table and took up a variety of papers and pamphlets tied in a bundle, which with a carpenter's rule he delivered to him; the package appearing rather loose, Horn took up some books, saying "There was a piece of paper here somewhere," and having found it took the bundle again, carefully wrapped it up, and delivered it to his son.

They then retired to a corner of the cell, and had some conversation together, which we subsequently understood was in relation to the disposition of the body, Horn expressing a desire that his son, as next of kin, would make a formal demand of it of the sheriff. Mr. Bersch was afterwards called up by Horn, and the three

continued the conversation together, Horn appearing exceedingly earnest in his instructions, which related chiefly to the disposition of his body.

At the close of this conversation, Mr. Laws, sheriff's clerk, Mr. Wilson, deputy sheriff, and Mr. Cook, deputy high constable, appeared, for the purpose of arraying the criminal. His shroud was produced, and he put it on as composedly as if it had been his daily garb, assisted by the officers, after which his arms were pinioned by a small cord passing from each elbow joint, behind him, having his hands free. This being accomplished, the Rev. Tuston took the prisoner's hand to bid him farewell, he having called for the purpose of a few minutes conversation with him and his son. Mr. Tuston, on parting, said to him: "Keep your eye steadfastly fixed on the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, as the only hope of perishing mortals, and may God have mercy on your soul." The reverend gentleman then shortly withdrew from the cell, and returned into town. The Rev. Mr. Newman, with the prisoner, then occupied a few minutes in prayer during which the tears came freely from the eyes of the unhappy man.

The minutes now sped rapidly away. Horn entered into spiritual converse with the priests, and remaining standing by their side, manifesting the most wonderful fortitude, and evidently marvelously sustained by the consolatory hope of happiness beyond the awful noon to which the time was fast hastening.

At half past eleven Mr. Tracey and Mr. Sollers came into the cell, and intimated to the prisoner that the time had arrived. He instantly rose, and, preceded by the gentlemen above named, accompanied by the priests, and followed by Mr. Bersch, Henry Hellman, his son, young Mr. Bersch, and those in the cell present at the time, walked out through the long line of spectators extending to the gallows.

Having arrived at its foot, Messrs. Tracey and Sollers, the two clergymen and the prisoner, ascended the steps without any pause, on the scaffold, a short prayer was said, farewells were interchanged, Horn thanking each for their kindness, and then all retired. At exactly 22 minutes before 12 o'clock the trigger was drawn, and the unhappy criminal launched from the platform. He struggled for about four minutes, when, to all appearance, he was dead.

THE LOST CHILD.

An Account of the Extraordinary Sufferings of John Curl, Son of James Curl, of Champaign County, (now Logan County) Ohio, Aged Seven Years, who was Lost Eight Days in the Woods.

BY JOHN GARWOOD.

On the 2d day of the 6th month, in the year 1816, in Champaign county, (now Logan county,) Ohio, it appears that the feelings of the people were greatly aroused. Search was made, with the utmost diligence, far and near, for a child of James Curl, which had wandered away in the woods, and was in danger of perishing with hunger or falling a prey to savage beasts. At this the people in general appeared greatly affected with so mournful a circumstance, as to be deprived of a precious child in such a sorrowful manner, and since the neighbors have manifested such an unwearied diligence for the relief of the child, it is judged that a narrative of what the child passed through, as near as circumstances will admit, from the time it wandered from its father's house, until it returned, might be of some satisfaction to the public in general. It appears that the child was about seven years old. It is said this child with two of his elder brothers, went into the woods and amused themselves for a time in hunting wild gooseberries; but his two brothers

growing weary of their employment, returned home; he continued wandering about until he mistook his way home, and took the wrong end of the path; still hoping that he should soon arrive at some place that he knew, he was encouraged to press on until time and distance convinced him of his sad mistake; for he found himself not only bewildered, but in a wilderness, surrounded by wild beasts, and destitute of father, mother, or any other human comforter. After calling aloud for his brothers and getting no answer, he endeavored to vent his grief by letting fall a flood of tears; but what greatly increased his horror, night came on, and he had to take up his lodging in a tree top. Grief and terror prevented him from sleeping for the greater part of the night. When morning appeared he pursued his lonely travel again—hungry and with a heavy heart. With weary steps he followed the various windings of a stream called Mill Creek, bearing for a while a south-east course; northerly crossing the same several times, supposing it to be Derby Creek, still hoping he should arrive at some house; but his hopes centered in disappointments; he continued traveling until night came on. He found nothing to satisfy his hunger save a few wild onions and gooseberries. He then took the side of an old log for his shelter, and laid himself down to rest in the dusk of the evening; but was soon visited by two wild beasts, supposed to have been wolves, seemingly with the intention of devouring him. This terrified him much, as one of them came within a yard of where he was lying, and grinned at him. He then held up his little hand against him, having no other weapon to defend himself with—at which it seemed the beast laid himself down near him! Here we may justly conclude that the God who shut the Lions' mouths, when Daniel (by the king's decree) was cast into their den, hath in a like manner shut the mouths of those savage beasts and preserved this infant. This is certainly a miracle, in our eyes, and may justly lead us to adore that Almighty hand, which condescends to preserve the innocent when in the most imminent danger! Here we say with the Apostles:—"Lord, increase our faith, that we may never distrust thy Providence while we retain our innocency." Here it seems those ravenous beasts had not power to destroy or even hurt this defenceless infant, which no doubt was their intent, if an overruling hand had not prevented them; so that instead of devouring the child, one of them laid

himself down peaceably by the side of him, seemingly to guard him, until the child overcome with fatigue had closed his eyes to sleep. When he awoke in the morning, he found to his great joy that his company had deserted him. From this place he appears incapable of rendering any correct account of his further daily travels. We must make use of suppositions in some cases, and we think that we may, without violence to the truth, suppose that he continued his course down Mill Creek until he came to a house in the woods, supposed to have been a block-house, as the child states that it was full of holes; but as this was uninhabited by any human being it afforded no assistance to his bewildered and grievous condition. From this place we have a right to conclude that he turned pretty much a northerly course, as his little footsteps were frequently found in that direction, especially on little Mill Creek. By this time the generous inhabitants appeared greatly alarmed for many miles round. They turned out in great numbers; endeavoring to search every hole and corner of a large body of woods, in order, if possible, to rescue the distressed infant from perishing with hunger, or from the jaws of devouring beasts. We have a just right to conclude, from his situation, that he was daily overwhelmed with tears. He was frequently terrified by the sight of wild beasts; especially a *large black creature* that he saw on a log—supposed to have been a bear. Thus, through fear, sorrow, grief, and hunger, the infant passed on, between hope and despair. Sometimes he was afraid that he would never get out of that dreadful wilderness, but inevitably perish with hunger, or fall a prey to wild beasts. At other times the hope revived his spirits that he should find his own home, or some person's house; which raised a fresh resolution to press through grievous thickets of bushes, briers and fallen timber, which not only rent his clothes, but likewise his skin — sometimes climbing over, and sometimes creeping under the fallen timber, for about three or four miles — a country almost impassible for man or beast. This laborious travel in his exhausted state, we may well conclude, required more than manly resolution, yet he performed it. Not only had he to encounter hunger and fatigue, but cold and frosty nights, almost naked; and the best shelter or lodging that he could obtain was a tree-top or a hollow log; whilst stout men who sought him were well clothed, and had a good fire to lie

down by, were complaining of being disagreeably cold; and in this deplorable condition, we may well conclude, that being overwhelmed with fears, and a number of days and nights being past, and when all hopes seemed gone, and he reduced to the utmost extremity; then it was that the gracious Eye that had regard to poor Ishmael, when cast under the shrub, and procured his relief, we may justly conclude hath not been wanting in respect to his fatherly regard, in preserving this infant, not only through hunger and cold, by day and by night, from savage beasts, as well as poisonous serpents! Here we may behold the tender mercies of a gracious God, who begets honor to himself by delivering to the uttermost those who have no help in themselves. For after he had permitted almost a multitude of sympathizing people to search for one whole week, with the utmost diligence, and until being almost ready to despair of ever finding the child, here the Lord saw proper to manifest, not only his great power, but his mercy and loving kindness, by opening a way where there appeared no way, and by his own gracious hand led this infant, not only out of a wilderness, but likewise into a house, and placed him in the midst of the floor before he was discovered by any human eye, where a family dwelt, whose hearts we may justly conclude the Lord had before prepared to receive him, and administer relief in the most tender manner, (for such his afflicted state and condition required.) His clothes were all rent in strings, his skin severely torn with briers and bushes, his feet and legs much swollen, and his body covered with mud. Here he found not cold-hearted strangers, but a tender-hearted father and mother, who used every means in their power for the child's restoration! Here we have a plain instance that the Lord can save, though all the wisdom and power of man fail. We may justly say with one formerly, "What shall we render to the Lord for all his benefits?" We have likewise witnessed that saying fulfilled: "Though trouble may come over night, joy may spring in the morning." This we think may be very aptly suited to the present circumstance—for, after a long night of laborious and fruitless hunting, they found the lost child in the house-floor. The joyful tidings flew on eagle's wings—every heart rejoiced—the people flocked in from every quarter to see the supposed "dead alive, and the lost found." Justly may we suppose that many had the following language in their hearts, if not in their mouths: "Great and marvelous are

thy works, O Lord! Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of Saints!" Here is not only a miracle in bringing the infant safely through various extremities, but placing him by his wisdom under the most tender care. After the rapture of joy and loud acclamations of the people were a little over, that kind man, Samuel Tyler, could not rest until he took his horse and conveyed the joyful news of the infant being found to his parents. We must now return to the child, when S. Tyler left him in the care of his tender wife, Margaret, and the other kind people of the neighborhood, who used every means in their power to relieve him from the weak state to which hunger and fatigue had reduced him. His elder brother who had exerted his utmost endeavors, sparing no pains in seeking after him, returned with Samuel Tyler and partook of a rich feast of joy in having his brother to convey safely home to his disconsolate parents, which he thought amply compensated him for all his toil — and his parents, like the parable in the Scriptures of the return of the lost sheep, find more joy in receiving the lost child, than in all the rest that went not astray: and we have no doubt that the public in general have been made partakers in a great degree of the same joy; and especially those who witnessed the labor of both body and mind for the relief of the child. The distance that the child was from its home cannot be correctly ascertained; but his elder brother and many others who have been several times across the wilderness to the place where he arrived, near the mouth of Bough's Creek, on the Scioto River, in Delaware County, judge that it is 20 miles on a straight line; but taking the meanderings, we conclude he must have traveled one hundred miles.

Seeing that good may be brought out of evil, and joy from affliction, who knows but our Heavenly Father has intended the present instance of this bewildered child for an alarming lesson of advice to all who may hear of the circumstance. Let them take into consideration the manner in which this child first rambled from his father's house and through a careless indolence what danger, grief and distress he had brought on himself. The danger of never seeing his father's house again; the danger of perishing with hunger; and the danger of being stung by poisonous serpents. Here we have a lively instance of what grievances we may bring on ourselves, for want of a more diligent watch over our steppings along in a temporal sense, which might terminate

with our lives—but if we should take it in a spirtual sense, and ask ourselves the serious question : Have I not been straying from my Heavenly Father's house and exposing myself to a great Spiritual danger? The one mistake is only for Time; but the other for an endless Eternity. O! then, may the above instance awaken us into as diligent a search into the state of our souls, as has been made for the recovery of the lost infant.

The Lost Child.

LET old and young regard the hand
Which sways the sceptre o'er the land,
That guards our steps in all our ways,
In childhood and in riper days.

This hand upheld the wandering boy,
So that no foe could him annoy—
When far removed from human aid,
In deserts wild he wandering stray'd.

When friends and parents grieving sought,
The Lord for him deliverance wrought—
And when all search and toil was vain,
He brought him safely home again.

Then let it be our daily prayer,
While objects of his holy care,
That we grow better day by day,
And learn to watch as well as pray.

CONCORD MILLS.

M. ARROWSMITH.

DECEMBER 4, 1811.—Concord Mills, three miles west of Urbana, has been the place of my abode for the last forty years. My parents emigrated from Mason Co., Kentucky. They left on the 3d of December, 1801, seventy years yesterday. They arrived at the place (four and a half miles west of Urbana) the same month, where they spent the balance of their days.

I was born at their homestead January 16, 1806. Have never lived out the county except on transient business. There are a few men only that were born in the county and spent their lives in it that are older than I. About the time of my entrance into the world (I have been informed) the Indians manifested a hostile disposition toward the white people.

When six weeks old it was rumored that they were collecting in large numbers with the intention of massacreing the white people; consequently the latter became alarmed and for mutual protection, (or rather as has been expressed to be convenient for the Indians to do their bloody work without having the trouble of hunting them at their different homes) collected together. Then Col Ward, Col. McPherson and Simon Kenton volunteered to go and see the Indians. They found them on the Miami, at the mouth of Stony Creek, one mile below the village of DeGraff, Logan county. There were 700 warriors with Tecumseh at their head, painted with the war-paint. In making their business known to them, Kenton told them that if they were for war all that they asked of them was to say so; "For," said he, "we have a plenty of men to meet you." The Indians called a council of their chiefs that were present, and after consultation returned the answer "that they were for peace."

A little incident occurred while they were with the Indians. A few years prior to that time there was an Indian called at Demint's

(now Springfield, Clark county,) for something to eat, and for some unknown cause Mrs. Demint refused to give him anything. Whereupon he abused her. Kenton hearing of it soon after, and having six men at hand, ordered each one to give the Indian a certain number of lashes with hickory withes, which were well laid on. The fellow left and had never been seen by Kenton until their interview at the time referred to. The fellow looked sulky; would not so much as notice them. Kenton observing him, invited his comrades out, stated to them his condition, and that he had nothing to defend himself with if he was attacked by the wily fellow. One of them had a dirk and gave it to Kenton. They then returned among the Indians. Kenton carrying the weapon in his hand, would strike it into the trees as he walked along as though he was willing to engage in mortal combat with a foe. When the Indian saw that he was prepared in that manner to meet him, he approached Kenton manifesting much friendship, by presenting his hand saying, "Me velly good fiend."

I have seen in the *Citizen and Gazette*, that you wanted the names and other items of the early settlers of this part of the country. I can give some of them, but not the exact time of the settling. Having heard my parents and contemporaries tell of many, I can therefore name some of them, and after giving the names of a few that I believe were the first to squat down on the frontier, will class others as near as I can by half decades.

The bottom-lands of Madriver and creeks were occupied first, which includes the eastern part of Madriver Tp., in which was the place of my nativity, and in the northeast part of the township. I will name Wm. Owens as the first settler in the township. He came, I should think, in 1797 or 1798, but am not positive.

Next will commence with those at the lower part of the township, as they occur to me: Thomas Redman, Joseph Turman, Wm. Rhodes, Joseph Reynolds, Mr. Clark, Thomas Pierce, Ezekiel Arrowsmith (my father), Elisha Harbour, Henry Pence, Abram Pence, Abram Shockey, John Wiley, Joseph Diltz, Adam Wise, Thomas Kenton, Christian Stevens, Wm. Kenton (my grandfather) and two sons—William and Mark, Thomas Anderson, Henry Newcomb, Wm. Custor, Hugh McSherry and John Norman, who built about the first grist mill which was on Nettle creek, where B. Wyant's mill is at this time. Norman placed a slight obstruction in the channel of the creek, where he had a wheel for the water to

flow against, and a little primitive gearing set in motion a small stone that he formed out of a boulder that he picked up on his land. When he got his mill to running, he would fill the hopper in the morning, start it to work, and then he would leave to engage in other labor until noon, when the mill would get his services again by replenishing the hopper with grain, and filling the sacks with meal or cracked corn to the same height that they were with corn, he having made a hole in the sack with a bodkin before emptying them.

Will resume with names of early settlers. There are others perhaps that came before 1806, but are included in the first decade. George and John Steinberger, Thomas Runkle (tanner), John Pence, Philip C. Kenton, George Faulkner, Wm. Bacom, Henry Bacom, John Taylor, (Nettle Creek,) Arnold Custar, Abram Custar, Archibald McGrew, Sen., Wm. McGrew, Matthew McGrew, Archibald McGrew, Jun., Wm. Custar, James Scott, Christian Hashbarger, Mr. Colbert, Sen., John Colbert, Peter Smith, Daniel Pence, John Whitmore, Adam Kite, Charles Rector, Conoway Rector, Samuel Rector, Joseph Reynolds, Jun., Reuben Pence.

I turn to an old record of Sec. 16 of the Township, in connection with those who supported the school. John Moody, George Boswell, Thomas Jenkins, Joel Jenkins, George Ward, Ezekiel Boswell, John Logan, Wm. Stevens, Ephraim Robison, Wm. McGinness, Valentine Miller, Curtis M. Thompson, John Haller, John Hamilton, Archibald Hosbrook, Abraham Stevens, Caleb Baggs, Wm. Baggs, James Baggs, Martin Idle, John Idle, Jacob Idle, Daniel Loudenback, Daniel Snyder, Jacob and Frederick Tetsler, Henry Evilsizer, James Stevens, Robert McKibbon, Reuben Loudenback, William Jenkins, William Harper, (Baptist minister), Nathan Darnall, Jacob Arney, George Bacom, Levi Rowz, John Rowz, Luther Wait, Elijah Standiford, Isaac Shockey, William Colgan, Frank Stevenson, Henry Phillips, Elijah Rogers, Zachariah Putman, John Taylor (fiddler), Shadrack D. Northcut, William Blue, Richard Blue, Andrew Blue, Samuel Blue, Joshua Darnall, Elijah Bell, Peter Baker, Sen., Robert Underwood, William Salsbury, William Mitchel (Water Witch), Cornelius Blue, Lewis Pence, David Loudenback, James Kenton, Abraham Campbell, George Zimmerman, Daniel Pence, Jun., James Sims, Joseph Sims, Benjamin Kite, Emmanuel Kite, Adam Prince. There are

many others I have not named. Some have sunk into oblivion. You will receive information from others and in compiling can cull from the above if you find anything worthy of a place in your work.

DECEMBER 20th 1811.—Since writing at a former date I have thought of a thing or two that is known by but few of the present generation, which I feel like rescuing from oblivion, viz:

A FORTIFICATION IN MAD-RIVER TOWNSHIP.

I said above that the Indians manifested a hostile disposition about the year 1806 which continued up to the war of 1812. To the best of my recollection it was in 1807 that the settlers in the valley on the north side of the township, from their exposed condition to the savages, erected a fort by enclosing about one-fourth of an acre with buildings and pickets. It was erected at the residence of Thomas Kenton on the s. w. qr. sec. 12. t. 4. r. 11. It was quadrangular in form. His two cabins stood about ten feet apart. The space between was to be used as an inlet for any needed purpose and protected with a swinging gate made of split timber. Those pickets were made of split logs planted in the ground and reaching ten or twelve feet high. These flat sides (for they were doubled) were placed together, thus shutting the joints completely, formed the north side. The east and west sides were made with log buildings, the roofs slanting inwards and high enough on the inside for a door way into them. On the out side about the height of the inner eave was a projection sufficient to prevent the enemy from climbing up, and a space of a few inches was left between the lower wall and jut that could be used for port holes in case the Indians were to come to set fire to the buildings or any other purpose. There was one building about the center of the south side and the other spaces were closed with pickets. There was a well of water within the enclosure. Fortunately, it was, that they never had need of using it for the purpose for which it was erected.

We little fellows of that day were taught to regard the Indians as our natural enemies, for the most of our parents had been reared on the frontiers and many of them had had some experience in the wars with them, and the minds of those that had not were fully imbued with the same way of thinking.

In those early days an Indian came to Thomas Kenton to buy a horse. His horses were out, running at large, as was the custom at that time. They went together to hunt them, and when they found them my father's horses were with them and one—a fine young horse for that day—took the Indian's eye. He would not even notice any of the others. After enquiring who he belonged to he came to my father to see if he would sell him, and what was his price. Father asked $80. He offered $70. After parleying a while the Indian held up both hands seven times and one hand once, and on that proposition they traded. He had but $74 to pay down but promised to be back at a certain time to pay the other, which he did at the time promised. This is written to show that there was honor and honesty with the Indians.

About 1818 it was a common thing for the Lewistown Indians with their families to come to this neighborhood in the summer. They would make camps covered with bark in some pleasant shady grove where their squaws and pappooses would stop. The men would hunt deer or lie about their camp. Their squaws were generally busy making or peddling their baskets among the people around about for something to eat. Amongst them on one of their visits was an old acquaintance of my father's, by the name of Coldwater. He came to our house to buy some bacon on credit, and promised to pay at some time in specie, for he said he had specie at home. At that time the banks, or many of them, had failed; so it was necessary in dealing to have it understood what kind of money was to be used in the trade. They got the bacon, but unlike the other Indian never paid for it. Those two Indians exemplified an old gentleman's expression when speaking of the different religious denominations, "I *hope* that there are good and *bad* amongst *all* of them."

The first religious meeting in the neighborhood was held at my father's by a young methodist minister, which was before my time, James Davison, brother of the late D. D. Davison. He afterwards settled in Urbana and engaged in the practice of medicine, and died in 1816.

Amongst the first methodist preachers I can name, were Hector Sanford, Saul Henkle, Moses Trader, Moses Crume, H. B. Bascom, and David Sharp. There were others in the regular work. In the local work, I remember James Montgomery, Nathaniel Pinckard, Joseph Tatman, Martin and Samuel Hitt, Robert Miller, —— Truitt. Baptist, John Thomas, John Guttridge, Moses Frazer, Sen., ——Cotterel. The above named ministers occasionally preached, but did not reside here.

ZANE TOWNSHIP, LOGAN COUNTY.

The following is the vote at the first election in Zane township, in 1806, copied from the Poll Book, now in my possession, spelling as found there:

JUDGES, James McPherson, George M. Bennett, Thomas Antrim.

CLERKS, Thomas Davis, Henry Shaw.

Certified by William McColloch, J. P.

NAMES OF ELECTORS.

Jiles Chambers,	Job Sharp,
Isaac Zane,	Jeremiah Stansbury,
John Stephenson,	Samuel McColloch,
William McCloud,	Edward Tatman,
Matthew Cavanaugh,	James Frail,
Abner Cox,	William McColloch,
Alexander Suter,	Isaac Titsworth,
John Tucker,	Arthur McWaid,
William C. Dagger,	John Lodwork,
John Fillis, Sen.	Henry Shaw,
George Bennett,	Carlisle Haines,
Thomas Davis,	Samuel Sharp,
Daniel Phillips,	John Sharp,
Thomas Antrim,	Charles McClain,
James McPherson,	John Tilis, Jr.
John Provolt,	Daniel Tucker.

CANDIDATES VOTED FOR IN 1806 IN ZANE TOWNSHIP, THEN CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, NOW LOGAN COUNTY.

James Pritchard, for Congress.
John Starett, for Representative (Legislature).
George Harlin, for Senate (Legislature).

William Ward, for Senate (Legislature).
Richard Thomas, for Senate (Legislature).
John Daugherty, for Sheriff.
Daniel McKinnon, for Sheriff.
Joseph Layton, for Commissioner.
John Lafferty, for Commissioner.
William Powell, for Coroner.
Solomon McCollioch, for Commissioner.

It will be remembered that at this time Zane was included in Champaign County, and extended to the Lakes.

NAMES OF FIRST SETTLERS

Not found in the above list, in Zane Township.
Job Sharp, came from ———, 1801.
Joshua Balenger, Sen., came from New Jersey, 1806.
Daniel Garwood, came from Virginia, 1806.
Abraham Painter, came from ———, 1809.
Robert Branson, came from ———, 1809.
Abisha Warner, came from New Jersey, 1809.
Jesse Downs, came from ———, 1814.
John Warner came 1807, a soldier in Wayne's army.
John Inskeep, Sen., came 1805, from Virginia.
The above gentleman was elected to the Legislature in 1816, and in conjunction with Gen. Foos, then a member of that body, procured the division of Champaign into two counties; Logan and Clark.

I would just say Gen. Foos is the father of Lewis Foos and grandfather of John Foos, Jr., both of Bellefontaine. He has three sons in Springfield, Ohio—William, Gustavus, and John.
Joshua Inskeep, came 1807, from Virginia.
Job Inskeep, Sen., came 1816, from Virginia.
Dr. John Elbert, came 1811, from Maryland.
Waller Marshall, came 1810, from Kentucky.
Thomas Segar came 1811 from Baltimore.
John Sharp, Sen., came 1803 from Virginia.
Jonathan Haines, came 1808 from New Jersey.
Thomas Antrim, came 1803 from Virginia.
Robert Ray, sen., came 1806.
Joseph Ray, son of the above, came 1806.

Moses Euans, came 1806, soldier of Revolution.
Joseph and Wm. Euans, sons of the above, came 1806.
John Cowgill, came 1807.
Samuel Balenger, came 1810.
Joshua Balenger, son of the above, came 1810.
John Balenger, brother of Joshua, 1810.
Wm. Asher, came 1808.
John Asher, son of the above, came 1808.
Josiah Outland, came from North Carolina 1806. He had 16 children by one wife; 11 boys and 5 girls. All lived to be men and women. Boys all farmers and plowed their own land and occupied a respectable position in society.
Joseph Curl, Sen., came from Virginia, 1809.
Joseph Curl, Jr., came from Virginia, 1809.
Joseph Stratton, Sen., came 1810.
Joseph Stokes, Lieut. in war of 1812, came 1808.
James Stokes, came 1808.

FIRST SETTLERS IN JEFFERSON TOWNSHIP.

Dr. James Crew was one of the first physicians in the country—he was a member of the Legislature. He will long be remembered by his fellow-citizens.
Martin, Samuel, Robert, and David Marmon, came 1806.
John Brown, came 1806.
Henry Newsom, colored, (first in the county,) came 1806.
Jeremiah Reams, came 1807, soldier in war of 1812.
For other names in this township see first election, 1806, found elsewhere in this work.

Monroe Township.

Robert Frakes came from Kentucky 1810.
Nathan Gilliland, from Virginia 1810.
Samuel McColloch came 1803.
The Rev. George McColloch, son of the above, came 1803.
Samuel McColloch was the first Representative to the Legislature from this county—then Champaign county.

Thomas Athy came 1809 ; drummer in the war 1812.
Zabud Randel came from New York 1810.
George Moots came from Pennsylvania 1809.
Conrad Moots came from Pennsylvania 1809.
Charles Moots came from Pennsylvania 1809.
George Green came from Kentucky 1810.
Wm. Williams, Henry Williams and Obadiah Williams, came from Virginia, 1814.
Jacob Johnson, came from Kentucky, 1811.
The above gentleman had 6 sons, 4 of whom are preachers.
Jacob, John and William Paxton, brothers, came about 1814.
Nicholas Pickerel, first Sheriff Logan county, came 1813.
Henry Pickerel came 1813.
Err Randel came 1810.

Liberty Township.

Samuel Newel came from Ky., about 1806 or 1807; his brother came about the same time, and also the Blacks; Captain Black was a Captain in the war of 1812, and in Wayne's army. Hugh Newel, John Newel and Thomas Newel all came from Kentucky. Samuel Newel was for many years a member of the Legislature of Ohio, and held several county offices; his son Joseph likewise filled several important positions, both in the State and county. Judge McBeth, father of Newton McBeth, of Bellefontaine, came in 1811: Judge McBeth died while a member of the Legislature of Ohio. The following are also early settlers: Dr. John Ordway, Dr. Leonard, James Walls, Garrett Walls, John Cornell, Richard Roberts, Huston Crocket, Cartmel Crocket, Robert Crocket, Hiram M. White, George White, John M. Smith, Benjamin Ginn, Thomas Miller, Milton Glover, Ralph E. Runkle, Dr. Taylor, Rev. Jeremiah Fuson, Josbua Buffington, George F. Dunn, Samuel Taylor. All of the above are early settlers in Champaign and Logan counties.

Bokescreek Township.

Simpson Hariman came here at an early day from Pennsylvania, and taught school twenty years (or eighty terms). The following are early settlers: Alexander McCrary, John W. Green, John Bell, Sen., Jesse Fosett, Elijah Fosett, Archibald Wilson, Charles Thornton, Andrew Roberts, Scranston Bates, Ebenezer Hathaway, Lewis Bates, Gardner Bates, Bliss Danforth, Jacob Keller, James R. Curl, Levi Lowering, Saul Smith, Henry Bell, Moses Bell, Jacob Early.

Rush Township, Champaign County.

NAMES OF FIRST SETTLERS.

Hezekiah Spain, Jordon Reams, J. P. Spain, Hurburd Crowder, William Spain, Thomas Spain, John Peterson Spain, Jr., Daniel Spain and John Crowder all came from Dinwiddie county, Virginia, 1805.

Joshua, Stephen, Daniel and Edwin Spain came from Virginia 1807.

Thomas Good came from Virginia 1807.

Samuel Black, 1810.

Peter Black, son of the above, 1810.

Most all the following named persons are from the New England States:

Thomas Erwin, Jacob Fairchilds, Erastus Burnham, Anson Howard, Pearl Howard, Sylvester Smith, John McDonald, Stephen Cranston, Ephraim Cranston.

The above are the first settlers in the vicinity of Woodstock.

Samuel Calendar came from New York 1814. He has two sons now living in North Lewisburg, Ohio—John and Elisha Calendar. He was a soldier in the war of 1812.

Perry Township.

What is now Perry township was first settled in 1805, by John Garwood, who, with his family, emigrated from Culpepper county, Virginia. His son, John Garwood, was the first Justice of the Peace, who held the office for many years. Levi Garwood was associate Judge for Logan county, for three successive terms. His son James is still living in the township, having been a resident about sixty-seven years. John Garwood built the first mill shortly after arriving here, prior to which they had to go forty miles down Darby Creek to mill. Samuel Ballinger, from New Jersey, and James Curl, from Virginia, came here about 1808, of whom a large number of descendants still remain. Thomas James located here in 1810, and his son Thomas occupied the same farm until recently. Many of the family are still here. Christopher Smith moved in about 1812, and was Justice of the Peace for some time. Many of the universal Smith family still remain. Anthony Bank, colored, settled here in 1810. Isaac Hatcher came from Virginia in 1816, and was noted as being wealthy for those days. Richard Humphreys, from Wales, located here about the same time. Josiah Austin, from New Jersey, settled here in 1820, and his son C. H. Austin now occupies the same farm. William Skidmore, from Columbiana county, settled on Millcreek in 1821, and his sons Joseph, Daniel, Joshua and Isaac, still reside in the same neighborhood, with a large retinue of descendants. The first Post-office established was called Garwood's Mills, Isaiah Garwood being the first Postmaster. East Liberty is now located on the old farm of John Garwood, and is noted for its fine fountains or overflowing wells. Herbert Baird, a Methodist minister from Petersburg, Va., came here in 1829. On this farm in 1841 a tragedy occurred, resulting in the death of Ballard, Baird's son-in-law, who was killed in a quarrel by a man named Ford, the only murder ever being known to be committed in the township. Ford was tried and acquitted on the grounds of self defense. The first physician in the township was Dr. J. W. Hamilton, from Pennsylvania, who located in 1836, and still resides in East Liberty.

Thus from an unbroken wilderness in 1805, has arisen a populous and highly cultivated region, dotted with School-houses and Churches, and other evidences of thrift and prosperity.

JOHN ENOCH.

The gentleman whose name is at the head of this article, like Governor Vance and Henry Weaver, whose names may be found in these sketches, is identified with the history of Champaign and Logan counties. He was born in Butler County, Ohio, in the year 1802. He commenced business in life under rather gloomy circumstances. He told me he had very little besides a good constitution and a "will to try." He learned early in life to "paddle his own canoe." I think he told me he had but one week's schooling.

He was married early in life to Miss Kelly, a sister to Peter Kelly, now deceased, formerly Sheriff of Logan county. He told me he had but two dollars in money when he was married, and he gave that to Billy Hopkins to marry him. Mr. Enoch is a practical farmer and stock merchant. Considering the difficulties he had to overcome, perhaps there are but few who have been more successful in life than he has.

There is no business on a farm but what he can make a full hand at, from cutting cord wood to splitting rails, putting up fence, plowing, planting, or driving oxen. In the latter employment, it has been said he is one of the best in the State. He says, however, very much of his success in business is due to the industry, economy and prudence of his amiable lady. Like himself, she inherited a good constitution, and with her early training in all the departments of housekeeping she entered on her duties as a wife and mistress of her own house, with confidence and self-reliance. Mr. Enoch told me her prudence and timely counsel had saved him from a great deal of trouble. One little circumstance will illustrate this: Mr. Enoch never allowed any of his hands to "play off" on him in any business, for, as I have said, he was a good hand at any work on a farm. All he wanted was an honest day's work, and that he was bound to have. Moreover, he never wanted any one to do any more in a day than he could. He had a lot of hands

husking corn and he thought they were not doing him justice, and resolved on discharging them. As usual he consulted Mrs. Enoch. She remarked that it might be in the condition of the corn. He said he would go into the field and husk one day, and then he would know what the trouble was. He did so, and at night when he returned home, his wife asked about the corn. He said he was perfectly satisfied it was the corn, and not the hands, that was at fault. The husk was unusually close to the ear, and the ear was small.

Mr. Enoch has one of the best farms in the State, in the quality of the soil, timber and water. It is true it is not as large as some, there being only about two thousand acres, but in the above qualities, I believe it unsurpassed. His farming land lies on Mad River and Mackacheek, and is watered by those beautiful streams, and is about two miles from the village of West Liberty, all under fine cultivation, with good and substantial buildings.

JOHN SHELBY

Was an early settler in Logan county. He came here about the year 1810. He was ten years in the Legislature of Ohio, giving entire satisfaction to his constituents. His widow is now living near Huntsville, and is now eighty-five years old.

RIDDLE & RUTAN.

Abner Riddle and William Rutan are early settlers in Logan County. They now live in Bellefontaine, and are engaged in banking and trading in stock. I have been acquainted with those gentlemen from their boyhood. Both of them were mechanics, and poor; but, like others mentioned in these sketches, by dint of close application to business, fair dealing and promptness in their business engagements, they have accumulated comfortable fortunes. I might speak of others, who, perhaps, have excelled them in the accumulation of property; but, I have named them because I have known them from their youth, and because they are about a fair average of the business men of our country, who commenced business without capital and have made it a success.

NOAH Z. McCOLLOCH,

Has held several offices in the County of Logan. He has been Auditor, and Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, and Clerk of the Supreme Court, and Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. In all those important trusts, he showed marked ability and the strictest integrity.

JOHNNY APPLESEED.

W. D. Haley contributed to *Harper's Monthly*, for November, 1871, an account of this strange and remarkable character, w roamed about the State of Ohio from the opening of the present century to his death in 1847. Col. James, of Urbana, who was some aquainted with him, he having called on him several times at Urbana, thinks Mr. Haly a little extravagant in his description of his personal appearance.

This strange personage was frequently in Champaign and Logan counties, and had nurseries in each of these counties about 1809, but I have not been able to find the location of but one of them. His nurseries in Champaign, I think, were in the south-west part of the county. The location of one mentioned above is in Logan, and on the farm now owned by Alonzo and Allen West, on Mill Branch about six hundred yards west of their residence. Waller Marshall and Joshua Ballenger, both inform me they have trees in their orchard from this nursery bearing good fruit. Job Inskeep just now informs me he heard him say he had another one somewhere on Stony Creek.

The "far West" is rapidly becoming only a traditional designation: railroads have destroyed the romance of frontier life, or have surrounded it with so many appliances of civilization that the pioneer character is rapidly becoming mythical. The men and women who obtain their groceries and dry-goods from New York by rail in a few hours have nothing in common with those who, fifty years ago, "packed" salt a hundred miles to make their mush palatable, and could only exchange corn and wheat for molasses and

calico by making long and perilous voyages in flat-boats down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans. Two generations of frontier lives have accumulated stores of narrative which, like the small but beautiful tributaries of great rivers, are forgotten in the broad sweep of the larger current of history. The march of Titans sometimes tramples out the memory of smaller but more useful lives, and sensational glare often eclipses more modest but purer lights. This has been the case in the popular demand for the dime novel dilutions of Fenimore Cooper's romances of border life, which have preserved the records of Indian rapine and atrocity as the only memorials of pioneer history. But the early days of Western settlement witnessed sublimer heroism than those of human torture, and nobler victories than those of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

Among the heroes of endurance that was voluntary, and of action that was creative and not sanguinary, there was one man whose name, seldom mentioned now save by some of the few surviving pioneers, deserves to be perpetuated.

The first reliable trace of our modest hero finds him in the Territory of Ohio, in 1801, with a horse-load of apple seeds, which he planted in various places on and about the borders of Licking Creek, the first orchard originated by him being on the farm of Isaac Stadden, in what is now known as Licking County, in the State of Ohio. During the five succeeding years, although he was undoubtedly following the same strange occupation, we have no authentic account of his movements until we reach a pleasant spring day in 1806, when a pioneer settler in Jefferson County, Ohio, noticed a peculiar craft, with a remarkable occupant and a curious cargo slowly dropping down with the current of the Ohio River. It was "Johnny Appleseed," by which name Jonathan Chapman was afterwards known in every log cabin from the Ohio River to the northern lakes, and westward to the prairies of what is now the State of Indiana. With two canoes lashed together he was transporting a load of apple seeds to the Western frontier, for the purpose of creating orchards on the farthest verge of white settlements. With his canoes he passed down the Ohio, to Marietta, where he entered the Muskingum, ascending the stream of that river until he reached the mouth of the Walhonding, or White Woman Creek, and still onward, up the Mohican, into the

Black Fork, to the head of navigation, in the region now known as Ashland and Richland counties, on the line of the Pittsburg and Fort Wayne Railroad, in Ohio. A long and toilsome voyage it was, as a glance at the map will show, and must have occupied a great deal of time, as the lonely traveler stopped at every inviting spot to plant the seeds and make his infant nurseries. These are the first well-authenticated facts in the history of Jonathan Chapman whose birth, there is good reason for believing, occurred in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1775. According to this, which was his own statement in one of his less reticent moods, he was, at the time of his appearance on Licking Creek, twenty-six years of age, and whether impelled in his eccentricities by some absolute misery of the heart which could only find relief in incessant motion, or governed by a benevolent monomania, his whole after-life was devoted to the work of planting apple seeds in remote places. The seeds he gathered from the cider-presses of Western Pennsylvania; but his canoe voyage in 1806 appears to have been the only occasion upon which he adopted that method of transporting them, as all his subsequent journeys were made on foot. Having planted his stock of seeds, he would return to Pennsylvania for a fresh supply, and, as sacks made of any less substantial fabric would not endure the hard usage of the long trip through forests dense with underbrush and briers, he provided himself with leathern bags. Securely packed, the seeds were conveyed, sometimes on the back of a horse, and not unfrequently on his own shoulders, either over a part of the old Indian trail that led from Fort Duquesne to Detroit, by way of Fort Sandusky, or over what is styled in the appendix to "Hutchins's History of Boguet's Expedition in 1764" the "second route through the wilderness of Ohio," which would require him to traverse a distance of one hundred and sixty-six miles in a west-northwest direction from Fort Duquesne in order to reach the Black Fork of the Mohican.

This region, although it is now densely populated, still possesses a romantic beauty that railroads and bustling towns can not obliterate—a country of forest-clad hills and green valleys, through which numerous bright streams flow on their way to the Ohio; but when Johnny Appleseed reached some lonely log cabin he would find himself in a veritable wilderness. The old settlers say that the margins of the streams, near which the first settlements

were generally made, were thickly covered with a low, matted growth of small timber, while nearer to the water was a rank mass of long grass, interlaced with morning-glory and wild pea vines, among which funeral willows and clustering alders stood like sentinels on the outpost of civilization. The hills, that rise almost to the dignity of mountains, were crowned with forest trees, and in the coverts were innumerable bears, wolves, deer and droves of wild hogs, that were as ferocious as any beast of prey. In the grass the massasauga and other venomous reptiles lurked in such numbers that a settler named Chandler has left the fact on record that during the first season of his residence, while mowing a little prairie which formed part of his land, he killed over two hundred black rattlesnakes in an area that would involve an average destruction of one of these reptiles for each rod of land. The frontiers-man, who felt himself sufficiently protected by his rifle against wild beasts and hostile Indians, found it necessary to guard against the attacks of the insidious enemies in the grass by wrapping bandages of dried grass around his buckskin leggings and moccasins; but Johnny would shoulder his bag of apple seeds, and with bare feet penetrate to some remote spot that combined picturesqueness and fertility of soil, and there he would plant his seeds, place a slight enclosure around the place, and leave them to grow until the trees were large enough to be transplanted by the settlers, who, in the meantime, would have made their clearings in the vicinity. The sites chosen by him are, many of them, well known, and are such as an artist or poet would select—open places on the loamy lands that border the creeks—rich, secluded spots, hemmed in by giant trees, picturesque now, but fifty years ago, with the wild surroundings and the primal silence, they must have been tenfold more so.

In personal appearance Chapman was a small, wiry man, full of restless activity; he had long, dark hair, a scanty beard that was never shaved, and keen black eyes that sparkled with a peculiar brightness. His dress was of the oddest description. Generally, even in the coldest weather, he went barefooted, but sometimes, for his long journeys, he would make himself a rude pair of sandals; at other times he would wear any cast-off foot-covering he chanced to find—a boot on one foot and an old brogan or a moccasin on the other. It appears to have been a matter of conscience with him never to purchase shoes, although he was rarely

without money enough to do so. On one occasion, in an unusually cold November, while he was traveling barefooted through mud and snow, a settler who happened to possess a pair of shoes that were too small for his own use forced their acceptance upon Johnny declaring that it was sinful for a human being to travel with naked feet in such weather. A few days afterward the donor was in the village that has since become the thriving city of Mansfield, and met his beneficiary contentedly plodding along, with his feet bare and half frozen. With some degree of anger he inquired for the cause of such foolish conduct, and received for reply that Johnny had overtaken a poor, barefooted family moving westward, and as they appeared to be in much greater need of clothing than he was, he had given them the shoes. His dress was generally composed of cast off clothing that he had taken in payment for apple-trees; and as the pioneers were far less extravagant than their descendants in such matters, the homespun and buckskin garments that they discarded would not be very elegant or serviceable. In his later years, however, he seems to have thought that even this kind of second-hand raiment was too luxurious, as his principal garment was made of a coffee-sack, in which he cut holes for head and arms to pass through, and pronounced it "a very serviceable cloak, and as good clothing as any man need wear." In the matter of head-gear his taste was equally unique; his first experience was with a tin vessel that served to cook his mush, but this was open to the objection that it did not protect his eyes from the beams of the sun; so he constructed a hat of pasteboard, with an immense peak in front, and having thus secured an article that combined usefulness with economy, it became his permanent fashion.

Thus strangely clad, he was perpetually wandering through forests and morasses, and suddenly appearing in white settlements and Indian villages; but there must have been some rare force of gentle goodness dwelling in his looks and breathing in his words, for it is the testimony of all who knew him that, notwithstanding his ridiculous attire, he was always treated with the greatest respect by the rudest frontiers-man, and, what is a better test, the boys of the settlements forbore to jeer at him. With grown-up people and boys he was usually reticent, but manifested great affection for little girls, always having pieces of ribbon and gay calico to give to his little favorites. Many a grandmother in Ohio

and Indiana can remember the presents she received when a child from poor homeless Johnny Appleseed. When he consented to eat with any family he would never sit down to the table until he was assured that there was an ample supply for the children; and his sympathy for their youthful troubles and his kindness toward them made him friends among all the juveniles of the borders.

The Indians also treated Johnny with the greatest kindness. By these wild and sanguinary savages he was regarded as a "great medicine man," on account of his strange appearance, eccentric actions, and, especially, the fortitude with which he could endure pain, in proof of which he would often thrust pins and needles into his flesh. His nervous sensibilities really seem to have been less acute than those of ordinary people, for his method of treating the cuts and sores that were the consequences of his barefooted wanderings through briers and thorns was to sear the wound with a red-hot iron, and then cure the burn. During the war of 1812, when the frontier settlers were tortured and slaughtered by the savage allies of Great Britain, Johnny Appleseed continued his wanderings, and was never harmed by the roving bands of hostile Indians. On many occasions the impunity with which he ranged the country enabled him to give the settlers warning of approaching danger in time to allow them to take refuge in their blockhouses before the savages could attack them. Our informant refers to one of these instances, when the news of Hull's surrender came like a thunder-bolt upon the frontier. Large bands of Indians and British were destroying everything before them and murdering defenseless women and children, and even the blockhouses were not always a sufficient protection. At this time Johnny traveled day and night, warning the people of the approaching danger. He visited every cabin and delivered this message: "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me, and he hath anointed me to blow the trumpet in the wilderness, and sound an alarm in the forest; for, behold, the tribes of the heathen are round about your doors, and a devouring flame followeth after them." The aged man who narrated this incident said that he could feel even now the thrill that was caused by this prophetic announcement of the wild-looking herald of danger, who aroused the family on a bright moonlight midnight with his piercing voice. Refusing all offers of food and denying himself a moment's rest, he traversed

the border day and night until he had warned every settler of the approaching peril.

His diet was as meagre as his clothing. He believed it to be a sin to kill any creature for food, and thought that all that was necessary for human sustenance was produced by the soil. He was also a strenuous opponent of the waste of food, and on one occasion, on approaching a log-cabin, he observed some fragments of bread floating upon the surface of a bucket of slops that was intended for the pigs. He immediately fished them out, and when the housewife expressed her astonishment he told her that it was an abuse of the gifts of God to allow the smallest quantity of any thing that was designed to supply the wants of mankind to be diverted from its purpose.

In this instance, as in his whole life, the peculiar religious ideas of Johnny Appleseed were exemplified. He was a most earnest disciple of the faith taught by Emanuel Swedenborg, and himself claimed to have frequent conversations with angels and spirits; two of the latter, of the feminine gender, he asserted, had revealed to him that they were to be his wives in a future state if he abstained from a matrimonial alliance on earth. He entertained a profound reverence for the revelations of the Sweedish seer, and always carried a few old volumes with him. These he was very anxious should be read by every one, and he was probably not only the first colporteur in the wilderness of Ohio, but as he had no tract society to furnish him supplies, he certainly devised an original method of multiplying one book into a number. He divided his books into several pieces, leaving a portion at a log-cabin, and on a subsequent visit furnishing another fragment, and continuing this process as diligently as though the work had been published in serial numbers. By this plan he was enabled to furnish reading for several people at the same time, and out of one book; but it must have been a difficult undertaking for some nearly illiterate backwoodsman to endeavor to comprehend Swedenborg by a backward course of reading, when his first installment happened to be the last fraction of the volume. Johnny's faith in Swenenborg's works was so reverential as almost to be superstitious. He was once asked if, in traveling barefooted through forests abounding with venomous reptiles, he was not afraid of being bitten. With his peculiar smile, he drew his book from his bosom, and said, "This book is an infallible protection against all danger here and hereafter."

It was his custom, when he had been welcomed to some hospitable log-house after a weary day of journeying, to lie down on the puncheon floor, and, after inquiring if his auditors would hear "some news right fresh from heaven," produce his few tattered books, among which would be a New Testament, and read and expound until his uncultivated hearers would catch the spirit and glow of his enthusiasm, while they scarcely comprehended his language. A lady who knew him in his later years writes in the following terms of one of these domiciliary readings of poor, self-sacrificing Johny Appleseed: "We can hear him read now, just as he did that summer day, when we were busy quilting up stairs, and he lay near the door, his voice rising denunciatory and thrilling—strong and loud as the roar of wind and waves, then soft and soothing as the balmy airs, that quivered the morning-glory leaves about his gray beard. His was a strange eloquence at times, and he was undoubtedly a man of genius." What a scene is presented to our imagination! The interior of a primitive cabin, the wide, open fire-place, where a few sticks are burning beneath the iron pot in which the evening meal is cooking; around the fire-place the attentive group, composed of the sturdy pioneer and his wife and children listening with a reverential awe to the "news right fresh from heaven;" and reclining on the floor, clad in rags, but with his gray hairs glorified by the beams of the setting sun that flood through the open door and the unchinked logs of the humble building, this poor wanderer, with the gift of genius and eloquence, who believes with the faith of the apostles and martyrs that God has appointed him a mission in the wilderness to preach the Gospel of love, and plant apple seeds that shall produce orchards for the benefit of men and women and little children whom he has never seen. If there is a sublimer faith or a more genuine eloquence in richly decorated cathedrals and under brocade vestments, it would be worth a long journey to find it.

Next to his advocacy of his peculiar religious ideas, his enthusiasm for the cultivation of apple-trees in what he termed "the only proper way"—that is, from the seed—was the absorbing object of his life. Upon this, as upon religion, he was eloquent in his appeals. He would describe the growing and ripening fruit as such a rare and beautiful gift of the Almighty with words that became pictures, until his hearers could almost see its manifold forms of

beauty present before them. To his eloquence on this subject, as well as to his actual labors in planting nurseries, the country over which he travelled for so many years is largely indebted for its numerous orchards. But he denounced as absolute wickedness all devices of pruning and grafting, and would speak of the act of cutting a tree as if it were a cruelty inflicted upon a sentient being.

Not only is he entitled to the fame of being the earliest colporteur on the frontiers, but in the work of protecting animals from abuse he preceded, while, in his small sphere, he equaled the zeal of good Mr. Bergh. Whenever Johnny saw an animal abused, or heard of it, he would purchase it and give it to some more humane settler, on condition that it should be kindly treated and properly cared for. It frequently happened that the long journey into the wilderness would cause the new settlers to be encumbered with lame and broken-down horses, that were turned loose to die. In the autumn Johnny would make a diligent search for all such animals, and, gathering them up, he would bargain for their food and shelter until the next spring, when he would lead them away to some good pasture for the summer. If they recovered so as to be capable of working, he would never sell them, but would lend or give them away, stipulating for their good usage. His conception of the absolute sin of inflicting pain or death upon any creature was not limited to the higher forms of animal life, but every thing that had being was to him, in the fact of its life, endowed with so much of the Divine Essence that to wound or destroy it was to inflict an injury upon some atom of Divinity. No Brahmin could be more concerned for the preservation of insect life, and the only occasion on which he destroyed a venomous reptile was a source of regret, to which he could never refer without manifesting sadness. He had selected a suitable place for planting apple seeds on a small prairie, and in order to prepare the ground he was mowing the long grass, when he was bitten by a rattlesnake. In describing the event he sighed heavily and said, "Poor fellow, he only just touched me, when I, in the heat of my ungodly passion, put the heel of my scythe in him, and went away. Some time afterward I went back, and there lay the poor fellow dead." Numerous anecdotes bearing upon his respect for every form of life are preserved, and form the staple of pioneer recollections. On one occasion, a cool autumnal night, when

Johnny, who always camped out in preference to sleeping in a house, had built a fire near which he intended to pass the night, he noticed that the blaze attracted large numbers of mosquitoes, many of whom flew too near to his fire and were burned. He immediately brought water and quenched the fire, accounting for his conduct afterward by saying, "God forbid that I should build a fire for my comfort which should be the means of destroying any of his creatures!" At another time he removed the fire he had built near a hollow log, and slept on the snow, because he found that the log contained a bear and her cubs, whom, he said, he did not wish to disturb. And this unwillingness to inflict pain or death was equally strong when he was a sufferer by it, as the following will show: Johnny had been assisting some settlers to make a road through the woods, and in the course of their work they accidently destroyed a hornets' nest. One of the angry insects soon found a lodgment under Johnny's coffee-sack cloak, but although it stung him repeatedly he removed it with the greatest gentleness. The men who were present laughingly asked him why he did not kill it. To which he gravely replied that "It would not be right to kill the poor thing, for it did not intend to hurt me."

Theoretically he was as methodical in matters of business as any merchant. In addition to their picturesqueness, the loc his nurseries were all fixed with a view to a probable demand for the trees by the time they had attained sufficient growth for transplanting. He would give them away to those who could not pay for them. Generally, however, he sold them for old clothing or a supply of corn meal; but he preferred to receive a note payable at some indefinite period. When this was accomplished he seemed to think that the transaction was completed in a business-like way; but if the giver of the note did not attend to its payment, the holder of it never troubled himself about its collection. His expenses for food and clothing were so very limited that, notwithstanding his freedom from the *auri sacra fames*, he was frequently in possession of more money than he cared to keep, and it was quickly disposed of for wintering infirm horses, or given to some poor family whom the ague had prostrated or the accidents of border life impoverished. In a single instance only he is known to have invested his surplus funds in the purchase of land, having received a deed from Alexander Finley, of Mohican Township, Ashland County Ohio, for a part of the southwest quarter of section twenty-six;

but with his customary indifference to maters of value, Johnny failed to record the deed, and lost it. Only a few years ago the property was in litigation.

We must not leave the reader under the impression that this man's life, so full of hardship and perils, was a gloomy or unhappy one. There is an element of human pride in all martyrdom, which, if it does not soften the pains, stimulates the power of endurance. Johnny's life was made serenly happy by the conviction that he was living like the primitive Christians. Nor was he devoid of a keen humor, to which he occasionally gave vent, as the following will show. Toward the latter part of Johnny's career in Ohio an itinerant missionary found his way to the village of Mansfield, and preached to an open-air congregation. The discourse was tediously lengthy and unnecessarily severe upon the sin of extravagance, which was beginning to manifest itself among the pioneers by an occasional indulgence in the carnal vanities of calico and "store tea." There was a good deal of the Pharisaic leaven in the preacher, who very frequently emphasized his discourse by the inquiry, "Where is there a man who, like the primitive Christians, is traveling to heaven barefooted and clad in coarse raiment?" When this interrogation had been repeated beyond all reasonable endurance, Johny rose from the log on which he was reclining, and advancing to the speaker, he placed one of his bare feet upon the stump which served for a pulpit, and pointing to his coffee-sack garment, he quietly said, "Here's your primitive Christian!" The well-clothed missionary hesitated and stammered and dismissed the congregation. His pet antithesis was destroyed by Johnny's personal appearance, which was far more primitive then the preacher cared to copy.

Some of the pioneers were disposed to think that Johnny's humor was the cause of an extensive practical joke; but it is generally conceded now that a wide-spread annoyance was really the result of his belief that the offensively-odored weed known in the West as the dog-fennel, but more generally styled the May-weed, possessed valuable antimalarial virtues. He procured some seeds of the plant in Pennsylvania, and sowed them in the vicinity of every house in the region of his travels. The consequence was that successive flourishing crops of the weed spread over the whole country, and caused almost as much trouble as the disease it was

intended to ward off; and to this day the dog-fennel, introduced by Johnny Appleseed, is one of the worst grievances of the Ohio farmers.

In 1838—thirty-seven years after his appearance on Licking Creek—Johnny noticed that civilization, wealth, and population were pressing into the wilderness of Ohio. Hitherto he had easily kept just in advance of the wave of settlement; but now towns and churches were making their appearance, and even, at long intervals, the stage-driver's horn broke the silence of the grand old forests, and he felt that his work was done in the region in which he had labored so long. He visited every house, and took a solemn farewell of all the families. The little girls who had been delighted with his gifts of fragments of calico and ribbons had become sober matrons, and the boys who had wondered at his ability to bear the pain caused by running needles into his flesh were heads of families. With parting words of admonition he left them, and turned his steps steadily toward the setting sun.

During the succeeding nine years he pursued his eccentric avocation on the western border of Ohio and in Indiana. In the summer of 1847, when his labors had literally borne fruit over a hundred thousand square miles of territory, at the close of a warm day, after traveling twenty miles, he entered the house of a settler in Allen county, Indiana, and was, as usual, warmly welcomed. He declined to eat with the family, but accepted some bread and milk, which he partook of sitting on the door-step and gazing on the setting sun. Later in the evening he delivered his "news right fresh from heaven" by reading the Beatitudes. Declining other accommodation, he slept, as usual, on the floor, and in the early morning he was found with his features all aglow with a supernal light, and his body so near death that his tongue refused its office. The physician, who was hastily summoned, pronounced him dying, but added that he had never seen a man in so placid a state at the approach of death. At seventy-two years of age, forty-six of which had been devoted to his self-imposed mission, he ripened into death as naturally and beautifully as the seeds of his own planting had grown into fibre and bud and blossom and the matured fruit.

Thus died one of the memorable men of pioneer times, who never inflicted pain or knew an enemy—a man of strange habits,

in whom there dwelt a comprehensive love that reached with one hand downward to the lowest forms of life, with the other upward to the very throne of God. A laboring, self-denying benefactor of his race, homeless, solitary, and ragged, he trod the thorny earth with bare and bleeding feet, intent only upon making the wilderness fruitful. Now "no man knoweth of his sepulchre;" but his deeds will live in the fragrance of the apple blossoms he loved so well, and the story of his life, however crudely narrated, will be a perpetual proof that true heroism, pure benevolence, noble virtues, and deeds that deserve immortality may be found under meanest apparel, and far from gilding halls and towering spires.

LORENZO DOW:

HIS VISIT IN 1826.

In May, 1826, Lorenzo Dow visited Logan and Champaign counties, and I think this was the only visit he ever made to those counties. The first that I now remember of hearing of his movements on this journey was at Sandusky City, then called Portland. The people of Portland at that time were almost wholly irreligious and extremely wicked. Religious meetings were almost unknown amongst them. Not long before Lorenzo's visit, a Methodist minister had appointed a meeting at Portland, and while engaged in prayer, a sailor jumped on his back and kicked him, and cursed him, and said: "Why don't you pray some for Jackson?" and the meeting was broken up in much disorder. Lorenzo had an appointment at Portland early in May, 1826, and of course his name and fame attracted a large crowd at the hour of meeting: the meeting was held under a large tree near the bank of Lake Erie. At the appointed time Lorenzo came walking very fast, dressed in a plain manner, with straw hat and white blanket coat. He rushed into the midst of the company, pulled off his hat and dashed it on the ground, pulled off his coat and dashed it down the same way, as though he was mad, looked very sternly, and immediately began to preach; his text was pretty rough; he began with the words: "Hell and damnation;" he then uttered a string of oaths enough to frighten the wickedest man in Portland. He then made a solemn pause, and said: "This is your common language to God and to one another — such language as the gates of hell cannot exceed." He then preached a solemn, warning sermon, and was listened to by all present with much attention, without interruption.

The next account I can give of Lorenzo on this journey, was at Tymochtee, I believe now within the bounds of Hardin county. He stopped at the house of Eleazer Hunt, and Phineas Hunt, father of Eleazer was there with his wagon, and was about starting to his home in Champaign county, and Lorenzo rode in his wagon. It seemed that Lorenzo had sent an appointment to preach at Bellefontaine, at 11 o'clock, of the day that he expected to arrive there. About the appointed time he arrived at Bellefontaine, riding in Phineas Hunt's wagon. I am informed that the people were looking earnestly for him. Judge N. Z. McColloch and others met the wagon in which Lorenzo was in, and inquired, "Is Mr. Dow here?" he said, "Yes, my name is Dow." Judge McColloch then kindly invited him to go to his house and eat dinner, as there was sufficient time before the hour of meeting. Without saying a word, Lorenzo directed the driver to go south a little farther, where he alighted from the wagon and laid under the shade of a small tree, and took some bread and meat from his pocket and ate his dinner in that way. Soon meeting time came, and there was of course a large attendance. In the course of his sermon, Lorenzo pointed to an old lady who sat near him and said, "Old lady, if you don't quit tattling and slandering your neighbors, the devil will get you!" Pointing directly at her he said, "I am talking to you!" There was a young man in the meeting, that Lorenzo probably thought needed reproof; he said, "Young man, you estimate yourself a great deal higher than other people estimate you, and if you don't quit your high notions and do better, the devil will get you too!" Passing out of the meeting he met a young man and said to him, "Young man, the Lord has a work for you to do. He calls you to labor in his vineyard." It is said that young man became a minister of the Gospel. I think the meeting at Bellefontaine, was held on seventh day, or Satuaday. After meeting, he came with Phineas Hunt, to his home,—a brick-house now on the farm of William Scott, in Salem township, Champaign County. Lorenzo held a meeting at Phineas Hunt's house, that evening, at 5 o'clock, P. M., which was not large as no previous notice was given. My father attended that meeting. Lorenzo's text was: "But the hour cometh, and now is when the true worshippers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. God is a spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth."

Next day being the Sabbath, Lorenzo had an appointed meeting at Mt. Tabor, at 10 o'clock, A. M., which was generally known in the neighborhood. About 9 o'clock, on Sabbath morning, Lorenzo saw some people passing by, enquired where they were going; was told they were going to his meeting; without saying another word he picked up his hat, and started in the direction of the meeting; overtaking some persons on the way, he walked with them apiece, and took a by way leading from the main road, when one of the company said, "this is the road to Mt. Tabor," he said "yes that is your road; go on." He passed on to N. W. until he came to the Bellefontaine road, about ¾ of a mile north of Tabor, and walked south to the meeting house. The people had assembled in the grove, west of the meeting house, where seats had been prepared. Lorenzo passed right by the assembly, and went down the hill into the bushes and timber S. E. of the meeting house, where he immediately began to preach, the people following him, carrying benches and chairs, &c., but mostly stood on foot during the meeting. He was preaching when I arrived at the meeting, and perhaps hundreds came after he had began to preach.

His manner in preaching was earnest and impressive, he never hesitated, but seemed to have words at command that suited the case. His doctrine appeared to be the same as held by the Methodists; he spoke of a call to the ministry; he said it must be a divine call, that it would not do to preach as a trade or profession. He spoke with much severity and keen sarcasm against proud and deceitful professors of religion. His appearance was remarkable: he was a spare man, of rather small size; his beard was long, reaching to his breast, his hair was a little gray, parted in the middle on his head, and reached down to his shoulders; his dress was very plain, and appeared to be cleanly and neat. He wore a straw or palm-leaf hat, a black over-coat, which appeared to be all the coat he had on; he rested on a cane while preaching; his eye was calm and serene, yet piercing. Notwithstanding his eccentricities, his whole appearance and manners indicated that he was an extraordinary man — a great and good man. He did not sing at this meeting; after preaching about one hour and a quarter, in which he seemed to mention almost everything connected with religious subjects, giving a history of his life, and of the solemn parting with his father and mother, brothers and sisters, when he started out — I think at about seventeen years of age —

to preach the gospel, he knelt and offered a short and beautiful prayer, and then dismissed the audience.

As he was ascending the hill westward from the place of meeting, a venerable Methodist preacher, on horse-back, met him, and being very anxious to talk to Lorenzo, rather rode before him, and held out his hand. Lorenzo took his hand, and said: "Don't ride over me, it's not good manners."

Wm. H. Fyffe had sent a handsome carriage to convey Lorenzo to Urbana, where he had an appointment to preach that afternoon, at 3 o'clock. I have been told he was kindly invited to dinner, perhaps by several persons, but did not accept the invitation, and laid down to rest on Judge Reynolds' cellar door, taking some bread from out of his pocket, and made his meal. This afternoon meeting of course was large, and I think was held in the Methodist Church. Lorenzo preached in a very earnest manner, became warmed and animated; swinging his hands, the hymn book slipped from his hand and struck a lady on her head; he paused and said: "Excuse my energy, for my soul is elated."

I believe I can give no further particulars of the only visit to this county of this remarkable man. THOMAS COWGILL.

KENNARD, O., 3d Month 18, 1872.

REV. DAVID MERRILL.

The writer of this became acquainted with Mr. Merrill at Urbana about forty years ago, and had the honor of hearing him deliver his celebrated "Ox" discourse.

"That Mr. Merrill was a man of no ordinary intellectual powers, is sufficiently evident from what he said and did, and the fact was *felt* by all who had any considerable acquaintance with him. His more prominent mental traits were, undoubtedly, such as *comprehensiveness*, *originality*, *energy*, &c. Whatever subjects he investigated, he took hold of them with a strong grasp; he looked at them in their various relations, and in a manner that was peculiarly his own. He had a power of originating and combining ideas, an

ability to elaborate, as it were, thoughts within himself, that reminded one of the prolific and vigorous intellects of an earlier and more favored generation. He had, too, a kind of intuitive perception of the propriety and fitness of things—of the bearing one action has upon another—of what is adapted to affect men in different circumstances.

The history of the "Ox Sermon," is briefly this. It was written for a temperance meeting in Urbana, and delivered to an audience of less than a hundred persons. Its first publication was in the Urbana weekly paper. A copy of this paper, sent to Samuel Merrill, Esq., of Indianapolis, Ind., fell into the hands of John H. Farnham, Esq., who caused a pamphlet edition of 500 copies to be printed at Salem, Indiana. Rev. M. H. Wilder, a Tract Agent, sent a copy of this edition to the American Tract Society, by which it was handed over to the Temperance Society. It was then published as the "Temperance Recorder, extra," for circulation in every family in the United States. The edition numbered 2,200,000 copies. Numerous editions have been published since,—one in Canada East, of, I think, 10,000 copies. The American Tract Society adopted it about 1845, as No. 475 of their series of tracts, and have published 104,000 copies. The Tract Society has also published 100,000 copies of an abridgement of it, under the title, "Is it right?" It has been published in many newspapers of extensive circulation. It is undoubtedly safe to say that its circulation has been between two and a half and three millions of copies. What other *Sermon* has ever had a circulation equal to this?

A person tolerably well informed in regard to the arguments used by temperance men at the present day, who reads the Ox Sermon for the first time, will think its positions and illustrations quite common-place, and wonder why anybody ever attributed to it any originality or shrewdness. But twenty-five years have wrought great changes in the popular sentiment upon the subject of temperance, and positions, which are now admitted almost as readily as the axioms in mathematics, when broached in that sermon were regarded as "violently new-school," "dangerously radical," "impracticably ultra." Whoever originate an idea which becomes influential over the belief and actions of men, commences a work which will go on increasing in efficiency long after his own generation shall have passed away. The author of the "Ox Sermon,"

even during his own life, had the satisfaction of knowing that many by reading that discourse were so convicted in their consciences that even at great pecuniary sacrifice they gave up the traffic in ardent spirits, and that many more from being enemies or lukewarm friends, became earnest advocates of the temperance reformation.

REV. GEORGE WALKER.

The above named gentleman lived in Champaign County when he joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under the labors of Rev. George Gatch. The circumstances of his joining the Church are briefly these: When Mr. Gatch was on his last round on Mad-river Circuit, at King's Creek, four miles north of Urbana, after the sermon, Mr. Gatch gave an invitation to join the Church; Mr. Walker started toward the preacher, and when about midway of the congregation his strength failed him for the first time, and he sank down on the floor. Mr. Gatch approached him as he arose to his feet, and he gave his hand to the minister, and his name to the Church. Mr. Walker married Miss Catharine Elbert, daughter of Dr. John Elbert, of Logan County. I believe she died but recently. The annexed sketch of Mr. Walker's life will be read with interest by his old comrades.—*Ed.*

In person he was well formed, but a fraction less than six feet in hight; had a powerful frame, yet closely knit together. His habit was full, his carriage erect and dignified; his features were regular but well-defined, and strongly expressive of a generons and noble nature; his brow was arched and heavy, his forehead high, broad, and open, his hair dark, and somewhat inclined to stiffness. In his dress he was neat, cleanly, and careful, regarding comfort, but not disregarding elegance; never, however, violating professional propriety, or losing his dignity in ornament or show; nor did he ever affect singularity or quaintness.

He was accustomed to finish whatever he undertook, arguing, and often observing, that "that which was worth doing, was worth doing well." I have often thought that this idea was carried with him into the pulpit; and when preaching on subjects

peculiarly interesting to him, made him consume more time than would otherwise have been preferable to him. His custom was to reason from cause to effect, yet he would often institute analogies. His mind was mathematical, and he had a love of exact science. I never new him bewildered in theories; and so great was the original strength of his mind, that he detected the false or the faulty almost at a glance. He read character well, but never judged hastily or harshly. He had a boundless charity for the faults of others, and never deemed one, however low he or she might have sunken, beyond the hope of redemption. He could well adapt himself to the society he was in, so far as this could be done without compromising his character or principles. This he was never known to do, nor do I believe he could have been tempted to do so. He had due respect for the opinions of others, and in many things would take counsel, but he was self-reliant, and seemed through life to think it was his duty to bear the burden of others, rather than to place his own upon their shoulders

REV. JOSEPH THOMAS.

Elder Joseph Thomas, or "White Pilgrim," the subject of this sketch, has frequently preached in Champaign and Logan counties. The writer heard him once or twice at a camp-meeting, at Muddy Run, near West Liberty, about the year '33 or '34. How many people, young and old, in the United States, and in Europe, that have read those beautiful and pathetic lines, written by Elder J. Ellis, and wondered who was the subject of them, and where is "the spot where he lay!" I will say, for the satisfaction of all such, he is buried in a cemetery at Johnsonsburgh, Warren county, New Jersey, where a beautiful Italian marble monument marks the spot where "the White Pilgrim lays." The peculiarity of his white dress, says a writer, undoubtedly added much to the notoriety which everywhere greeted him. Though independent of this, his excellent evangelical gifts rendered his services very acceptable. In regard to his peculiar dress, he says it was typical of the robes of the saints in glory; that he found but very little inconvenience in its use, and was contented with his choice. Below will be found this beautiful poem.

Times,

COMPOSED WHILE STANDING AT THE WHITE PILGRIM'S GRAVE

By Elder J. Ellis.

I came to the spot where the White Pilgrim lay,
And pensively stood by his tomb,
When in a low whisper I heard something say,
"How sweetly I sleep here alone.

The tempest may howl, and loud thunder roll,
And gathering storms may arise,
Yet calm are my feelings, at rest is my soul,
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.

The cause of my Savior compelled me to roam,
I bade my companions farewell,
I left my sweet children, who for me do mourn,
In a far distant region to dwell.

I wandered an exile and stranger below,
To publish salvation abroad,
The trump of the Gospel endeavored to blow,
Inviting poor sinners to God.

But when among strangers, and far from my home,
No kindred or relative nigh,
I met the contagion, and sank in the tomb,
My spirits ascended on high.

Go! tell my companion and children most dear,
To weep not for Joseph, tho' gone;
The same hand that led me thro' scenes dark and drear,
Has kindly conducted me home."

THE FIRST CHURCHES.

The King's Creek Baptist Church is probably the first Church instituted in Champaign County, it being established the same year the county was organized (1805).

ORGANIZATION

Of the King's Creek Regular Baptist Church in the year 1805.

The organization was effected on the 29th day of June, at the house of James Turner, "On the waters of King's Creek." The list in my possession contains the names of constituent members as follows: James Turner, Sr., John Guttridge, Sampson Talbot, Rebecca McGill, Hannah Sutton, Ann Turner, M. Guttridge and E. Parkerson — eight in all. It seems very clear to us that this is not a full list. The name of Rev. John Thomas is nowhere to be found in the list of members, yet the articles of faith on which the church was constituted are in his hand-writing, and very elaborately done, with all the references and quotations, as are also the rules of decorum. We find him always present at the meetings, acting on committees, and often serving as Clerk *pro tem.* Perhaps he was a very modest man, and did not prefer to write his own name. It is noticeable that in all the records that he kept he never once names himself as preacher, but if any other one preached he records the name, yet there are members living who testify to the excellency of his preaching. By the foregoing it will be seen that Champaign as a County and King's Creek as a Baptist Church commenced their career in the same year and both are holding on their way.

If Benedict's History of the Baptists is correct, King's Creek must have been the third Baptist Church organized in the State of

Ohio. Benedict gives the first organization at Columbia, five or six miles from Cincinnati, in 1790, and second at Pleasant Run, near Lancaster, in Fairfield County, in 1801. If there was a Baptist Church constituted in Ohio, in the four years that intervened between Pleasant Run and King's Creek we do not know it, and until better informed we shall claim King's Creek as the third Baptist Church in Ohio.

In the early history of the Church, the meetings were held in the houses of the members which were scattered over a large area of the County. But "The word of the Lord was precious in those days" and sacrifice could be made to meet with the saints of the Most High. Dangers even could be encountered, for the red men of the soil were then numerous and looked on their pale faced neighbors as intruders, their hostilities not ceasing till after the butchery and scalping of Arthur Thomas and son in 1813. Thus for eleven years our predecessors wound their way by paths and through difficulties and dangers to meet their Saviour and his disciples. No one then complained of long sermons, none went to sleep and nodded unconscious assent to unheard truths. Their conversation was of the Heavenly country whither they were going, the trials, the difficulties and encouragements of the way. In these primitive gatherings they were sure to meet the Lord Jesus; fat things full of marrow and wine on lees were vouchsafed them while the Lord added to their number "such as should be saved." This increase made the private house, or rather cabin, too strait for them, and they began to think of some SANCTUARY, some consecrated spot whither the elect of God might go up and tread on holy ground. Thought begat desire and desire prompted to the action of building a

MEETING HOUSE.

The same necessity was also here, and has been everywhere that Abraham found, "A place to bury my dead out of my sight." In all communities where people really serve God there are outsiders who seem to wish them well; so it was here. Mr. John Taylor gave an acre of ground for a burial place and to erect a meeting house on. The deed is made to Jesse Guttridge and James Templin, deacons of the church. It is in the hand writing of Rev. John Thomas, and bears date March 7th, 1816. This spot of ground,

now enlarged, is the silent house and home of most of the then living, moving generation. The Hon. Edward L. Morgan, now in his seventy-eighth year, assisted to open the first narrow house in this city of the dead. This narrow house is tenanted by the mortal remains of Sister Ann Turner, one of the constituent members of the church. During the year 1816 a log-house 26 by 20 was erected for a meeting house. This house had neither chimney or fire-place, and as stoves could not be had, a wooden box was made of thick puncheon. This box was about 12 by 6 feet and partly filled with clay pounded in so as to form a concave for the reception of charcoal. This standing in the center of the house with its glowing bed of charcoal afforded the only warmth for winter days.

That the carbonic acid (gas) generated by the burning charcoal, did not send them all over Jordan before they wanted to go is sufficient evidence that this house did not lack ventilation as many modern ones do. This house became the center for Sunday gatherings, for all the regions round. It also afforded accommodation for the day school and singing schools. It was in this house that uncle Ed. (Hon. Edward L. Morgan) reigned lord of the birch and ferule, and taught the young idea how to shoot. Here some of our living fathers and mothers in Israel not only received the first rudiments of an English education, but here they also first learned in the school of Christ; and if they should ever sing "There is a spot to me most dear," memory would turn back to the old log meeting house of 1816.

What if uncle Ed. does tell us that "every cabin contained the hand cards, the spinning wheel and loom, that the entire wardrobe of both male and female were home manufacture, that all went barefoot in the summer, the girls even not indulging in the luxury of shoes and stockings, except when going to meeting or a wedding, and then the shoes and stockings were carried in the hand till arriving near the place of destination—that the appearance of two new calico dresses produced a sensation," yet we premise that under the dress of linsey-woolsey as true maidenly hearts beat as have ever beat beneath the costly fabrics of fashion's reign. They were as lovely and lovable in the eyes of the young men of that day as any maidens can be. That they were as well fitted to make happy homes, and fulfill the duties of wives and mothers none can doubt, who knew the few survivors of that age and time.

The young man's vest of homespun or buckskin, covered a noble, brave and manly heart. Here attachments were formed, and consummated at Hymen's alter, which have needed no divorce laws or courts to loose the bonds. It is indeed doubtful whether jewel lit fingers, bracelet encircled wrists, cramped feet and disfigured form; broadcloth, polished leather and superficial manhood has added anything to happiness or godliness. It is certain that under the old regime the people were honest, contented and happy, and served God in spirit and in truth.

This house, with its varied associations, stood for fifteen years and might have stood much longer had not Providence removed it. One of those blessings, which often come in the form of a calamity, completely cleared the ground, by fire, for the erection of a brick edifice 28 by 40 feet, which was built in 1831 on the same ground. To this sanctuary the tribes of the Lord continued to go up until 1848, when the place began to be too strait for them, when this house was removed and the present substantial church edifice, 41 by 70, was built and nearly on the same ground. We do not exaggerate when we say no country church, within our knowledge, has a better house. The tall white spire, pointing heavenward, can be seen from three Railroads, while the deep, silvery tones of the bell, calling the sons of God to worship, can be heard for miles around. The internal arrangements are neat and tasteful. The walls, though not frescoed, are neatly papered in the Corinthian column style. The want of gas is supplied by a brilliant chandelier, and the seats are supplied with hymn books. A critical eye would detect a fault in the shadow of the columns falling toward the pulpit. For it is generally supposed (though sometimes erroneously) that light comes from the pulpit.

The Methodist Episcopal Church

Was established about the same year, 1805, in Urbana; the old log Church referred to by Judge Patrick in his history of Urbana, was built in the year 1807.

Mount Tabor Church

Is among the earliest churches in the county. I don't know the precise date of its establishment, but I know it was there in 1815,

and perhaps long before. See Dr. Cowgill's interesting sketches in this work; also Mr. Stalers and Mr. T. S. McFarland, who have kindly contributed their valuable sketches for this volume.

Quaker Church at Darby,

In Zane township, Logan county. The first meeting held by this people for worship was in the year 1804 or 1805, they being the first religious denomination in the county. The next was by the same religious body at Goshen, Jefferson township, about one mile east of Zanesfield, in what is called Marmon's Bottom, in the year 1807. This was established by the Miami Monthly Meetings. Though Darby was not recognized by the above-named monthly meetings till 1808, yet meetings were held here some years before. Thomas Antrim was the first minister.

Tharp's Run Baptist Church,

Constituted 1819, by John Guttridge and John Thomas. William Henry is the only living constituent member of this church. It is located one mile west from Zanesfield. The Rev. George McColloch, his wife, and James Edwards were all baptized here the same day, June 23, 1872. Mr. McColloch was ordained 1829.

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Methodist Church

In Zane township, Logan county. Built on the bank of Inskeep's old mill dam, in year 1813.

Universalist Church,

Built about the year 1842, at Woodstock. The ministers that preached there first were Rev. Mr. Jolly, Truman Strong, George Messenger, and the Rev. Mr. Emmett.

Spain's Run Methodist Church

Was established in Champaign County, in 1808. The first meeting-house was built in 1815, one mile west of North Lewisburg.

THE FIRST MERCHANT

In Logan County was Robitaille, better known as Robindi. Judge McCulloch says his store-room stood near where Bradsmith's residence now stands, in Zanesfield. He represents him to be a very polite and affable Canadian Frenchman. I think Billy Henry told me he was buried on the old Gunn farm, on the Ludlow road, one mile south of Bellefontaine. He took out license in 1805. Fabian Eagle kept a small store at Urbana at the same time.

JAMES McPHERSON

Took out license to sell goods at the same time with Robindi, (1805,) as the records, now on the Clerk's book, in Urbana, show. I think he sold a short time in Champaign County, just below West Liberty, afterwards in Logan County, where he died in the year 1837.

JOHN GUNN.

I saw on the same book that John Gunn had taken out license the same year (1805) to keep tavern. He kept tavern at the old farm spoken of above. He was there in 1812, during the war.

WILLIAM HUBBARD.

BY HON. WILLIAM LAWRENCE.

Born at the quiet rural village of West Liberty on the southern border of Logan county, Ohio, on May 17, 1821, William Hubbard inherited nothing but an honest name, a healthy constitution, and a vigorous intellect.

Deprived of a father's care at an early age, he grew up under the guidance of a widowed mother, whose exemplary virtues, strong good sense and patient industry, left their impress on the mind and character of her son. At that early day, the "log School-house" furnished almost the only means of education; but with this, and that home training which every mother should be competent to afford, William became well versed in all the usual branches of an English education. Early in the year of 1832 he took his first lessons in the "art preservative of arts," the printing business—in the office of the Logan *Gazette*, a newspaper then edited and conducted in Bellefontaine, by Hiram B. Strother. Here he served with fidelity, and skill, and industry, for seven years, when, early in 1839, he became the publisher of the paper, and continued as such for a period of six months. During all this time, as, indeed, in the years which followed, he employed his leisure moments in developing his literary taste, and in the profound study of the best writers of prose and poetry. In the summer of 1841 he began his career as a school teacher in a district near his native village, in one of the ever-memorable, universal "people's colleges" of the times, the "log School-house." In this useful, but perplexing and ill-paid capacity, he continued most of his time until the fall of 1845. Meantime, in 1841, he had determined to study the profession of law, and for that purpose became the student of Benjamin F. Stanton and William Lawrence, attorneys in Bellefontaine. His studies were somewhat interrupted by his duties as teacher, and by his literary pursuits, yet as he had made it a rule of his life

never to do anything imperfectly, he was not admitted to the bar until he had become a thoroughly well-read lawyer, in the year 1846.

In the fall of 1845 Mr. Hubbard became editor of the Logan *Gazette*, and occupied that position for a number of years, but is now the able and accomplished editor of the *North West*, published at Napoleon, Henry county, Ohio. As a political writer he has a wide and deservedly high reputation. Notwithstanding his duties as an editor, he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Logan county, in 1848, and again in 1850 and, in that capacity served with skill and ability for four years, when he declined a re-election. In 1858 Mr. Hubbard received the nomination of the political party to which he belongs, as its candidate for Congress. He could scarcely hope for success in a district largely opposed to him politically; but, though defeated, his vote was highly complimentary. In debates and addresses in that canvass he added much to a local reputation as an orator. Early love of books, a warm imagination, cultivated by study, and by the beautiful scenery of the fertile valley of the Mad river, with a heart full of pathos and of ardor, all contributed to "Wake to ecstasy the living lyre," and turn his thoughts into eloquence and poetry. His first published poetical productions were in January, 1858. We have never known a writer of so much genius with so little ostentation. He has never sought, but always shunned notoriety. His poetical writings, if collected, would make a good sized volume. Below will be found a beautiful poem, written by him at the grave of Simon Kenton, which I select as a specimen of his poems. See his other poems in Coggshell's Poets and Poetry of the West.

At the Grave of Simon Kenton.

Tread lightly, this is hallowed ground; tread reverently here!
Beneath this sod, in silence sleeps, the brave old Pioneer,
Who never quailed in darkest hour, whose heart ne'er felt a fear;
Tread lightly, then, and here bestow the tribute of a tear.

Ah! Can this be the spot where sleeps the bravest of the brave?
Is this rude slab the only mark of Simon Kenton's grave?
These fallen palings, are they all his ingrate country gave
To one who periled life so oft her homes and hearths to save?

Long, long ago, in manhood's prime, when all was wild and drear,
They bound the hero to a stake of savage torment here—
Unblanched and firm, his soul disdained a supplicating tear—
A thousand demons could not daunt the Western Pioneer.

They tied his hands, Mazeppa-like, and set him on a steed,
Wild as the mustang of the plains, and mocking bade him speed!
They sped that courser like the wind, of curb and bit all freed,
O'er flood and field, o'er hill and dale, wherever chance might lead.

But firm in every trial hour, his heart was still the same,
Still throbbed with self-reliance strong, which danger could not tame:
Yet fought he not that he might win the splendor of a fame,
Which would in ages long to come shed glory on his name.

He fought because he loved the land where first he saw the light—
He fought because his soul was true, and idolized the right;
And ever in the fiercest and thickest of the fight,
The dusk and swarthy foeman felt the terror of his might.

Are these his countrymen who dwell where long ago he came?
Are these the men who glory in the splendor of his fame?
And can they not afford to give a stone to bear his name?
Oh, never let them more presume the hero's dust to claim!

ABRAM S. PIATT.

Abram Sanders Piatt is more generally known to the military and political than the poetical world. The two pursuits, so wide apart as they are, seldom center in one individual. Did Mr. Piatt seriously follow either, this would not probably be the fact in this instance. But the happy possessor of broad acres—and beautiful acres they are—in the Macacheek valley, Logan county, Ohio, he dallies with the muses, and worries the politicians more for amusement than aught else. His serious moments are given to the care of an interesting family, and the cultivation of his farm. No one of any refinement could long dwell in the Macacheek valley and not feel more or less of the poetry that seems to live in its very atmosphere. So rare a combination of plain, and hill, wood and meadow, adorned by the deep clear glittering stream that gives name to the valley, seldom greets the eyes. There, the hawthorn and hazel gather in clumps upon the sloping hillsides, or upon fields, while, like great hosts, the many tinted forests of burr-oak, maple and hickory close in on every side the view. Nor is the Macacheek without its legends and historical associations. Men yet live, rough old backwoodsmen, with heads whitened by the snows of eighty winters, who will point out the precise spot where a poor Indian woman, seen lurking about the smoking ruins of the Macacheek towns, only then destroyed by the white invaders, was shot by a rifleman, who mistook her for a warrior. Near the Piatt homestead may be seen the spot where Simon Kenton was forced by his cruel enemies to run the gauntlet, when between lake and river lay a vast unbroken wilderness. It was near this that he and Girty, the renegade, recognized each other, and the hard heart of the murderer was touched at the sight of his old comrade and friend and he saved his life at a time when this bold act endangered his own. The family to which Mr. Piatt belongs is one of the pioneer families of the Mad River Valley, and has prominent associations with the literature and politics of the west. Don Piatt, his brother, is well known as a writer and political orator.

Carrie Piatt, a niece has contributed popular articles in both prose and verse to western Magazines. A. Sanders Piatt's poems have been published chiefly in the Cincinnati Daily Commercial and in the Macacheek Press. Below will be found a specimen of his poems.

The Dainty Bee.

The dainty bee 'mid waxen cells
Of golden beauty ever dwells,
And dreams his life away;
His food a million flowers caught,
From out the sunlight as they wrought,
Through Spring and Summer day.

Slothful bee, the Spring-time's morning
Wakes him from his Winter's dream.
Reveler 'mid the pleasures gathered,
From the wild-bloom and the stream.
But the Spring-time's ray of gladness
Calls him to the fields again,
Calls him with the voice of flowers
Flowing 'mid the sunlit rain.

Goes he to the fields of plenty,
Searches 'mid the rare perfume,
Gathers honey from their beauty,
While he sings his wanton tune,
Filling 'mid the sweets and fancies
That o'erburthen all the air,
Gathering Dainties from the palace,
That the queenly group may share.

Drunk with treasures, overburdened,
Slow he wings his way along,
Gladdens all the scenes with humming
O'er his dainty little song.
Wanton bee, ah! busy body,
Drinking from each perfumed cup,
All day straying in the valley,
Gathering sweets to treasure up.

Lives he in a world of plenty,
Floating on its rare perfume,
Sipping Maytime's early blossoms,
Reveling in the bed of June?
In the snows, amid the clover,
Dainty snows, how sweet and shy,
Treaded with the green of Summer,
Perfumed frosts of mid-July!

Thy home is nature's world-wide palace,
Nature's wild secluded ways,
Lit with night's dews dream of morning,
Wakened with a million rays.
See the sunlight's silver fingers,
Lifting fragrance to the sky,
Fill the vale with many rare joys,
As they slowly waft them by.

Scents the air, thy wings to bathe in,
Guides thee to the treasures pure;
Airs that play the rarest music,
For such dainty epicure.
Labor while the Summer lingers,
Labor while the south wind blows,
Ere the North king, marching southward,
Fills thy garden with his snows.

LOGAN COUNTY.

Logan County derived its name from General Benjamin Logan. It was struck off from Champaign, March 1, 1817, but not organized until 1818. The Courts were ordered to be held in the town of Belleville, at the house of Edwin Matthews, until a permanent Seat of Justice should be established.

The territory comprised within the limits of this county was a favorite abode of the Shawanoe Indians, who had several villages on Mad River, called the Macacheek towns, the names and position of three of which are given to us by an old settler. The first, called Macacheek, stood near West Liberty, on the farm of the late Judge Benjamin Piatt; the second, Pigeon Town, was about three miles northwest, on the farm of George F. Dunn; and the third, Wappatomica, was just below Zanesfield.

The Macacheek towns were destroyed in 1786, by a body of Kentuckians, under Gen. Benj. Logan. The narrative of this expedition is from the pen of Gen. Wm. Lytle, who was an actor in the scenes he describes:

It was in the autumn of this year that Gen. Clarke raised the forces of the Wabash expedition. They constituted a numerous corps. Col. Logan was detached from the army at the Falls of the Ohio, to raise a considerable force, with which to proceed against the Indian villages on the head waters of Mad River and the Great Miami. I was then aged sixteen, and too young to come within the legal requisition; but I offered myself as a volunteer. Col. Logan went on to his destination, and would have surprised the Indian towns against which he had marched, had not one of his men deserted to the enemy, not long before they reached the town, who gave notice of their approach. As it was, he burned eight

large towns, and destroyed many fields of corn. He took seventy or eighty prisoners, and killed twenty warriors, and among them the head chief of the nation. The last act caused deep regret, humiliation and shame to the commander-in-chief and his troops.

We came in view of the first two towns, one of which stood on the west bank of Mad river, and the other on the northeast of it. They were separated by a prairie, half a mile in extent. The town on the northwest was situated on a high, commanding point of land, that projected a small distance into the prairie, at the foot of which eminence broke out several fine springs. This was the residence of the famous chief of the nation. His flag was flying at the time, from the top of a pole sixty feet high. We had advanced in three lines, the commander with some of the horsemen marching at the head of the centre line, and the footmen in the rear. Col. Robert Patterson commanded the left, and I think Col. Thomas Kennedy the right. When we came in sight of the town the spies of the front guard made a halt, and sent a man back to inform the commander of the situation of the two towns. He ordered Col. Patterson to attack the towns on the left bank of Mad River. Col. Kennedy was also charged to incline a little to the right of the town on the east side of the prairie. He determined himself to charge, with the centre division, immediately on the upper town. I heard the commander give his orders, and caution the colonels against allowing their men to kill any among the enemy, that they might suppose to be prisoners. He then ordered them to advance, and as soon as they should discover the enemy to charge upon them. I had my doubts touching the propriety of some of the arrangement. I was willing, however, to view the affair with the diffidence of youth and inexperience. At any rate I was determined to be at hand, to see all that was goin on, and to be as near the head of the line as my colonel would permit. I was extremely solicitous to try myself in battle. The commander of the centre line waved his sword over his head, as a signal for the troops to advance. Col. Daniel Boone and Major, since Gen. Kenton, commanded the advance, and Col. Trotter the rear. As we approached within half a mile of the town on the left, and about three-fourths from that on the right, we saw the savages retreating in all directions, making for the thickets, swamps, and high prairie grass, to secure them from their enemy. I was animated with the energy with which the commander conducted the head

of his line. He waved his sword, and in a voice of thunder exclaimed, "Charge from right to left!"

The horses appeared as impatient for the onset as the riders. As we came up with the flying savages, I was disappointed, discovering that we should have little to do. I heard but one savage, with the exception of the chief, cry for quarter. They fought with desperation as long as they could raise knife, gun or tomahawk, after they found they could not screen themselves. We dispatched all the warriors that we overtook, and sent the women and children prisoners to the rear. We pushed ahead, still hoping to overtake a larger body, where we might have something like a general engagement. I was mounted on a very fleet gray horse. Fifty of my companions followed me. I had not advanced more than a mile, before I discovered some of the enemy running along the edge of a thicket, of hazle and plum bushes. I made signs to the men in my rear to come on. At the same time, pointing to the flying enemy, I obliqued across the plain, so as to get in advance of them. When I arrived within fifty yards of them, I dismounted and raised my gun. I discovered, at this moment, some men of the right wing coming up on the left. The warrior I was about to shoot held up his hand in token of surrender, and I heard him order the other Indians to stop. By this time the men behind had arrived, and were in the act of firing upon the Indians. I called to them not to fire, for the enemy had surrendered. The warrior that had surrendered to me, came walking towards me, calling to his women and children to follow him. I advanced to meet him, with my right hand extended: but before I could reach him, the men of the right wing of our force had surrounded him. I rushed in among their horses. While he was giving me his hand, several of the men wished to tomahawk him. I informed them that they would have to tomahawk me first. We led him back to the place where his flag had been. We had taken thirteen prisoners. Among them was the chief, his three wives, one of them a young and handsome woman, another of them the famous grenadier squaw, upwards of six feet high, and two or three fine young lads. The rest were children. One of these lads was a remarkably interesting youth, about my own age and size. He clung closely to me, and appeared keenly to notice everything that was going on.

When we arrived at the town, a crowd of men pressed around

to see the chief. I stepped aside to fasten my horse, and my prisoner lad clung close to my side. A young man by the name of Curner had been to one of the springs to drink. He discovered the young savage by my side, and came running towards me. The young Indian supposed he was advancing to kill him. As I turned around, in the twinkling of an eye, he let fly an arrow at Curner, for he was armed with a bow. I had just time to catch his arm, as he discharged the arrow. It passed through Curner's dress, and grazed his side. The jerk I gave his arm undoubtedly prevented his killing Curner on the spot. I took away the arrows, and sternly reprimanded him. I then led him back to the crowd which surrounded the prisoners. At the same moment Colonel McGary, the same man who had caused the disaster at the Blue Licks, some years before, coming up, Gen. Logan's eye caught that of M'Gary. "Col. M'Gary," said he, "you must not molest these prisoners." "I will see to that," said M'Gary in reply. I forced my way through the crowd to the chief, with my young charge by the hand. M'Gary ordered the crowd to open and let him in. He came up to the chief, and the first salutation was in the question, "Were you at the defeat of the Blue Licks?" The Indian not knowing the meaning of the words, or not understanding the purport of the question, answered, "Yes." M'Gary instantly seized an axe from the hands of the grenadier squaw, and raised it to make a blow at the chief. I threw up my arm to ward off the blow. The handle of the axe struck me across the left wrist, and came near breaking it. The axe sank in the head of the chief to the eyes, and he fell dead at my feet. Provoked beyond measure at this wanton barbarity, I drew my knife for the purpose of avenging his cruelty by dispatching him. My arm was arrested by one of our men, which prevented me from inflicting the thrust. M'Gary escaped from the crowd.

A detachment was then ordered off to two other towns, distant six or eight miles. The men and prisoners were ordered to march down to the lower town and encamp. As we marched out of the upper town, we fired it, collecting a large pile of corn for our horses, and beans, pumpkins, &c., for our own use. I told Capt. Stucker, who messed with me, that I had seen several hogs running about the town, which appeared to be in good order, and that I thought a piece of fresh pork would relish well with our stock of vegetables. He readily assenting to it, we went in

pursuit of them; but as orders had been given not to shoot unless at an enemy, after finding the hogs we had to run them down on foot, until we got near enough to tomahawk them. Being engaged at this sometime before we killed one, while Capt. S. was in the act of striking the hog, I cast my eye along the edge of the woods that skirted the prairie, and saw an Indian coming along with a deer on his back. The fellow happened to raise his head at that moment, and looking across the prairie to the upper town, saw it all in flames. At the same moment I spoke to Stucker in a low voice, that here was an Indian coming. In the act of turning my head round to speak to Stucker, I discovered Hugh Ross, brother-in-law to Col. Kennedy, at the distance of about 60 or 70 yards, approaching us. I made a motion with my hand to Ross to squat down; then taking a tree between me and the Indian, I slipped somewhat nearer, to get a fairer shot, when at the instant I raised my gun past the tree, the Indian being about 100 yards distant, Ross's ball whistled by me, so close that I felt the wind of it, and struck the Indian on the calf of one of his legs. The Indian that moment dropped his deer, and sprang into the high grass of the prairie. All this occurred so quickly, that I had not time to draw a sight on him, before he was hid by the grass. I was provoked at Ross for shooting when I was near enough to have killed him, and now the consequence would be, that probably some of our men would lose their lives, as a wounded Indian only would give up with his life. Capt. Irwin rode up that moment, with his troop of horse, and asked me where the Indian was. I pointed as nearly as I could to the spot where I last saw him in the grass, cautioning the captain, if he missed him the first charge, to pass on out of his reach before he wheeled to re-charge, or the Indian would kill some of his men in the act of wheeling. Whether the captain heard me, I cannot say; at any rate, the warning was not attended to, for after passing the Indian a few steps, Captain Irwin ordered his men to wheel and re-charge across the woods, and in the act of executing the movement, the Indian raised up and shot the captain dead on the spot—still keeping below the level of the grass, to deprive us of any opportunity of putting a bullet through him. The troop charged again; but the Indian was so active, that he had darted into the grass, some rods from where he had fired at Irwin, and they again missed him. By this time several footmen had got up. Capt. Stucker and myself

had each of us taken a tree that stood out in the edge of the prairie, among the grass, when a Mr. Stafford came up, and put his head first past one side and then the other of the tree I was behind. I told him not to expose himself that way or he would get shot in a moment. I had hardly expressed the last word when the Indian again raised up out of the grass. His gun, Stucker's, and my own, with four or five behind us, all cracked at the same instant. Stafford fell at my side, while we rushed on the wounded Indian with our tomahawks. Before we had got him dispatched, he had made ready the powder in his gun, and a ball in his mouth, preparing for a third fire, with bullet holes in his breast that might have all been covered with a man's open hand. We found with him Capt. Beasley's rifle—the captain having been killed at the Lower Blue Licks, a few days before the army passed through that place on their way to the towns.

Next morning, Gen. Logan ordered another detachment to attack a town that lay seven or eight miles to the north or northwest of where we then were. This town was also burnt, together with a large block-house that the English had built there, of a huge size and thickness; and the detachment returned that evening to the main body. Mr. Isaac Zane was at that time living at this last village, he being married to a squaw, and having at the place his wife and several children at the time.

The name of the Indian chief killed by M'Gary was *Moluntha*, the great sachem of the Shawnees. The grenadier squaw was the sister to Cornstalk, who fell [basely murdered] at Point Pleasant.

Jonathan Alder, was at this time living with the Indians. (See sketch of his life on another page.)

From his narrative it appears that the news of the approach of the Kentuckians was communicated to the Indians by a Frenchman, a deserter from the former. Nevertheless the whites arrived sooner than they expected. The surprise was complete; most of the Indians were at the time absent hunting, and the towns became an easy conquest to the whites. Early one morning, an Indian runner came into the village in which Alder lived, and gave the information that Macacheek had been destroyed, and that the whites were approaching. Alder, with the people of the village, who were principally squaws and children, retreated for two days, until they arrived somewhere near the head waters of the Scioto, where

they suffered much for want of food. There was not a man among them capable of hunting, and they were compelled to subsist on paw-paws, muscles and craw-fish. In about eight days they returned to Zane's town, tarried a short time, and from thence removed to Hog Creek, where they wintered: their principal living at that place was "raccoons, and that with little or no salt, without a single bite of bread, hominy, or sweet corn." In the spring they moved back to the site of their village, where nothing remained but the ashes of their dwellings, and their corn burnt to charcoal. They remained during the sugar season, and then removed to Blanchard's Fork, where, being obliged to clear the land, they were enabled to raise but a scanty crop of corn. While this was growing, they fared hard, and managed to eke out a bare subsistence by eating a kind of wild potato and poor raccoons, that had been suckled down so poor that dogs would hardly eat them; "for fear of losing a little, they threw them on the fire, singed the hair off, and ate skin and all."

The Indian lad to whom General Lytle alludes, was taken with others of the prisoners into Kentucky. The commander of the expedition was so much pleased with him, that he made him a member of his own family, in which he resided some years, and was at length permitted to return. He was ever afterwards known by the name of Logan, to which the prefix of captain was eventually attached. His name was Spemica Lawba, i. e. "High Horn." He subsequently rose to the rank of a civil chief, on account of his many estimable intellectual and moral qualities. His personal appearance was commanding, being six feet in height, and weighing near two hundred pounds. He from that time continued the unwavering friend of the Americans, and fought on their side with great constancy. He lost his life in the fall of 1821 under melancholy circumstances, which evinced that he was a man of the keenest sense of honor. The facts follow from Drake's Tecumseh:

In November of 1812, General Harrison directed Logan to take a small party of his tribe, and reconnoitre the country in the direction of the Rapids of the Maumee. When near this point they were met by a body of the enemy superior to their own in number, and compelled to retreat. Logan, Captain Johnny, and Brighthorn, who composed the party, effected their escape to the left wing of the army, then under the command of General Winches-

ter, who was duly informed of the circumstances of their adventure. An officer of the Kentucky troops, General P., the second in command, without the slightest ground for such a charge, accused Logan of infidelity to our cause, and of giving intelligence to the enemy. Indignant at this foul accusation, the noble chief at once resolved to meet it in a manner that would leave no doubt as to his faithfulness to the United States. He called on his friend Mr. Oliver, (now Major Oliver, of Cincinnati,) and having told him of the imputation that had been cast upon his reputation, said that he would start from the camp next morning, and either leave his body bleaching in the woods, or return with such trophies from the enemy, as would relieve his character from the suspicion that had been wantonly cast upon it by an American officer.

Accordingly, on the morning of the 22d, he started down the Maumee, attended by his two faithful companions, Captain Johnny and Bright-horn. About noon, having stopped for the purpose of taking rest, they were suddenly surprised by a party of seven of the enemy, among whom were young Elliott, a half-breed, holding a commission in the British service, and the celebrated Pottawatamie chief, Winnemac. Logan made no resistance, but with great presence of mind, extending his hand to Winnemac, who was an old acquaintance, proceeded to inform him that he and his two companions, tired of the American service, were just leaving General Winchester's army for the purpose of joining the British. Winnemac, being familiar with Indian strategy, was not satisfied with the declaration, but proceeded to disarm Logan and his comrades, and placing his party around them so as to prevent their escape, started for the British camp at the foot of the rapids. In the course of the afternoon, Logan's address was such as to inspire confidence in his sincerity, and induce Winnemac to restore to him and his companions their arms. Logan now formed the plan of attacking their captors on the first favorable opportunity; and while marching along succeeded in communicating the substance of it to Captain Johnny and Bright-horn. Their guns being already loaded, they had little further preparation to make than to put bullets into their mouths, to facilitate the re-loading of their arms. In carrying on this process, Captain Johnny, as he afterwards related, fearing that the man marching by his side had observed the operation, adroitly did away the impression by remarking "me chaw heap tobac."

The evening being now at hand, the British Indians determined to encamp on the bank of Turkeyfoot creek, about twenty miles from Fort Winchester. Confiding in the idea that Logan had really deserted the American service, a part of his captors rambled around the place of their encampment in search of black-haws. They were no sooner out of sight than Logan gave the signal of attack upon those who remained behind; they fired, and two of the enemy fell dead—the third, being only wounded, required a second shot to dispatch him; and in the meantime, the remainder of the party, who were near by, returned the fire, and all of them "treed." There being four of the enemy, and only three of Logan's party, the latter could not watch all the movements of their antagonists. Thus circumstanced, and during an active fight, the fourth man of the enemy passed round until Logan was uncovered by his tree, and shot him through the body. By this time, Logan's party had wounded two of the surviving four, which caused them to fall back. Taking advantage of this state of things, Captain Johnny mounted Logan, now suffering the pain of a mortal wound, and Bright-horn, also wounded, on two of the enemy's horses, and started them for Winchester's camp, which they reached about midnight. Captain Johnny, having already secured the scalp of Winnemac, followed immediately on foot, and gained the same point early on the following morning It was subsequently ascertained that the two Indians of the British party, who were last wounded, died of their wounds, making in all five out of the seven who were slain by Logan and his companions.

When the news of this gallant affair had spread through the camp, and, especially, after it was known that Logan was mortally wounded, it created a deep and mournful sensation. No one, it is believed, more deeply regretted the fatal catastrophe than the author of the charge upon Logan's integrity, which had led to this unhappy result.

Logan's popularity was very great; indeed, he was almost universally esteemed in the army for his fidelity to our cause, his unquestioned bravery, and the nobleness of his nature. He lived two or three days after reaching the camp, but in extreme bodily agony; he was buried by the officers of the army at Fort Winchester, with the honors of war. Previous to his death, he related the particulars of this fatal enterprize to his friend Oliver, declaring to

him that he prized his honor more than life; and having now vindicated his reputation from the imputation cast upon it, he died satisfied. In the course of this interview, and while writhing with pain, he was observed to smile; upon being questioned as to the cause, he replied, that when he recalled to his mind the manner in which Captain Johnny took off the scalp of Winnemac, while at the same time dexterously watching the movements of the enemy, he could not refrain from laughing—an incident in savage life, which shows the "ruling passion strong in death." It would, perhaps, be difficult, in the history of savage warfare, to point out an enterprize, the execution of which reflects higher credit upon the address and daring conduct of its authors, than this does upon Logan and his two companions. Indeed, a spirit even less indomitable, a sense of honor less acute, and a patriotic devotion to a good cause less active, than were manifested by this gallant chieftain of the woods, might, under other circumstances, have well conferred immortality upon his name.

Col. John Johnson, in speaking of Logan, says:

Logan left a dying request to myself, that his two sons should be sent to Kentucky, and there educated and brought up under the care of Major Hardin. As soon as peace and tranquillity were restored among the Indians, I made application to the chiefs to fulfil the wish of their dead friend to deliver up the boys, that I might have them conveyed to Frankford, the residence of Major Hardin. The chiefs were embarrassed, and manifested an unwillingness to comply, and in this they were warmly supported by the mother of the children. On no account would they consent to send them so far away as Kentucky, but agreed that I should take and have them schooled at Piqua; it being the best that I could do, in compliance with the dying words of Logan, they were brought in. I had them put to school, and boarded in a religious, respectable family. The mother of the boys, who was a bad woman, thwarted all my plans for their improvement, frequently taking them off for weeks, giving them bad advice, and even, on one or two occasions, brought whisky to the school-house and made them drunk. In this way she continued to annoy me, and finally took them altogether to raise with herself among the Shawanoese, at Wapakonetta. I made several other attempts, during my connection with the Indians, to educate and train up to civilized life many of their youth,

without any encouraging results—all of them proved failures. The children of Logan, with their mother, emigrated to the west twenty years ago, and have there become some of the wildest of their race.

Logan county continued to be a favorite place of residence with the Indians for years after the destruction of these towns. Major Galloway, who was here about the year 1800, gives the following, from memory, respecting the localities and names of their towns at that time. Zane's town, now Zanesfield, was a Wyandot village; Wapatomica, three miles below, on Mad River, was then deserted; McKee's town, on McKee's creek, about four miles south of Bellefontaine, so named from the infamous McKee, and was at that time a trading station; Read's town, in the vicinity of Bellefontaine, which then had a few cabins; Lewistown, on the Great Miami, and Solomon's town, at which then lived the Wyandot chief, *Tarhe*, "the Crane." From an old settler we learn, also, that on the site of Bellefontaine, was Blue Jacket's town, and three miles north, the town of Buckongehelas. Blue Jacket, or *Weyapiersensaw*, and Buckongehelas were noted chiefs, and were at the treaty of Greenville; the first was a Shawnee, and the last a Delaware. At Wayne's victory, Blue Jacket had the chief control, and, in opposition to Little Turtle, advocated giving the whites battle with so much force as to overpower the better counsel of the other.

By the treaty of September 29, 1817, at the foot of the Maumee rapids, the Seneca and Shawnees had a reservation around Lewistown, in this county; by a treaty, ratified April 6, 1832, the Indians vacated their lands and removed to the far west. On this last occasion, James B. Gardiner was commissioner, John McElvain agent, and David Robb, sub-agent.

The village of Lewistown derived its name from Captain John Lewis, a noted Shawnee chief. When the county was first settled there was living with him, to do his drudgery, an aged white woman, named Polly Keyser. She was taken prisoner in early life, near Lexington, Ky., and adopted by the Indians. She had an Indian husband, and two half-breed daughters. There were several other whites living in the county, who had been adopted by the Indians. We give below sketches of two of them; the first is

from N. Z. McColloch, Esq., a grandson of Isaac Zane—the last from Col. John Johnston.

Isaac Zane was born about the year 1753, on the south branch of the Potomac, in Virginia, and at the age of about nine years, was taken prisoner by the Wyandots, and carried to Detroit. He remained with his captors until the age of manhood, when, like most prisoners taken in youth, he refused to return to his home and friends. He married a Wyandot woman, from Canada, of half French blood, and took no part in the war of the revolution. After the treaty of Greenville, in 1795, he bought a tract of 1800 acres, on the site of Zanesfield, where he lived until his death, in 1816.

James McPherson, or *Squa-la-ka-ke*, "the red-faced man," was a native of Carlisle, Cumberland county, Pa. He was taken prisoner by the Indians on the Ohio, at or near the mouth of the Big Miami, in Loughry's defeat; was for many years engaged in the British Indian department, under Elliott and McKee, married a fellow-prisoner, came into our service after Wayne's treaty of 1795, and continued in charge of the Shawanoese and Senecas of Lewistown, until his removal from office in 1830, since which he has died.

Simon Kenton first came out to Kentucky in the year 1771, at which time he was a youth of sixteen. He was almost constantly engaged in conflicts with the Indians from that time until the treaty of Greenville. He was probably in more expeditions against the Indians, encountered greater peril, and had more narrow escapes from death, than any man of his time. The many incidents of his romantic and eventful life are well detailed by his friend and biographer, Colonel John M'Donald, from whose work we extract the thrilling narrative of his captivity and hair-breadth escapes from a cruel and lingering death.

Kenton lay about Boon's and Logan's stations till ease became irksome to him. About the first of September of this same year, 1778, we find him preparing for another Indian expedition. Alexander Montgomery and George Clark joined him, and they set off from Boon's station, for the avowed purpose of obtaining horses from the Indians. They crossed the Ohio, and proceeded cautiously to Chillicothe, (now Oldtown, Ross county.) They arrived at the town without meeting any adventure. In the night they fell in with a drove of horses that were feeding in the rich prairies. They

were prepared with salt and halters. They had much difficulty to catch the horses; however, at length they succeeded, and as soon as the horses were haltered, they dashed off with seven—a pretty good haul. They traveled with all the speed they could to the Ohio. They came to the Ohio near the mouth of Eagle creek, now in Brown county. When they came to the river, the wind blew almost a hurricane. The waves ran so high that the horses were frightened, and could not be induced to take the water. It was late in the evening. They then rode back into the hills some distance from the river, hobbled and turned their horses loose to graze; while they turned back some distance, and watched the trail they had come, to discover whether or no they were pursued. Here they remained till the following day, when the wind subsided. As soon as the wind fell they caught their horses, and went again to the river; but their horses were so frightened with the waves the day before, that all their efforts could not induce them to take the water. This was a sore disappointment to our adventurers. They were satisfied that they were pursued by the enemy; they therefore determined to lose no more time in useless efforts to cross the Ohio; they concluded to select three of the best horses, and make their way to the falls of the Ohio, where Gen. Clark had left some men stationed. Each made choice of a horse, and the other horses were turned loose to shift for themselves. After the spare horses had been loosed, and permitted to ramble off, avarice whispered to them, and why not take all the horses. The loose horses had by this time scattered and straggled out of sight. Our party now separated to hunt up the horses they had turned loose. Kenton went towards the river, and had not gone far before he heard a whoop in the direction of where they had been trying to force the horses into the water. He got off his horse and tied him, and then crept with the stealthy tread of a cat, to make observations in the direction he heard the whoop. Just as he reached the high bank of the river, he met the Indians on horseback. Being unperceived by them, but so nigh that it was impossible for him to retreat without being discovered, he concluded the boldest course to be the safest, and very deliberately took aim at the foremost Indian. His gun flashed in the pan. He then retreated. The Indians pursued on horseback. In his retreat he passed through a piece of land where a storm had torn up a great part of the timber. The fallen trees afforded him some advantage of the Indians in the

race, as they were on horseback and he on foot. The Indian force divided; some rode on one side of the fallen timber and some on the other. Just as he emerged from the fallen timber, at the foot of the hill, one of the Indians met him on horseback, and boldly rode up to him, jumped off his horse and rushed at him with his tomahawk. Kenton concluding a gun barrel as good a weapon of defense as a tomahawk, drew back his gun to strike the Indian before him. At that instant another Indian, who unperceived by Kenton had slipped up behind him, clasped him in his arms. Being now overpowered by numbers, further resistance was useless—he surrendered. While the Indians were binding Kenton with tugs, Montgomery came in view, and fired at the Indians, but missed his mark. Montgomery fled on foot. Some of the Indians pursued, shot at, and missed him; a second fire was made, and Montgomery fell. The Indians soon returned to Kenton, shaking at him Montgomery's bloody scalp. George Clark, Kenton's other companion, made his escape, crossed the Ohio, and arrived safe at Logan's station.

The Indians encamped that night on the bank of the Ohio. The next morning they prepared their horses for a return to their towns with the unfortunate and unhappy prisoner. Nothing but death in the most appalling form presented itself to his view. When they were ready to set off, they caught the wildest horse in the company, and placed Kenton on his back. The horse being very restive, it took several of them to hold him, while the others lashed the prisoner on the horse. They first took a tug or rope, and fastened his legs and feet together under the horse. They took another and fastened his arms. They took another and tied around his neck, and fastened one end of it around the horse's neck; the other end of the same rope was fastened to the horse's tail, to answer in place of a crupper. They had a great deal of amusement to themselves, as they were preparing Kenton and his horse for fun and frolic. They would yelp and scream around him, and ask him if he wished to steal more horses. Another rope was fastened around his thighs, and lashed around the body of his horse; a pair of moccasins were drawn over his hands, to prevent him from defending his face from the brush. Thus accoutred and fastened, the horse was turned loose to the woods. He reared and plunged, ran through the woods for some time, to the infinite amusement of the Indians. After the horse had run about, plung-

ing, rearing and kicking for some time, and found that he could not shake off nor kick off his rider, he very quietly submitted himself to his situation, and followed the cavalcade as quiet and peaceable as his rider. The Indians moved towards Chillicothe, and in three days reached the town. At night they confined their prisoner in the following manner: He was laid on his back, his legs extended, drawn apart, and fastened to two saplings or stakes driven in the ground. His arms were extended, a pole laid across his breast, and his arms lashed to the pole with cords. A rope was tied around his neck, and stretched back just tight enough not to choke him, and fastened to a tree or stake near his head. In this painful and uncomfortable situation, he spent three miserable nights, exposed to gnats, and mosquitoes and weather. O, poor human nature, what miserable wretches we are, thus to punish and harass each other. (The frontier whites of that day were but little behind the Indians in wiles, cruelty and revenge.) When the Indians came within about a mile of the Chillicothe town, they halted and camped for the night, and fastened the poor unfortunate prisoner in the usual uncomfortable manner. The Indians, young and old, came from the town to welcome the return of their successful warriors, and to visit their prisoner. The Indian party, young and old, consisting of about 150, commenced dancing, singing and yelling around Kenton, stopping occasionally and kicking and beating him for amusement. In this manner they tormented him for about three hours, when the cavalcade returned to town, and he was left for the rest of the night, exhausted and forlorn, to the tender mercies of the gnats and mosquitoes. As soon as it was light in the morning, the Indians began to collect from the town, and preparations were made for fun and frolic at the expense of Kenton, as he was now doomed to run the gauntlet. The Indians were formed in two lines, about six feet apart, with each a hickory in his hands, and Kenton placed between the two lines, so that each Indian could beat him as much as he thought proper, as he ran through the lines. He had not run far before he discovered an Indian with his knife drawn to plunge it into him; as soon as Kenton reached that part of the line where the Indian stood who had the knife drawn, he broke through the lines, and made with all speed for the town. Kenton had been previously informed by a negro named Cæsar who lived with the Indians and knew their customs, that if he

could break through the Indians' lines, and arrive at the council-house in the town before he was overtaken, that they would not force him a second time to run the gauntlet. When he broke through their lines, he ran at the top of his speed for the council-house, pursued by two or three hundred Indians, screaming like infernal furies. Just as he had entered the town, he was met by an Indian leisurely walking toward the scene of amusement, wrapped in a blanket. The Indian threw off his blanket; and as he was fresh, and Kenton nearly exhausted, the Indian soon caught him and threw him down. In a moment the whole party who were in pursuit came up, and fell to cuffing and kicking him at a most fearful rate. They tore off his clothes, and left him naked and exhausted. After he had laid till he had in some degree recovered from his exhausted state, they brought him some water and something to eat. As soon as his strength was sufficiently recovered, they took him to the council-house, to determine upon his fate. The manner of deciding his fate was as follows: Their warriors were placed in a circle in the council-house; an old chief was placed in the centre of the circle, with a knife and a piece of wood in his hands. A number of speeches were made. Kenton, although he did not understand their language, soon discovered by their animated gestures, and fierce looks at him, that a majority of their speakers were contending for his destruction. He could perceive that those who plead for mercy were received coolly; but few grunts of approbation were uttered when the orators closed their speeches. After the orators ceased speaking, the old chief who sat in the midst of the circle raised up and handed a war-club to the man who sat next the door. They proceeded to take the decision of their court. All who were for the death of the prisoner, struck the war-club with violence against the ground; those who voted to save the prisoner's life passed the club to their next neighbor without striking the ground. Kenton from their expressive gestures could easily distinguish the object of their vote. The old chief who stood to witness and record the number that voted for death or mercy, as one struck the ground with a war-club he made a mark on one side of his piece of wood; and when the club was passed without striking, he made a mark on the other. Kenton discovered that a large majority were for death.

Sentence of death now being passed upon the prisoner,

they made the welkin ring with shouts of joy. The sentence of death being passed, there was another question of considerable difficulty now presented itself to the consideration of the council; that was the time and place, when and where he should be burnt. The orators again made speeches on the subject, less animated, indeed, than on the trial; but some appeared to be quite vehement for instant execution, while others appeared to wish to make his death a solemn national sacrifice. After a long debate, the vote was taken, when it was resolved that the place of his execution should be Wapatomika, (now Zanesfield, Logan county.) The next morning he was hurried away to the place destined for his execution. From Chilicothe to Wapatomika, they had to pass through two other Indian towns, to-wit; Pickaway and Macacheek. At both towns he was compelled to run the gauntlet; and severely was he whipped through the course. Nothing worse than death could follow, and here he made a bold push for life and freedom. Being unconfined, he broke and ran, and soon cleared himself out of sight of pursuers. While he distanced his pursuers, and got about two miles from the town, he accidentally met some Indians on horseback. They instantly pursued and soon came up with him, and drove him back again to town. He now, for the first time, gave up his case as hopeless. Nothing but death stared him in the face. Fate, it appeared to him, had sealed his doom; and in sullen despair he determined to await that doom, that it was impossible for him to shun. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence, and how little one man can control his destiny! When the Indians returned with Kenton to the town, there was a general rejoicing. He was pinioned, and given over to the young Indians, who nearly suffocated him with mud and water. In this way they amused themselves with him till he was nearly drowned. He now thought himself forsaken by God. Shortly after this his tormentors moved with him to Wapatomika. As soon as he arrived at this place, the Indians, young and old, male and female, crowded around the prisoner. Among others who came to see him was the celebrated and notorious Simon Girty. It will be recollected that Kenton and Girty were bosom companions at Fort Pitt, and on the campaign with Lord Dunmore. As it was the custom of the Indians to black such prisoners as were intended to be put to death, Girty did not immediately recognize Kenton in his black disguise. Girty came forward and inquired of Kenton

where he had lived, and was answered Kentucky. He next inquired how many men there were in Kentucky. He answered he did not know; but would give him the names and rank of the officers, and he, Girty, could judge of the probable number of men. Kenton then named a great many officers, and their rank, many of whom had honorary titles, without any command. At length Girty asked the prisoner his name, when he was answered, Simon Butler. (It will be recollected that he changed his name when he fled from his parents and home.) Girty eyed him for a moment, and immediately recognized the active and bold youth, who had been his companion in arms about Fort Pitt, and on the campaign with Lord Dunmore. Girty threw himself into Kenton's arms, embraced and wept aloud over him—calling him his dear and esteemed friend. This hardened wretch, who had been the cause of the death of hundreds, had some of the sparks of humanity remaining in him, and wept like a child at the tragical fate which hung over his friend. "Well," said he to Kenton, "you are condemned to die, but I will use every means in my power to save your life."

Girty immediately had a council convened, and made a long speech to the Indians, to save the life of the prisoner. As Girty was proceeding through his speech, he became very animated; and under his powerful eloquence, Kenton could plainly discover the grim visages of his savage judges relent. When Girty concluded his powerful and animated speech, the Indians rose with one simultaneous grunt of approbation, saved the prisoner's life, and placed him under the care and protection of his old companion, Girty.

The British had a trading establishment then at Wapatomika. Girty took Kenton with him to the store, and dressed him from head to foot, as well as he could wish; he was also provided with a horse and saddle. Kenton was now free, and roamed about thro' the country, from Indian town to town, in company with his benefactor. How uncertain is the fate of nations as well as that of individuals! How sudden the changes from adversity to prosperity, and from prosperity to adversity! Kenton being a strong, robust man, with an iron frame, with a resolution that never winced at danger, and fortitude to bear pain with the composure of a stoic, he soon recovered from his scourges and bruises, and the

other severe treatment he had received. It is thought probable, that if the Indians had continued to treat him with kindness and respect, he would eventually have become one of them. He had but few inducements to return again to the whites. He was then a fugitive from justice, had changed his name, and he thought it his interest to keep as far from his former acquaintances as possible. After Kenton and his benefactor had been roaming about for some time, a war party of Indians, who had been on an expedition to the neighborhood of Wheeling, returned; they had been defeated by the whites, some of their men were killed, and others wounded. When this defeated party returned they were sullen, chagrined, and full of revenge, and determined to kill any of the whites who came within their grasp. Kenton was the only white man upon whom they could satiate their revenge. Kenton and Girty were then at Solomon's town, a small distance from Wapatomika. A message was immediately sent to Girty to return, and bring Kenton with him. The two friends met the messenger on their way. The messenger shook hands with Girty, but refused the hand of Kenton. Girty, after talking aside with the messenger some time, said to Kenton, "They have sent for us to attend a grand council at Wapatomika. They hurried to the town; and when they arrived there the council-house was crowded. When Girty went into the house, the Indians all rose up and shook hands with him; but when Kenton offered his hand, it was refused with a scowl of contempt. This alarmed him; he began to admit the idea that this sudden convention of the council, and their refusing his hand, boded him some evil. After the members of the council were seated in their usual manner, the war chief of the defeated party rose up and made a most vehement speech, frequently turning his fiery and revengeful eyes on Kenton during his speech. Girty was the next to rise and address the council. He told them that he had lived with them several years; that he had risked his life in that time more frequently than any of them; that they all knew that he had never spared the life of one of the hated Americans; that they well knew that he had never asked a division of the spoils; that he fought alone for the destruction of their enemies; and he now requested them to spare the life of this young man on his account. The young man, he said, was his early friend, for whom he felt the tenderness of a parent for a son, and he hoped, after the many evidences that he had given of his attach-

ment to the Indian cause, they would not hesitate to grant his request. If they would indulge him in granting his request to spare the life of this young man, he would pledge himself never to ask them again to spare the life of a hated American.

Several chiefs spoke in succession on this important subject; and with the most apparent deliberation, the council decided, by an overwhelming majority, for death. After the decision of this great court was announced, Girty went to Kenton, and embracing him very tenderly, said that he very sincerely sympathized with him in his forlorn and and unfortunate situation; that he had used all the efforts he was master of to save his life, but it was now decreed that he must die—that he could do no more for him. Awful doom!

It will be recollected, that this was in 1778, in the midst of the American revolution. Upper Sandusky was then the place where the British paid their western Indian allies their annuities; and as time might effect what his eloquence could not, Girty, as a last resort, persuaded the Indians to convey their prisoner to Sandusky, as there they would meet vast numbers to receive their presents; that the assembled tribes could there witness the solemn scene of the death of the prisoner. To this proposition the council agreed; and the prisoner was placed in the care of five Indians, who forthwith set off for Upper Sandusky. What windings, and twistings, and turnings, were seen in the fate of our hero.

As the Indians passed from Wapatomika to Upper Sandusky, they went through a small village on the river Scioto, where then resided the celebrated chief, Logan, of Jefferson memory. Logan, unlike the rest of his tribe, was humane as he was brave. At his wigwam the party who had the care of the prisoner, staid over night. During the evening, Logan entered into conversation with the prisoner. The next morning he told Kenton that he would detain the party that day—that he had sent two of his young men off the night before to Upper Sandusky, to speak a good word for him. Logan was great and good—the friend of all men. In the course of the following evening his young men returned, and early the next morning the guard set off with the prisoner for Upper Sandusky. When Kenton's party set off from Logan's, Logan shook hands with the prisoner, but gave no intimation of what might probably be his fate. The party went on with Kenton till they came in view of the Upper Sandusky town. The Indians

young and old, came out to meet and welcome the warriors and view the prisoner. Here he was not compelled to run the gauntlet. A grand council was immediately convened to determine upon the fate of Kenton. This was the fourth council which was held to dispose of the life of the prisoner. As soon as this grand court was organized and ready to proceed to business, a Canadian Frenchman, by the name of Peter Druyer, who was a captain in the British service, and dressed in the gaudy appendages of the British uniform, made his appearance in the council. This Druyer was born and raised in Detroit—he was connected with the British Indian agent department—was their principal interpreter in settling Indian affairs; this made him a man of great consequence among the Indians. It was to this influential man, that the good chief Logan, the friend of all the human family, sent his young men to intercede for the life of Kenton. His judgment and address were only equaled by his humanity. His foresight in selecting the agent who it was most probable could save the life of the prisoner, proves his judgment and his knowledge of the human heart. As soon as the grand council was organized, Capt. Druyer requested permission to address the council. This permission was instantly granted. He began his speech by stating, "that it was well-known that it was the wish and interest of the English that not an American should be left alive. That the Americans were the cause of the present bloody and distressing war—that neither peace nor safety could be expected, so long as these intruders were permitted to live upon the earth." This part of his speech received repeated grunts of approbation. He then explained to the Indians, "that the war to be carried on successfully, required cunning as well as bravery—that the intelligence which might be extorted from a prisoner, would be of more advantage, in conducting the future operations of the war, than would be the life of twenty prisoners. That he had no doubt but the commanding officer at Detroit could procure information from the prisoner now before them, that would be of incalculable advantage to them in the progress of the present war. Under these circumstances, he hoped they would defer the death of the prisoner till he was taken to Detroit, and examined by the commanding general. After which he could be brought back, and if thought advisable, upon further consideration, he might be put to death in any manner they thought proper." He next noticed, "that they had already a great deal of trouble and

fatigue with the prisoner without being revenged upon him ; but that they had got back all the horses the prisoner had stolen from them, and killed one of his comrades ; and to insure them something for their fatigue and trouble, he himself would give $100 in rum and tobacco, or any other articles they would choose, if they would let him take the prisoner to Detroit, to be examined by the British general." The Indians, without hesitation, agreed to Captain Druyer's proposition, and he paid down the ransom. As soon as these arrangements were concluded, Druyer and a principal chief set off with the prisoner for Lower Sandusky. From this place they proceeded by water to Detroit, where they arrived in a few days. Here the prisoner was handed over to the commanding officer, and lodged in the fort as a prisoner of war. He was now out of danger from the Indians, and was treated with the usual attention of prisoners of war in civilized countries. The British commander gave the Indians some additional remuneration for the life of the prisoner, and they returned satisfied to join their countrymen at Wapatomika.

As soon as Kenton's mind was out of suspense, his robust constitution and iron frame in a few days recovered from the severe treatment they had undergone. Kenton remained at Detroit until the June following, when he, with other prisoners, escaped, and after enduring great privations, rejoined their friends.

About the year 1802, he settled in Urbana, where he remained some years and was elected brigadier-general of militia. In the war of 1812, he joined the army of Gen. Harrison, and was in the battle of the Moravian town, where he displayed his usual intrepidity. About the year 1820, he moved to the head of Mad river. A few years after, through the exertions of Judge Burnet and General Vance, a pension of $20 per month was granted to him, which secured his declining age from want. He died in 1836, at which time he had been a member of the Methodist church about 18 years. The frost of more than eighty winters had fallen on his head without entirely whitening his locks. His biographer thus describes his personal appearance and character :

General Kenton was of fair complexion, six feet one inch in height. He stood and walked very erect ; and, in the prime of life, weighed about one hundred and ninety pounds. He never was inclined to be corpulent, although of sufficient fullness to form

a graceful person. He had a soft, tremulous voice very pleasing to the hearer. He had laughing gray eyes, which appeared to fascinate the beholder. He was a pleasant, good-humored and obliging companion. When excited, or provoked to anger (which was seldom the case,) the fiery glance of his eye would almost curdle the blood of those with whom he came in contact. His rage when roused was a tornado. In his dealing he was perfectly honest; his confidence in man, and his credulity, were such, that the same man might cheat him twenty times; and if he professed friendship, he might cheat him still.

JONATHAN ALDER.

Jonathan Alder was born in New Jersey, about eight miles from Philadelphia, September 17, 1773. When at about the age of seven years, his parents removed to Wythe county, Va., and his father soon after died.

In the succeeding March, (1782,) while out with his brother David, hunting for a mare and her colt, he was taken prisoner by a small party of Indians. His brother, on the first alarm, ran, and was pursued by some of the party. "At length, says Alder, "I saw them returning, leading my brother, while one was holding the handle of a spear, that he had thrown at him and run into his body. As they approached, one of them stepped up and grasped him around the body, while another pulled out the spear. I observed some flesh on the end of it, which looked white, which I supposed came from his entrails. I moved to him, and inquired if he was hurt, and he replied that he was. These were the last words that passed between us. At that moment he turned pale and began to sink, and I was hurried on, and shortly afterward saw one of the barbarous wretches coming up with the scalp of my brother in his hand, shaking off the blood.

The Indians having also taken prisoner a Mrs. Martin, a neighbor to the Alder's, with her young child, aged about four or five years, retreated towards their towns. Their route lay through the woods to the Big Sandy, down that stream to the Ohio, which they crossed, and from thence went overland to the Scioto, near Chillicothe, and so on to a Mingo village on Madriver.

Finding the child of Mrs. Martin burdensome, they soon killed and scalped it. The last member of her family was now destroyed, and she screamed in agony of grief. Upon this, one of the Indians caught her by the hair, and drawing the edge of his knife across her forehead cried, "sculp! sculp!" with the hope of stilling her cries. But, indifferent to life, she continued her screams, when they procured some switches, and whipped her until she was

silent. The next day, young Alder having not risen, through fatigue, from eating, at the moment the word was given, saw, as his face was to the north, the shadow of a man's arm with an uplifted tomahawk. He turned, and there stood an Indian, ready for the fatal blow. Upon this he let down his arm and commenced feeling his head. He afterwards told Alder it had been his intention to have killed him; but as he turned he looked so smiling and pleasant, that he could not strike, and on feeling of his head and noticing that his hair was very black, the thought struck him, that if he could only get him to his tribe he would make a good Indian; but that all that saved his life was the color of his hair.

After they crossed the Ohio they killed a bear, and remained four days to dry the meat for packing, and to fry out the oil, which last they put in the intestines, having first turned and cleaned them.

The village to which Alder was taken, belonged to the Mingo* tribe, and was on the north side of Mad river, which we should judge was somewhere within or near the limits of what is now Logan county. As he entered, he was obliged to run the gauntlet, formed by young children armed with switches. He passed thro' this ordeal with little or no injury, and was adopted into an Indian family. His Indian mother thoroughly washed him with soap and warm water with herbs in it, previous to dressing him in the Indian costume, consisting of a calico shirt, breech clout, leggins and moccasins. The family having thus converted him into an Indian, were much pleased with their new member. But Jonathan was at first very homesick, thinking of his mother and brothers. Everything was strange about him; he was unable to speak a word of their language; their food disagreed with him; and, childlike, he used to go out daily for more than a month, and sit under a large walnut tree near the village, and cry for hours at a time over his deplorable situation. His Indian father was a chief of the Mingo tribe, named Succohanos; his Indian mother was named Whinecheoh, and their daughters respectively answered to the good old English names of Mary, Hannah and Sally. Succohanos and Whinecheoh were old people, and had lost a son, in whose place they had adopted Jonathan. They took pity on the

*I am satisfied this town was on the farm of Alfred Johnson, in Mingo Valley.

little fellow, and did their best to comfort him, telling him that he would one day be restored to his mother and brothers. He says of them, "they could not have used their own son better, for which they shall always be held in most grateful remembrance by me." His Indian sister Sally, however, treated him "like a slave," and when out of humor, applied to him, in the Indian tongue, the unladylike epithet of "onorary, [mean,] lousy prisoner!" Jonathan for a time lived with Mary, who had become the wife of the chief, Col. Lewis. "In the fall of the year," says he, "the Indians would generally collect at our camp, evenings, to talk over their hunting expeditions. I would sit up to listen to their stories, and frequently fell asleep just where I was sitting. After they left, Mary would fix my bed, and with Col. Lewis, would carefully take me up and carry me to it. On these occasions they would often say—supposing me to be asleep—"poor fellow! We have sat up too long for him, and he has fallen asleep on the cold ground:" and then how softly would they lay me down and cover me up. Oh! never have I, nor can I, express the affection I had for these two persons."

Jonathan, with other boys, went into Mad river to bathe, and on one occasion came near drowning. He was taken out senseless, and some time elapsed ere he recovered. He says, "I remember, after I got over my strangle, I became very sleepy, and thought I could draw my breath as well as ever. Being overcome with drowsiness, I laid down to sleep, which is the last I remember. The act of drowning is nothing, but the coming to life is distressing. The boys, after they had brought me to, gave me a silver buckle, as an inducement not to tell the old folks of the occurrence, for fear they would not let me come with them again; and so the affair was kept secret."

When Alder had learned to speak the Indian language, he became more contented. He says, "I would have lived very happy if I could have had health; but for three or four years I was subject to very severe attacks of fever and ague. Their diet went very hard with me for a long time. Their chief living was meat and homminy; but we rarely had bread, and very little salt, which was extremely scarce and dear, as well as milk and butter. Honey and sugar were plentiful, and used a great deal in their cooking, as well as on their food."

When he was old enough, he was given an old English musket, and told that he must go out and learn to hunt. So he used to follow along the water courses, where mud turtles were plenty, and commenced his first assay upon them. He generally aimed under them, as they lay basking on the rocks; and when he struck the stone, they flew sometimes several feet in the air, which afforded great sport for the youthful marksman. Occasionally he killed a wild turkey or a raccoon; and when he returned to the village with his game, generally received high praise for his skill—the Indians telling him he would make "a great hunter one of these days."

We cannot, within our assigned limits, give many of the incidents and anecdotes related by Alder, or anything like a connected history of his life among the Indians. In the June after he was taken, occurred Crawford's defeat. He describes the anxiety of the squaws while the men were gone to the battle, and their joy on their returning with scalps and other trophies of the victory. He defends Simon Girty from the charge of being the instigator of the burning of Crawford, and states that he could not have saved his life, because he had no influence in the Delaware tribe, whose prisoner Crawford was. Alder was dwelling at the Macacheek towns when they were destroyed by Logan in 1786; was in the attack on Fort Recovery, in 1794, and went on an expedition into "Kaintucky to steal horses" from the settlers.

Alder remained with the Indians until after Wayne's treaty, in 1795. He was urged by them to be present on the occasion, to obtain a reservation of land which was to be given to each of the prisoners; but ignorant of its importance, he neglected going, and lost the land. Peace having been restored, Alder says, "I could now lie down with out fear, and rise up and shake hands with both the Indian and the white man."

The summer after the treaty, while living on Big Darby, Lucas Sullivant made his appearance in that region, surveying land, and soon became on terms of intimacy with Alder, who related to him a history of his life, and generously gave him the piece of land on which he dwelt; but there being some little difficulty about the title Alder did not consent and so lost it.

When the settlers first made their appearance on Darby, Alder could scarcely speak a word of English. He was then about 24

years of age, 15 of which had been passed with the Indians. Two of the settlers kindly taught him to converse in English. He had taken a squaw for a wife some time previous, and now began to farm like the whites. He kept hogs, cows and horses, sold milk and butter to the Indians, horses and pork to the whites, and accumulated property. He soon was able to hire white laborers, and being dissatisfied with his squaw—a cross, peevish woman—wished to put her aside, get a wife from among the settlers, and live like them. Thoughts too, of his mother and brothers, began to obtrude, and the more he reflected, his desire strengthened to know if they were living, and to see them once more. He made inquiries for them, but was at a loss to know how to begin, being ignorant of the name of even the State in which they were. When talking one day with John Moore, a companion of his, the latter questioned him where he was from. Alder replied that he was taken prisoner somewhere near a place called Greenbriar, and that his people lived by a lead mine, to which he used frequently to go and see the hands dig ore. Moore then asked him if he could recollect the names of any of his neighbors. After a little reflection, he replied, "Yes! a family of Gulions that lived close by us." Upon this, Moore dropped his head as if lost in thought, and muttered to himself, "Gulion! Gulion!" and then raising up replied, "My father and my self were out in that country, and we stopped at their house over one night, and if your people are living, I can find them."

Mr. Moore after this went to Wythe county, and inquired for the family of Alder; but without success, as they had removed from their former residence. He put up advertisements in various places, stating the facts, and where Alder was to be found, and then returned. Alder now abandoned all hopes of finding his family, supposing them to be dead. Some time after, he and Moore were at Franklinton, when he was informed there was a letter for him in the post office. It was from his brother Paul, stating that one of the advertisements was put up within six miles of him, and that he got it the next day. It contained the joyful news, that his mother and brothers were alive.

Alder, in making preparations to start for Virginia, agreed to separate from his Indian wife, divide the property equally, and take and leave her with her own people at Sandusky. But some difficulty arose in satisfying her. He gave her all the cows, 14 in number, worth $20 each, 7 horses, and much other property, reserv-

ing to himself only 2 horses and the swine. Besides these, was a small box, about 6 inches long, 4 wide and 4 deep, filled with silver, amounting probably to about $200, which he intended to take, to make an equal division. But to this she objected, saying the box was hers before marriage, and she would not only have it, but all it contained. Alder says, "I saw I could not get it without making a fuss, and probably having a fight, and told her if she would promise never to trouble nor come back to me, she might have it; to which she agreed."

Moore accompanied him to his brother's house, as he was unaccustomed to travel among the whites. They arrived there on horseback, at noon, the Sunday after new years. They walked up to the house and requested to have their horses fed, and pretending they were entire strangers, inquired who lived there. "I had concluded," says Alder, "not to make myself known for some time, and eyed my brother very close, but did not recollect his features. I had always thought I should have recognized my mother, by a mole on her face. In the corner sat an old lady, who I supposed was her, allthough I could not tell, for when I was taken by the Indians her head was as black as a crow, and now it was almost perfectly white. Two young women were pressent, who eyed me very close, and I heard one of them whisper to the other, "he looks very much like Mark," (my brother.) I saw they were about to discover me, and accordingly turned my chair around to my brother, and said, "You say your name is Alder?" "Yes," he replied, "my name is Paul Alder." "Well," I rejoined, "my name is Alder, too." Now it is hardly necessary to describe our feelings at that time; but they were very different from those I had when I was taken prisoner, and saw the Indian coming with my brother's scalp in his hand, shaking off the blood.

"When I told my brother that my name was Alder, he rose to shake hands with me, so overjoyed he could scarcely utter a word, and my old mother ran, threw her arms around me, while tears rolled down her cheeks. The first words she spoke, after she grasped me in her arms, were, "How you have grown!" and then she told me of a dream she had. Says she, "I dreamed that you had come to see me, and that you was a little *onorary* [mean] looking fellow, and I would not own you for my son; but now I find I was mistaken, that it is entirely the reverse, and I am proud to

own you for my son." I told her I could remind her of a few circumstances that she would recollect, that took place before I was made captive. I then related various things, among which was that the negroes, on passing our house on Saturday evenings, to spend Sundays with their wives, wauld beg pumpkins of her, and get her to roast them for them against their return on Monday morning. She recollected these circumstances, and said she had now no doubt of my being her son. We passed the balance of the day in agreeable conversation, and I related to them the history of my captivity, my fears and doubts, of my grief and misery the first year after I was taken. My brothers at this time were all married, and Mark and John had moved from there. They were sent for, and came to see me; but my half brother John had moved so far, that I never got to see him at all."

REMARKS OF JOSHUA ANTRIM

AT THE PIONEERS' PIC-NIC AT THE LOGAN COUNTY FAIR GROUNDS, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

If I understand the object of the Western Ohio Pioneers' Association, or any other association of this character, it is to record and preserve, and hand down to posterity, a reliable history of all the important events and incidents that have occurred since the first settlement of our country. The Western Pioneer Association, as its name would indicate, has a considerable breadth of territory to explore, and would cordially invite all those within its bounds to aid them in their labors. I shall not on this occasion attempt to explore but a very small part of this domain, but shall confine my remarks principally to the early settlement of Logan County. I find in the transactions of kindred associations, and in the history of Ohio, incidents recorded which in themselves are apparently of very little importance, yet they are links in the chain of events that unite the pleasant memories of the past with the present. A desire for immortality is an instinct of our nature, and anything that will secure it is eagerly sought for by mankind. Individuals and nations have expended millions of money and hundreds of lives to reach the North Pole, all for what? Why, if nothing more than this is achieved, the man, as Professor Sontag says, who first sets foot on the North Pole has won for himself an imperishable name. Columbus first discovered America, and his name is as familliar to us as our own. Balboa first looked upon the broad expanse of the Pacific Ocean. DeSoto was the first to see the great Mississippi and bathe in its turbid

waters. Penn settled Pennsylvania, and Boone Kentucky. Herostratus burned the great Temple of Diana at Ephesus for no other purpose but to immortalize his name. Beyond this, very little is known of many of them, yet they have secured an imperishable name.

I say now, as I did about one year ago at this place, that the first settlers of this county did not come here actuated by the spirit of adventure. They did not come merely for the purpose of hunting and trapping, like Boone, Kenton and others—not that I would say anything disparagingly of those venerated names—but they were a different class of men.

The first white men that set foot on the soil of Logan county, were reared—the most of them—near Philadelphia, in New Jersey, where they were familiar with the refinements, comforts and conveniences of a highly cultivated people. Bred to agricultural pursuits, they sought a home in the State of Virginia; from thence they came to this county to seek a permanent home. Being Quakers, they were actuated by the noble spirit of the illustrious founders of their sect, Fox and Penn; nor were they prompted by any mercenary motives of speculation. Out of the reach of civilization, one hundred miles from any markets—Zanesville, Chillicothe and Cincinnati being the nearest—we see them wending their way through the majestic forests of Ohio, to their new home in this county, surrounded by an entirely different class of circumstances from those they had ever seen before. They set themselves down in the dead of winter, in their little tents, with no one to greet or welcome them to their new home. Naught was heard save the sighing of the winter's wind as it passed through the naked tops of the lofty forest trees, that waved for miles around, to the winter's blast. They soon became familiar to the crack of the Indian's rifle and the war hoop. Thus defenseless and alone did they trust to the God of their fathers; in peace and quietness did they pass through life.

The first white settler in Logan county was Job Sharp, who came to what is now Zane township, on Christmas day, 1801, with a four horse team. His wife Phebe, and three children, Achsah, his oldest daughter, Joshua his only son, Sarah his youngest daughter, and Carlisle Haines, his brother-in-law, composed the little group. He settled on the farm now owned by Lucius Cochran, where he

lived until his death, which occurred in January, 1822. They hastily erected a rude shelter to protect them from the winter blast, from the majestic forest that waved over their defenseless heads. It was what is called by backwoodsmen a three-faced camp. The day they arrived, the ground being covered with snow they found four bee trees; they discovered these trees by seeing the bees lying on the snow. In the spring of 1802, Mr. Sharp set out the first apple orchard, containing about four acres; most of the trees are still standing, and bearing fruit sufficient for the family on the farm, though of an inferior quality. A pear tree now stands by the door, that was brought from Chillicothe as a riding switch by his wife the next year after they had settled here, which has borne fruit more or less every year since it commenced bearing. Here, too, in 1805, was built the first grist mill. It was run by the water that came from two fine springs on the premises, which were united near the headgate. The traces of the ditches are still visible. Though Mr. Sharp built this little mill for his own accommodation, with no thought of public utility, yet as soon as it was known people came from a great distance to get their corn and wheat ground. Here, too, the first respectable hewed log house was erected, in 1808, with a shingle roof. It is yet a good house, of two stories, three rooms and cellar, and two bedrooms up stairs —in all, five rooms. I am told by an old pioneer that the first roof was put on with wooden pins, and the lumber was all sawed with a whip-saw. About the years 1802–3–4–5, the relatives and acquaintances of Mr. Sharp settled around him, and like himself, most of them being Quakers, they built the first meeting-house in the county, which was also used for a school-house. It was built in 1807, near where the present school-house now stands, and hard by the first regular graveyard laid off in the county, about one mile north of Middleburg. I would say just here that the Methodists, those indomitable pioneers of religion, were among the early settlers of the county, and they and the Quakers held their meetings alternately in the same log meeting-house. Around this little nucleus, in a course of time, a great many others gathered, who settled in various portions of the county, and among the rest, our venerable chaplain, George McCulloch.

Among the incidents worthy of note, to be recorded and placed among the archives of this association, is the birth of the first white child in the county, which occurred in the year 1804, in Zane

township. This was Daniel Antrim, son of Thomas Antrim and Esther his wife. Mr. Antrim does not claim any special merit for his being the first white child born in the county in which you live, as it is evident he could not well help it.

Another incident occurred, of a more startling character, that aroused the sympathies of the people. It was the fearful announcement on the second day of June, 1816, that the little son of James Curl, about seven years of age, was lost in the woods. Mr. Curl then lived in what is now Perry township, on the farm now owned by Joshua Ballinger. For eight days this little fellow wandered in an unbroken wilderness infested by wolves, panthers and other voracious animals, unharmed, and finally on the evening of the eighth day he found his way to the house of a Mr. Tyler on the Scioto river, being between twenty and thirty miles in a direct line from where he started, having traveled more than one hundred miles in his wanderings through a trackless forest, naked and almost famished; he was joyfully received and kindly cared for by Mr. Tyler and his family, and speedily returned to his bereaved but now happy parents.

Nothing occurred seriously to mar the peace and happiness of this part of the country until 1812, when the tocsin of war was again sounded, and public attention was diverted from the peaceful pursuits of domestic life, when the British again attempted to place the iron heel of despotism on the neck of the American people, and aroused the slumbering malice of the Indian against his white brother by offering a price for American scalps. They then threw down the calumet of peace they had been smoking, and grasped the war club and scalping-knife, and flourished them again over the heads of the defenceless pioneers. It was then that our young men, always ready to respond to the call of their country, left the peaceful pursuits of life and buckled on their armor and rushed to the rescue of their country from British tyranny. It was then that those rude defences called block-houses were built in this country, namely, Zanesfield, McPherson's, Vance's and Manary's. The one at Zanesfield I have seen. It was here Capt. Joseph Euans had his men quartered in 1813. Among those now living that were quartered here are Jose H. Garwood, Caleb Ballinger, Isaac Warner, Walter Marshal and John Sharp. All of them are still living in this county except Mr. Garwood, who now lives in North Lewisburg, Champaign county.

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen, I would say, just fifty-seven years ago to-day, Oliver Hazard Perry might have been seen in an open boat leaving the wreck of the Lawrence, his flag ship, and making his way in the midst of a heavy fire from the enemy, to the Niagara, where he ran up his flag just as the Lawrence went down, and before night be was master of the lakes and sent the ever memorable dispatch to General Harrison: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

THE NEW COURT-HOUSE.

A SKETCH OF THE EARLY CIVIL HISTORY OF LOGAN COUNTY, DELIVERED BY DR B. S. BROWN, AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER STONE OF THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

Logan county was organized in 1818, and its boundaries at that time extended north to the Maumee river, and included what is now Hardin, Hancock and Wood counties, and also on the east side a small part of what is now Union and Wyandotte counties. A very large proportion of the country included within these boundaries, was, however, what was called Indian Territory, it not having been ceded to the United States till after that time. All that part of the present limits of our county north of the Greenville Treaty Line belonged to the Indian Territory, and cut off about one-third of the county. This line was run from the northern part of Darke county through several counties northeast of Logan. It passed about four miles north of Bellefontaine, crossed near the middle of Rushcreek Lake, and was nearly two miles south of the present village of Huntsville. The present limits of the county was divided into nearly equal halves by what is called Ludlow's line, which was to be run from the head of the little Miami to the head of the Scioto river. This line passes through the eastern part of our village. The part lying northeast of that line was called Virginia Military Land; all between the heads of the Little Miami and the Scioto rivers having been reserved by the State of Virginia for the payment of her Revolutionary soldiers when she ceded the N. W. Territory to the United States. This land was not regularly surveyed into townships, sections, &c., but warrants were issued by Virginia to each soldier entitled to them, and they might locate them in whatever place and shape they pleased, so that it had not

been previously located and surveyed. This produced great confusion in the surveys, and often in the titles, and frequent litigations which greatly enhanced the business of the lawyers and of the courts. These individual land warrants were, however, mostly bought up by speculators and land-jobbers, at a merely nominal price—if at any price at all—so that many could estimate their lands by tens of thousands, and some by hundreds of thousands of acres. The first courts of common pleas of Logan county were held in 1818, in the town of Bellville, a small village of five or six houses a mile and a half directly south of the public square in Bellefontaine. The common pleas courts of those days were composed of three Associate Judges elected by the people of each county, and one Presiding Judge for a district composed of several counties. The first associate judges of this county were James McIlvain, Levi Garwood and John Shelby, and the first presiding Judge was Orris Parish of Columbus.

James Cooly, Esq., of Urbana, was appointed Prosecuting Attorney, Nicholas Pickerell Sheriff, and Samuel Newell, Clerk *pro. tem.* The first County Commissioners were Robert Smith, Solomon McColloch and William McBeth; they met at Bellville, April 14, 1818; on the 23d they appointed Martin Marmon, County Treasurer, and on the 25th Thomas Thompson, County Recorder. The fees of County Treasurer for 1819, amounted to the sum of $20,80.

The committee appointed to examine and establish a site for the location of the county-seat of Logan county, agreed in 1818 to locate it on Mad river about two miles below Zanesfield, on Solomon McColloch's farm and some adjoining lands, but upon examination some doubts arose as to the validity of the title to said land, much prejudice existing at that time against the Virginia Military Land titles, in consequence of the frequent litigation which had grown out of them. Consequently in 1819 that location was set aside, and the location permanently fixed on the lands of John Tullis, William Powell and Leonard Houtz, on what was called Congress land. On December 28, 1819, this action was reported to and approved by the court, and Solomon McColloch appointed Director of the town of Bellefontaine, the name of the new county-seat.

The proprietors of the land agreed to donate to the county every alternate lot in the town, and also a block of the size of four lots "for building a court-house upon, and one of the same size in the north ~~east~~ WEST corner of the town, the north half of which was to be

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used for a burying-ground and the south half for the purpose of building meeting houses upon." In the fore-part of 1820, Solomon McColloch, director, surveyed and laid off in lots the town plat; there were 248 lots, and he received from the proprietors deeds for the public square above mentioned, and all the even-numbered lots, according to the agreement. In the summer of the same year these county lots were advertised for sale, and many of them sold at public auction. The two lots which brought the highest price were: No. 140 immediately north of the public square, for $430, and No. 108 opposite the northwest corner of the square, (now called the Rutan corner) for $305. In June, 1820, the County Commissioners —deeming it unadvisable to build a *temporary* court-house on the public square appropriated for a *permanent* one—contracted to have a frame building put up on lot No. 142, in which to hold the courts till a proper house could be built on the public square, but for various causes they failed to get it finished until 1823. It was finished by Vachel Blaylock in that year. Its size was 36x24 feet, two stories high, and is the same building which is the north end of the Union House, now occupied as a hotel by Capt. John B. Miller. The courts were not held in Bellville but a few terms, for soon after the location of the permanent county-seat at Bellefontaine, they were removed to the private residence of John Tullis, one of the proprietors of the town, who lived in a log house near the southwest corner of the town, immediately east of the railroad engine house. In this house the courts were held until 1823, when they were removed to the new frame house above spoken of, where they remained till the completion of the brick court-house on the public square, which was recently torn down, demolished and removed to make room for the new and splendid court-house now in course of erection.

The town of Bellville has long ceased to exist as a village; it is now partly a corn field and partly a pasture, in which are many forest trees. The first jail in the county was built on the public square, near the north east corner, on the ground now occupied by the present stone and brick jail which is shortly to be taken down. It was built several years previous to the erection of the brick court-house. Although it was a wooden structure, a prisoner would perhaps have found it as difficult to break out of as any in the State, in any other way than by the grated door. The walls were of logs, hewn about 15 inches square, neatly dove-tailed at the corners.

Outside of this was another wall all around, of the same material, and put up in the same manner, leaving a space between the two walls of about 10 or 12 inches which was filled up with loose stones. The floors above and below, were of logs of the same size, but of only one thickness.

Some few prisoners were confined in this jail, even before it had a roof, except some loose plank laid upon poles. The Square around at that time, was a thicket of brush, undergrowth, and forest trees. The contract for building the brick Court-house was made September 9, 1831. The stone and brick was awarded to Wm. Bull, for $900, and he received an extra $150 for a few courses of cut stone above ground which had not been provided for in the original contract. The wood work was awarded to John Wheeler and George Shuffleton for $1,000. All the contractors were citizens of this town at the time. The house was built in 1832, and finished in 1833, in the latter part of which year, the courts were first held in it. September 11, 1831, the contract to build the two brick offices north and south of the Court-house, was awarded to Captain William Watson for $650. They were built in 1833, and torn down and removed at the same time that the Court-house was; viz: in 1870.

The contracts for building the new Court-house now in the process of erection on the site of the old one, were awarded in 1870 as follows, viz: 1. The entire mason work to Rouser, Boren & Co., of Dayton, for the sum of $28,168.80. 2. The cut stone work to Webber & Lehman of Dayton, for $20,000. 3. The entire carpenter work (including tiling, clock and bell) to Harwood & Thomas of Cincinnati, for $13,600. 4. The galvanized iron and tin work to W. F. Gebhart of Dayton, for $7,644.60. 5. The entire wrought and cast iron work to D. S. Rankin & Co., of Cincinnati, for $23,000. 6. Painting ond glazing to Wiseman and Hays of Cleveland, for $5,132.69. 7. Heating and ventilation to Peter Martin of Cincinnati, for $6,507.80. 8. Plumbing and gas fitting to Thos. A. Cosby of Cleveland, for $1,419.09. Total on Court-house, $105,598.08. The contract for building the new Jail on lot No. 159, east of the Public Square, was awarded to Rouzer & Rouzer of Dayton, for $27,895.

PIONEER SKETCHES.

BY WILLIAM HALLER.

John Haller, my father, was a native of Pennsylvania, but went to Kentucky about the year 1796, when quite a young man. He was a spare, active man; weight, about 135 pounds, auburn hair, medium complexion, of great energy and ingenuity. My mother was a Virginian, and was brought to Kentucky in childhood. Father and mother were married in 1798, but mother died when I was a youth. About 1796 my father came to Ohio, in company with others, on foot, to look at the country, then an Indian wilderness. He was delighted with the rich valleys of Miami and Madriver. In 1807 he again explored the Madriver valley. I well remember how well pleased he was with the country, and he proposed to emigrate; but the war cloud was gathering between this and the mother country, and he with others hesitated, as it was certain that the savages would unite with the British and resent the intruding pale-faced emigrants. But, finally, my father resolved to brave the danger, and in October 1812 bade adieu to Kentucky soil and friends, and landed in Urbana, then of but few inhabitants. Here he followed his trade of blacksmithing until 1814. He bought land, and settled near the mouth of Nettle Creek, still following his trade, and was the only smith that tempered edge tools in these parts. Axes could not then be bought as now. My father could make a good ax, an indespensible article in this timbered country. His fame spread through the Buck Creek country, up the Miami about Sidney, on Lost Creek, among the Hunter's and Enoch's near West Liberty, and on the west side of the river, the Kavanaugh's, and Beard's, and Fuson's, and all inter-

vening settlements. At about forty-five years of age he joined the M. E. Church, and was rigid in the observance of discipline. He opposed the use of alcoholic drinks, nor would he suffer such in anything about the house or on the place. He filled the office of Justice of the Peace a number of years. He finally sold here, and settled near Defiance, where he died very triumphantly.

Land was sold in tracts of 160 acres, in payment of $80 at entry, and payments annually until all paid; but if not all paid, the land was forfeited to the Government. This being an Indian country, very few moneyed men would risk life of self and family among cruel savages. The emigrants were mostly men of no means, and those were men of wonderful nerve, beyond civilization, among barbarous savages, a dense forest to hew out, and no means, with all the liabilities incident to emigration. Let our kid-gloved ladies and gentlemen of the present day think what their fathers and mothers endured! But they had the grit. Don't be ashamed of them; they were the highest type of our race.

As early as the first of the present century, some families emigrated to what is now Madriver township, and settled on lands, and paid the first installment, and commenced building and clearing. Having to clear first, then make the money out of the products of the soil to pay for the land, is it strange that some failed, as they did, and lost all the money paid—their improvements and land besides! As great injustice as was ever practiced by any Government to her subjects.

Perhaps but few countries were settled under greater disadvantages; but the fine soil and climate were very inviting to home seekers, and they came. We now call attention to some of these noble families: William Ross, Charles Rector and Christopher Weaver, settled just above Tremont. These were from Kentucky. Rector and Ross were brothers-in-law, and settled in the rich valley of Madriver. Ross was of medium stature, and had wonderful strength and endurance. Rector was larger, was also strong and very hardy. These men and families were fitted for new country life, and were valuable Christian men and families. One of Rector's sons lives near the old homestead, and is a valuable Christian man. Weaver settled on the banks of Stones Creek, just above the Madriver valley; a man of fine stature, an upright Christian man; and one of his sons lives in Urbana now, very aged, has ac-

quired great wealth, and is one of the finest financiers of Urbana. The above three men, Ross, Rector and Weaver, came here about the first of the present century, and were silvered with gray when I first knew them. Weaver had camp-meeting on his land many years.

One Thomas Redman settled just above the falling springs; he had located, but before the war of 1812, retraced his steps back to Kentucky.

One Terman settled just up the valley, but sold to John Pence at a very early day. Pence built a grist-mill on Nettle Creek, but finally sold to Louis Pence and went west. He came from Virginia; and so did William Runkle, afterwards Judge Runkle, who was a tanner by trade, a very kind neighbor, and had an excellent wife and family, none of whom are in this country now.

William Owens settled on Nettle Creek in 1797 or 1798, and was remarkable for eccentricity, but died in middle life. Abram Shocky was from Kentucky, settled on Nettle Creek and built a saw mill, and was the most remarkable man in some respects that I ever knew. He was sandy complexioned, muscular in form, about 175 pounds weight, and certainly the greatest pedestrian that was ever in the State if not in the United States. He was a near neighbor, and I have seen him start with a company of good trotting horses and keep ahead. One circumstance will illustrate his walking abilities. There was a tract of land not far off that was well timbered with poplar, belonging to Uncle Sam. Shocky was hauling to his mill. One evening, as he was coming in with a log, Judge Runkle met and said to him, "You cannot haul any more logs from that land, for I have sent Jo. Sims to Cincinnati this morning to enter it." The next morning as Sims was going to Cincinnati, he met Shockey going home. Then Shockey revealed to him that he had entered said land. Circumstances confirmed the fact, and Sims and Shockey went home together, one on foot, the other on horseback.

This Sims was a Kentuckian, and as stout as any in Madriver township, then or since; a lean, broad-shouldered man of about 220 pounds weight. Henry and Abram Pence were among the early emigrants from Virginia. They were Baptists, and were good, consistent men, and were a nucleus around which formed a flourishing Baptist Church. They were good neighbors, and died

full of years, and in death exemplified the power of grace to save in a dying hour. Abram was remarkable for honesty. One of his daughters lives near, and a son on part of the old homestead, possessing much of their father's qualities.

Some farther up Nettle Creek there was a neighborhood of Shenandoah Valley Virginians. The Wiants, Kites, Loudenbacks, Runkles, Normans, and Jinkenses, many of them valuable citizens and generally the stoutest, hardiest men that settled from any country. John Wiant was a tanner, and was master of his trade; consequently was highly useful in his day. Some of his sons are fine business men, and one is a very talented Baptist Minister.

Thomas Kenton (Simon Kenton's nephew,) and Ezekiel Arrowsmith were brothers-in-law. Kenton was a native of Virginia; Arrowsmith of Maryland, but lived a time in Kentucky; in 1801 he came to the Madriver valley. Kenton was a good-sized, well-made man—a man of great endurance and energetic industry. Perhaps the first election held in the township in 1805 was held in his house. He lived to a great age. Arrowsmith was slender, rather tall and active when young. With this family I connected. There were five boys and four girls living when I became acquainted with them, and thirty years acquaintance gave me a fine opportunity to know them, and when together, I think they were as agreeable a family as I ever knew. Arrowsmith's wife was Simon Kenton's niece; and all that knew her will bear me witness, that she was among the kindest women that ever lived. All the Kenton family were remarkable for strength of memory, and the above-named Thomas Kenton seemed never to forget anything that he had known. These were valuable citizens, and the first Methodist society which was organized in this part of the township, met at Ezekiel Arrowsmith's, and his house was a place of preaching for many years.

Archibald McGrew came from Pennsylvania, and settled on a fine tract of land. He was a well-made, stout, hardy man, and lived to a great age, and aided in the improvement of the country.

Christian Stevens came to Ohio from Pennsylvania, and intended to purchase land where Zanesville now stands, but the town site was fixed on his choice, and he left abruptly and went to Kentucky, and stayed there about two years, then came to this part of Ohio. He was a Methodist, and he opened his house as a place for preaching, and there I joined the church fifty-three years since.

Elisha and Wm. Harbour were Virginians, but came to Ohio among the first settlers. They were valuable citizens. I lived by them many years, and more honest men I never knew.

I will now speak of Rev. Robert McFarland, of public notoriety, who came to Ohio in the year ——. He was a lean, slender man, dark complexioned, black hair; weight about 155 pounds when in middle life. He was called an exhorter, but he preached as did the Apostles. A Virginian by birth, but was taken to Kentucky when young, and lastly came to Ohio. He unloaded his goods by an oak log near where the Union Church now stands, then a dense forest; he has pointed me to the spot as we rode by. His purse contained about four dollars, two of which he gave to his teamster for expense money. What a prospect this! After living some time on the east side of the river, he bought land and settled west on Anderson's creek, in Concord township. He being a Methodist, gathered around him a flourishing society, and his house became a preaching place. Methodism is indebted more to him, than any man in that part of the country. His closing hours were truly exaltic.

I may speak a few words of Simon Kenton, of historic fame. I knew him in Urbana in 1814; he was then quite old. Afterward, I saw him at his relatives many times. Though bowed by age, yet the beholder could see that muscle and mind gave evidence of former nobleness and strength and generous heart impulses. I only give this as a passing tribute; western history amplifies his worth.

I may be permitted to speak of Thomas Grafton, though not of Madriver township. He grew up, and married among the hills of Virginia; but could see no site for a living there. I was well acquainted with Grafton, and got these things from him. He packed up and started towards the northwest, as Jacob of old, not knowing whither he went; he traveled into Ohio until he reached the dense beach forest nine miles west of Urbana. There he unloaded and built a camp for shelter, and soon reared a cabin, and commenced clearing. He, like others, had to clear and then cultivate and sell the products to pay for the land on which the crop grew. He raised wheat, and once sold 400 bushels for $100, to pay for his land; but salt was hard to get, and as the surest way was to go to the factory, so Grafton steered to the Scioto salt works, cutting his way through, a distance of eighty miles. When he arrived, his

clothes were torn, had no money, but told his errand. The proprietor scanned him, and then said, I suppose you will pay me, and let him have the salt, after saying, you wear good clothes. He sold one barrel of that salt for $27. When he became aged, he seemed to be in his elements, if he could take a four-horse load of his neighbor women to Urbana, on a trading expedition. He lived to a great age; he died without regret, regretted by all. In those days, people manufactured their own wear. There were few sheep in the country, consequently wool was quite an object. My father sent my oldest brother to Kentucky for fifty pounds of wool, which he brought out on a horse. Father brought a flock of sheep to Urbana, and sold them to the farmers around town; perhaps all the sheep in the country in early times descended from them.

One Bassel West bought a cow of my former father-in-law on credit, and after long credit he paid for the cow, saying that he did not think he could have raised his family without the cow.

But the forest began to be dotted with inhabitants, and as emigration poured in, the hunting grounds of the savages were owned by the pale-faces, and the bones of their ancestors were plowed over by strangers. These things outraged the forbearance and former kindness of the red men of the forest, and depredations were not uncommon, and at one time after certain misdemeanors, alarm spread with both parties, and a council was called to meet at Springfield. The parties met. General William Ward represented the whites. Tecumseh was advocate for the Indians. An amicable adjustment was made. Tecumseh's speeches on that occasion were never translated, and this I regret; some of my friends were there who thought them as fine specimens of eloquence as they ever listened to. His interpreter said he could not give force to them, he seemed to surpass Ward greatly in point of force.

I will be pardoned for speaking more at length of this savage chieftain. He was born in 1768, in Piqua, an old Indian town of the Shawnees, on the west bank of Madriver, five miles west of Springfield, and was one of three at a birth. His father was of the Kiscopoke (or Kicapoo) tribe; his mother of the Shawnees nation. He was above medium stature; his personal appearance was dignified and commanding; as a speaker, he was fluent and clear, with a musical tone of voice. His speeches were ornamented by striking illustrations and lofty flights at the council. At Spring-

field, above alluded to, he evinced great force and dignity. As a warrior, he was brave but humane. Ardent in his country's cause, he keenly resented the encroachments of the whites, yet extended protection to the captive. Early in life he distinguished himself in several skirmishes with the whites, but was not promoted to the chiefship till he was about thirty years of age.

In witnessing the onward rolling tide of white emigration, he anticipated the fall of his native land. The thought of the mouldering remains of departed kindred, whose resting place would be disturbed by strangers, prompted feelings of resentment; he conceived the importance of concentrating all the Indian forces west, south and north, in one united effort of extermination and opposition; he set out on a tour to the south, visiting all the Indian tribes contiguous to his route, urging the necessity of immediate action. Meeting one tribe in Louisiana who refused aid, Tecumseh stamped his foot on the ground and said, the Great Spirit would shake the earth, in evidence of His displeasure. The threatened phenomenon strangely occurred as predicted in the shock of 1811, to the great alarm of the delinquent nation. But war spread her wings of blood over the country, and ere the contemplated arrangement could be effected, Harrison had struck the blow on the Tippecanoe that forever sealed the savage fate. But Tecumseh was not yet subdued, but traveled north, gathering to his standard a remnant who, like himself, could be overpowered but not conquered, united with the dastardly Proctor, who was greatly inferior in generalship, intelligence, and humanity, and was charged by Tecumseh with cowardice, and was repeatedly urged by the savage chief to active duty.

When Perry achieved the victory on the Lake, the British gave up Lake Erie, and thought of drawing off their land forces, when Tecumseh addressed them, illustrating their infidelity by keen sarcasm. This speech was translated and read shortly afterward, and may be seen in history at this day.

But the land forces under Harrison on the one hand, and Proctor and Tecumseh on the other, were yet pending. Just previous to the engagement, the fated chieftain seemed to realize his doom, and said to his companions, "I shall not survive this conflict; but if it is the will of the Great Spirit, I wish to deposit my bones with those of my ancestors." He drew his sword and added, "When I am dead, take this sword; and when my son grows to

manhood, give it to him!" Soon the forces engage in deadly conflict. The thundering tones of Tecumseh rose above the roar of battle, in the fiercest of the conflict; at the head of his band he deals death around him, till overpowered by numbers, the mighty chief, tain sinks in death's cold embrace. On seeing their leader slain, the remnant of the savage forces retreated in confusion, leaving the field with the dying and the dead to the victors. When he fell, Tecumseh was about forty-five years of age. With the opportunities of some great men, perhaps this noble son of the forest would have been second to none that have set foot.on the continent of any color.

Disheartened and driven back, the poor savage has been compelled to seek a home on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains, near the coast of the mighty western waters.

The whites again claim their hunting grounds. Like Noah's dove, they have no place on which to rest the sole of the foot. Many powerful tribes have become extinct, bearing no trace of former greatness—perhaps in a few revolving centuries not a vestige of the once powerful tribes will remain to rehearse the sad story of their fate. In the language of Logan, the lamenting Mingo chief, not a drop of pure Indian blood will run in the veins of any living creature.

Hostilities having now ceased, emigrants of all creeds and nationalities came among us, bringing their predilections with them. An outgrowth of privilege to worship according to conscientious views was granted with readiness, and at first it was found expedient to unite irrespective of predilections, and worship harmoniously together. Dwellings were freely opened, and those little bands would worship harmoniously together, until each acquired strength sufficient, then societies were organized; soon log meeting houses were built, though of rude construction, yet songs of praise would reverberate in the forests from those temples. A log house was built by the Methodists on the land of William Ross, named above. The next was a Baptist Church on Nettlecreek, also of logs; and in youth and early manhood I worshiped there, though not a member. In 1820 a log church was built by the Methodists, on the land of Christian Stevens. There I worshiped for many years. These buildings were not comfortable. As soon as circumstances would permit, more commodious houses were erected. The

Methodists have a brick in Tremont, also in Westville—the Baptists have a fine brick church on the site of the old log.

Rev. Robert McFarland served as class leader, for the first class organized in this part of the township, and that met at Ezekiel Arrowsmith's. Next said class met at Stevens', and until the log meeting house was built—Bro. McFarland still serving until a society was organized in his neighborhood. His house was opened for preaching and class, until a log house was built partly on his own land, which gave place to a brick, and lately they have built one of the finest brick country churches in the county. These churches stand where the tall trees of the forest once bowed to God who bade them grow.

The men who used to bring glad tidings of great joy to the disconsolate, should have a place in history, and be held in everlasting remembrance. I will give the name of some of them, and first of the Baptist brethren, to-wit: John Thomas, John Gutridge, Wm. Harper, Moses Frazee, Willis Hance, Daniel Bryant, Thomas Price, John Norman, Samuel Williams, and some whose names I do not remember; all these I have heard preach at Nettlecreek. I will add William Fuson. Now of the Methodist brethren—Henry B. Bascom, Moses Trader, Adjet McGuire, Robert, James and John Findly, John Strange, Russel Biglow, John Collins, W. H. Raper, Augustus Eddy, George Marly, George Walker, Michael Marly, Leroy Swormsted and Daniel D. Davidson—these are all gone.

It might be matter of interest to some at least, if the peculiarities and personal appearance of some of the most remarkable of these men were given. This I do from memory, and may not be entirely correct. Yet, in the main, I think I will be nearly so. I may not give them in the order as they came.

I take the Baptist brethren first. John Thomas was a small, light man, dark hair and complexion, deliberate, cautious, not venturesome, great strength and endurance for one of his size. Gutridge was just the opposite; fluent, bold, assuming; would dash ahead if he did run against a stump, which he sometimes did. He cared for his stomach. 'In a travel once he stopped with a sister for dinner, on wash day. It was about dinner time. When seated at table the lady said they had a plain dinner. Yes, said Gutridge, it is plain fare, but wholesome diet. The lady replied: "If you are a good man it is good enough; if not, a thousand times too good." Frazee was prized by his brethren for his adherence to his doc-

trines, and had considerable ability to defend them. Willis Hance was acceptable among his brethren. Daniel Bryant is still living. I have heard him when young, and since he has become aged, and feel it just to say that I consider him among the talented in any branch of the Christian church. For originality, is not surpassed by any of his brethren that I have heard. Thomas Price has been esteemed by his brethren for his piety; I would say a zeal, but not according to knowledge. James Dunlap was an old-times preacher. Was popular in his day. I have spoken of my Baptist brethren that I had known in youth and early manhood; I may now speak of my Methodist brethren, of whom I know more, and can say more. Bascom was among the first. Somewhat foppish in appearance, of medium stature. He had great command of language. At the time, his audiences were spell-bound; but soon the enchantment would evaporate, and you had only to fall back on the occasion. Trader was able, but contentious, and seemed to say I am watching you. McGuire was able, benignant, and wished you to see the purity and appropriateness of the gospel system. Old Robert Findly had great ability, even when aged; was strict, rigid of law and order, and drilled his flock. John Findly was mild, persuasive, and logical. James Findly was a large muscular man, bold, determined, defiant, ready for combat, and was a Boanerges, and would awe into reverence. You would think he intended to try to shake creation, and yet sometimes he would touch the sympathies of his hearers. Rufel Biglow was quite small, and almost homely to deformity. When he preached, he would lay his premises as carefully as a skillful general would arrange his forces for battle, he would comprehend the obstacles to be overcome, see that his forces were sufficient, every officer in his place, men and munitions all properly arranged, and then the word given, shell and shot, small and large arms, grape and cannister, as though the heavens and earth were coming together, and in the consternation would charge bayonets, and complete the destruction. Such seemed to be his power over men. John Collins was spare, light and sprightly; his method was conversational; with rich, mellow voice, a heart throbbing with tender emotions—he would commence talking to you; his kindness would win on you, till you would be in his power, then he would deal out some circumstance so pathetically given, that the whole audience would weep in perfect response to the preacher's wish. After you were seated and

had listened awhile you could not leave if you would, nor you would not if you could. Augustus Eddy was a fine looking man, and had a clear, strong, musical voice. The intonations seemed to have a magic power over you, as he would urge to pause and think, and you would be likely to promise.

John Strong I had forgotten. He was a slender, tall man, prepossessing in appearance; when speaking he would throw out his shrill, strong voice, till he would arrest attention, then he would hold you in a kind of suspense as though some commotion in nature was in expectation. The sinner would be in state of alarm, then he would summon all his strength and pierce the wicked as though a well-aimed gun had sent a ball to pierce the heart, and sometimes sinners would fall as if shot in reality.

William H. Raper was perhaps as fine a looking man as I ever looked on. The attention of the audience would never fail to be attracted by the noble dignity of the preacher, and the inevitable conclusion would be, "that you are a finished gentleman and a wise counsellor," and you would cheerfully take a seat near the speaker; his clear logic and profound thought so modestly given, would prepossess you in his favor; you would begin to desire his companionship, and thus he could lead you against your preconceived opinions.

George Marly was the most remarkable for native eccentricity of any in my knowledge. He had good preaching abilities. His audience would alternate between laughing and crying, just at Marly's pleasure, and it was perfectly natural—it may have been unavoidable. He was desired to preach once at each conference.

George Walker was a large, stout man, with a strong voice, vehement in his manner. His assaults were made as by storm; his spirit was to kill or be killed; not compromising, nothing daunted or impeding, but onward to victory. His mantle has fallen on but few. Leroy Swarmsted traveled here when a young man, or rather, a white-headed boy; he was medium in stature; I only remember that he was quite able. Daniel D. Davidson was a lean, long man, of good size, and very fine voice and good preaching abilities — a faithful pastor, and able divine.

Michael Marly, (the last of a catalogue that I now notice) was a well made hardy man of good size. His appearance indicated a man of thought and fixed principles, and seemed to say "Treat me and my views respectfully, for they are sustainable by the highest

authorities." And when put to the test he never failed to make good his purpose. I think I have never known the man that could go into the depths of theology equal with Michael Marly, and he was a student to the end of his life. He would remind one of a man stationed at divergent roads in the wilderness, all unsafe but one, and a departure would hazard life, and it was his business to set them in the safe way. He was able to reconcile apparent conflicting passages of scripture, showing their meaning as they stood connected with other scriptures, thus clearly bringing out and presenting truth ; and when in his strength he had great ability to enforce and apply his logical conclusions.

On hearing Alfred Cookman I thought he might be equal to Marly in this respect, but I only heard him twice, and in this he seemed quite able to bring up those deep thoughts that seemed beneath the surface, and to apply them ; and I regret that these great men have gone, and that we can hear them no more.

The difference between them as it strikes me, is this ; that Cookman would point to the safe road, all strewn with flowers and beautified with evergreens, and make the impression that all the flowery paths were paths of peace, and then he would go out with that grateful smile and thus win the misguided to that peaceful way ; while Marly would describe the safety and security of his way, and then point to the danger of those divergent roads, and send out his thrilling warning voice showing the dreadful results, reaching out through countless ages, so as to alarm the fears of the guilty.

I could wish to have known some of the valuable Ministers of other orders or branches of the Church, the Presbyterian, Lutheran, the Friends (Quakers), and others, but in early life I only knew the Baptists and Methodists, as there was no organization of any other near us. Of late I have become acquainted with some valuable Ministers of whom I could say much of their gentlemanly deportment and christian character. I hope however some one will rescue from forgetfulness some of those venerable departed spirits, that I did not know. But little more than 60 years since and Ohio was an unbroken forest, the home of the numerous and powerful war-like savage tribes. The fine soil and climate presented unusual inducements to emigration. Some enterprising pioneers found homes for themselves and families among wild beasts, and

war-like savages, in the bosom of this fertile country. The anticipated danger incident, prevented capitalists from early emigration.

The war of 1812 (59 years since) not only checked emigration, but spread consternation among those that had settled. Some retraced their steps to their former homes, while others, rather than lose their all, collected in forts of their own construction, for personal protection. The Government, as we have seen, was mostly in possession of the land, and sold in tracts of 160 acres and upwards. The purchaser paid eighty dollars in hand, per 160 acres, and the remainder in equal annual payments, till paid. In default of meeting any of the back payments as they fell due, the land was forfeited to the Government, subject to re-entry, or sold to the highest bidder. Some settled on land, and commenced building and clearing, but failed to meet one or more of the back payments, and lost the money paid, their improvements, and land in the bargain, as before mentioned. But those who succeeded in making payments, were debtors to the Government for several years for their land. Let those of the present day remember that the pioneers of this country first cleared, then cultivated their land with their own hands, and sold the products: if wheat, at 25 cents per bushel; if corn, at 10 cents per bushel; and pork at $1.50 per hundred weight. Great inconvenience was experienced for want of good roads. It was a matter of great inconvenience to haul grain a long distance, over bad roads, for such prices as named. Our farming implements, too, were quite inferior, and money was mostly paid for Government lands, and sent out of the country. Those living in the interior lacked channels of trade. But the last thirty-nine years has changed the figures in Ohio; and this is the true basis of calculation; and how stands the account? Well, in that brief period she has rivaled States several times her own age, and is now acknowledged on all hands to be third in the constellation of States, in point of wealth, population and importance.

Of an ordinary season, Ohio can send abroad about $150,000,000 worth of surplus. This calculation is made in the absence of statistics, but it may be in the neighborhood of truth. Few States are equal to Ohio in quality and variety of soil. She is capable of a more dense population than any State in the Union. Her vast beds of iron-ore and stone-coal are fast becoming available. Some

of her territory is yet unsettled. Much of the distant travel from east to west, and from north to south, will doubtless pass our borders. Our State produces all the grains, vegetables and northern fruits necessary to comfort, every species of stock in general demand, and all the profitable varieties of the grape. When all our resources are fully developed, and all our railroad facilities, all of Ohio will be a garden spot.

AARON GUTRIDGE.

The following sketch of pioneer life, from the pen of Mr. Aaron Gutridge, is given in his own style, with a few alterations in orthography and syntax. It shows a good memory, and practical good sense, for one that is eighty years old. He now lives in Mechanicsburg, Champaign County, with his amiable lady, formerly Miss Mary Gray, pre-eminent for her social virtues. Everybody honors Aunt Mary.—[Ed.

My father, John Gutridge, was born in Virginia; from there he went to the State of Maryland. While there, in the year of 1766, he married a lady by the name of Elizabeth Turner; remained there until after the close of the Revolutionary war; from there he moved to the State of Pennsylvania; lived there till the year of 1785. He and others moved down the Ohio river in flat boats, to what was then called Lime Stone, but is now known as Maysville, Mason county, in Kentucky, and settled at Washington, near Kenton's Station. For a few years they were much annoyed by the Indian tribes, by killing of men, women and children, and killing their cattle and stealing their horses. I learned from my father, that one dark, wet night the Indians stole his last horse, which was tied to the door-cheek of the house that they lived in. Often the men would follow them across the Ohio river. At one time the white men were about to overtake them. They had taken a negro boy prisoner, cut his throat, and left him bleeding in their path; then they scattered and made their escape among the drift wood of Eagles Creek, near what was called Logan's Gap. The

white man's living was deer and buffalo meat. The first settlers of Kentucky underwent many privations and hardships; but many of them lived to see better days. There my parents buried their oldest son at Washington, Ky. My father was soon put in as Justice of the Peace and Judge of the Court, which office he filled as long as he remained in that State. My brother, Jesse Gutridge, was said to be the first child born, in 1786, in Mason county, Ky., white or black. My father still resided there. In a few years times became better; he followed farming and teaming on the road from the Ohio river to Lexington, Danville and other points. My brother John was teamster, and was called the wagon boy. Times were fast becoming much better and prosperous. By this time my father got his mind placed on what was then called the Western Territory, north of the Ohio river, and in the year of 1798 moved with his family into the territory. My parents raised twelve children, nine sons and three daughters, and all settled in the territory on a stream of water called Fishing Gut. My father in a few years was elected Justice of the Peace in Adams county, which office he filled until he moved out of the county. In the year 1807, he moved to the Madriver country, and settled on the east side of Dugan prairie, on the headwaters of Buck creek, in Champaign county, Ohio. The people soon became alarmed about the Indians, and built a fort at John Taylor's mill, on Kings creek, north of Urbana, but the fort was never occupied by the people. At that time, the Indians were quite plenty in the Mad river country but seemed to be friendly. I think it was in the year of 1809 we had a celebration at Urbana on the fourth of July. The people of our town met in mass, under the shade of one white-oak tree that had a large spreading top. The crowd was not large, but their friendship was never excelled; see strangers, meet, then a strong grasp of the hands, with the words "What is your name, where do you live? Do come and see me, and bring all the family." At a proper time, Joseph Vance, Sr., addressed the little crowd, and read the Declaration of Independence. Then Joseph C. Vance sang a song; after that Wm. Fife, of Urbana, and a Wm. Lemon, sang a song called the Black Bird; then men, women and children partook of a bountiful dinner of roasted beef, potatoes, good bread and other luxuries of the day. All this time there was little said about schools—it took a large bound to get scholars enough to make up a school. Our schoolrooms were little cabins, with paper

windows to let in a little light. I know it was a poor chance to learn much.

We would suppose that the youth of those days did not know much. We will say nature did a great work for them. About this time my father was appointed Judge of the Court held at Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio, which office he held until his health became impaired by sickness, then he resigned, and lived a retired life from business of any kind. In the year 1812, Moses Corwin printed the first newspaper that ever was printed in Urbana, Champaign County, Ohio. About this time came the news of a war between the United States of America, and Great Britain. The army was soon made up, and organized at Dayton. Gen. Wm. Hull marched the army from Dayton to Urbana: a council was held with the Indians, but no good grew out of it. My brother, Joseph Gutridge, was a member of the Spy Company, commanded by Capt. Wm. McColloch. * Wm. Gutridge, and a brother-in-law, Wesley Hathaway, were members of Hull's army. All landed safe at Detroit; there the Spy Company was discharged, and my brother Joseph returned home safe and well. In the month of August, 1812, Hull surrendered the whole army to Proctor, as prisoners of war. They were sent home on parole; the most of them got home during the fall months. We had a dark and discouraging time through the fall and winter of 1812–13, and in the spring of 1813 there was a great call for men to guard the frontiers of our country. My brothers older than myself were all out on the war-path: they all returned home in harvest, in the month of July, 1813. My father led in the harvest-field, and eight sons followed him, all good reapers, making their hands, with sickles. After harvest there was a call for more men. I had six brothers out in the war, all at the same time. On account of a spell of sickness I was compelled to remain at home. In the fall my brother Wm. Gutridge went northeast, and joined Gen. Brown's army. While there he got an unlucky fall down a steep bank, from which injury he never got well. He drew a pension through life. My brother John Gutridge was a baptist preacher for many years before his death. My brothers were all farmers on a small scale. I remember of hearing my mother count her

* William McColloch lived near Zanesfield, in what is now Logan County, and is the father of Judge McColloch, now of Bellefontaine.—[Ed.

children. The number was twelve children and twelve grand-children. The great-grand-children, perhaps, would overrun that number. I have seen many and great improvements in old Champaign County since the year 1807. I am now living in the town of Mechanicsburg, Champaign County, Ohio, Goshen Township, on the head-waters of Little Darby. There are two grist-mills and two saw-mills, one woolen factory, and a good railroad. I am in possession of the family record and dates of all the births and deaths of my brothers and sisters. They are gone, I hope to a better world than this. I was raised on corn and potatoes that grew in the fields that were plowed with long, wooden mould-board plows, then the cast plow; but the best of all is the steel-plow of the present day. The improvements in farming are great, and good, and far exceed those of other years. Many places where we used to hear the howling of wolves, and the hunting of the red-man, we can hear the Gospel preached on Sunday, and often on week-days. In 1807 farm-cabins were scarce and far between, but now our country is almost a dense population, dotted over with good farms and good buildings, flourishing towns, and many splendid churches. In the settling of the northern part of Ohio, the people had to labor under many disadvantages. The corn got frost-bitten, but the forest afforded us plenty of wild meat. Deer, bear, and turkeys were plenty. My brothers were sure shots, and killed an abundance of game. I have omitted many things of importance, on account of being a poor writer at this age of my life. I was born in Mason County, Kentucky, in the year 1793. I have written these few lines without the use of glasses. Perhaps but few are living that had the Dilworth Spelling Book for their school-book.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS.

BY MRS. SARAH M. MOORE.

The first settlers of what is now Union township, Logan county, were Robert Moore, Samuel and James McIlvain, Robert Porter, William and Archibald Moore, David Askern, Robert Newel and his sons, Samuel, William, Hugh and John, William and Joseph McBeth, Robert Crocket, David Kirkwood, Billy Gray, John and James Wall, Martin Shields. Subsequently, Hiram White, James Stackhouse, Adam Rhodes, Jonathan Norton, Henry Culp and others settled in the bounds of the township. In those days we had what was termed overseers of the poor, and fence viewers, who were duly elected at the annual township election. The duties incumbent on the overseer of the poor was to order them out of the township if they were deemed villainous or vagabonds; otherwise, in case of destitution, the children were bound out to servitude, until capable of taking care of themselves. The duties of fence viewers was to examine the condition of fences. There were no picket or board fences in those days in our place; but split rails were fashionable, with a slip-gap, or pair of bars at best. According to law, a fence must be in a condition to turn stock of any kind, or else the owner could recover no damages for the breach, or the spoiling of his crops by stock that was running at large. The wild woods and prairies were our pastures in those days. A laughable occurrence happened at the spring election one year. The men, wishing to have a little fun, elected Adam Rhodes, he being a remarkably tall man, and Hiram White, a small man, as fence viewers. Adam was to chin the fence, and Hiram to look after the pig holes.

RAISING HOGS.

Two neighbors got into a dispute about the ownership of a certain hog, which they both claimed. One being more shrewd and less scrupulous about honesty or truth than the other, got a man to swear before a Justice of the Peace, that he knew it to be his, because he knew that he raised it. It was afterward ascertained that the way he raised it, he stooped over a low fence and lifted it off its feet by the bristles (hogs had bristles in those days.) A lean shoat could well be compared to a fish, the bristles answering to the fins on the back, and the sides as flat, with mutton hams.

Stealing, or killing hogs in the woods, was a very common occurrence. Very frequently hogs would come running home with torn and bloody ears,(being dogged,) and one or two missing. The poor Indian had to bear the blame often, when the deed was done by some white sinner. Robert Moore suggested that the (then) new county should be called Bristle county.

It was a common thing for cattle to come up with one missing, and upon search being made would be found swamped in the mud somewhere. Neighbors would assist each other, and with handspikes and ropes, pry up and drag out. Sometimes the poor creature could stand, after it would get on solid footing; sometimes it would have to be lifted to its feet for days and weeks. Each owner of stock had to have his own peculiar mark, which was done by slitting and cropping, and cutting the ears, and then having their mark recorded in the public records of the county. Men used to have a cruel and silly practice, of what they called docking their horses. The manner by which it was done, was to part the hair about six or eight inches from the point of the tail, then take a sharp ax, and set the pole on the horse's rump, turn the tail up over the edge of the ax, and then with maul or heavy mallet, strike hard. It took four men to do it; one to hold the head, one to hold the tail, one to hold the ax, and the fourth was the executioner.

Another practice, which was still more ridiculous, was nicking, which was done by cutting the tendons on the under part of the tail, and turning it up and fastening it in that position until the wound would heal up. Young men thought they made a grand

display when they rode by with a nick-tailed horse; not more ridiculous, however, than the women of to-day, with their high-heeled shoes, their camels hump, or piles of bark or hemp on their heads.

But we had some noble boys among us in early times—young men who could cut and split two or three hundred rails in a day, pile and burn brush at night, or shell their sack of corn, and ride on it on horseback to mill. The girls could milk the cows, churn the butter, make the cheese, pull the flax, spin, weave and bleach it, and then make it up for the boys. They could help sheer the sheep, then card and spin the wool, color it and weave it, and then make dresses of it. Such was frontier life, fifty or sixty years ago. Where we *now* have beautiful green fields, was then a howling wilderness.

Meanwhile, heralds of the Cross were not idle. Father Joseph Stephenson, than whom few could boast a finer physical organization, tall, erect and well proportioned, he stood forth, a giant—for the cause of religion and morality—and as the good Master, "went about doing good," and like the Apostles, "preached from house to house;" for there were no church buildings here then, no Bellefontaine, with its church bells to call the worshipers together at certain hours; no railroad, to carry the ministering brethren to their appointments; but their zeal would prompt them to face the storms of winter, and ride for miles on horseback, to fill their appointments.

Camp-meetings were quite common. One year there was one held on the place of Lodman E. Spry, at which there were a large crowd of Shawnee and Delaware Indians—some all the way from Sandusky. Their encampment was back of the preacher's stand. They seemed to enjoy the meeting as well as the whites, and were quite as orderly. Some of them were beautiful singers, and would get very happy at the night meetings.

But times and customs have changed since those days. Who can tell what may be the changes of the next half century? Echo answers—Who? Let us all watch and wait, and try to fulfill our mission.

ESSAY, WRITTEN BY MRS. SARAH M. MOORE, AND READ BEFORE THE PIONEER MEETING, IN DEGRAFF, ON THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1871.

Among the first settlers in Union and Pleasant townships, in

Logan county, were Robert Moore, and John and Thomas Makemson, John and Benjamin Schooler, Phillip Matthews, Sen., and his sons David, Henry, Phillip and Alfred; James Shaw, Jeremiah Stanbery, John Provolt and Samuel McIlvain.

About the year 1810 or 11, there was felt a shock of earthquake, which caused a distinct vibration of some three inches, of skeins of yarn, that were suspended from the joist of our log cabin. Well do I remember how frightened I was when my father told us what it was.

Indians were plenty about here at that time, and often came into the settlement to trade their split baskets (which were very pretty, being colored black and red, and striped with the natural color of ash wood), dressed deer-skins and moccasins, for flour, a little corn-meal, or a piece of meat. They were very friendly with the whites, generally, if they were well treated. Of game there was plenty; deer was often seen in herds, six, eight or ten together. How beautiful they were, leaping over hills or across the prairies, with their white flags waving. But the poor creatures were hunted and slaughtered without mercy, by both white and Indian hunters. The sly, and sneaking wolf, too, was often seen skulking through the brush, and wo betide the poor sheep that wasn't housed up at night. These depredators were often caught in traps, the price of a wolf-scalp being four dollars. Occasionally a bear was killed.

A little son of Wm. Moore, living on McKees' creek, near where the Bellefontaine and West Liberty turnpike crosses it, was sent after the cows one evening, (he always carried his trusty rifle on such occasions,) and in passing through the woods, he espied a huge black bear standing with its paws on a large log close by, apparently watching him. Without waiting to think of the consequences, should he miss his aim, he blazed away, and down came brain — the ball entering his forehead, and away ran Billy home to tell his father, who would scarcely believe his story. "But, father, just come and see," said Billy. He went; and there sure enough, was the bear, a very large animal, weighing nearly 400 pounds, lying dead beside the log.

BLACKBIRDS AND PIGEONS.

It would be almost impossible to make the young folks of to-day have an adequate idea of the immense swarms of blackbirds that

used to collect about our cornfields. They could be seen coming in flocks, by the thousands, and alighting on the corn, about the time it was in good order for roasting, tearing open the husk, and feasting on the soft corn. Then there was work for the boys, with the horse-rattler, old tin pails, or anything to scare off the birds. And, after all, they would destroy some fields of corn dreadfully.

Pigeons, though more plentiful still than blackbirds, were not so mischievous. At certain seasons of the year (or some years) they might be seen flying in such crowds overhead as almost to darken the air, and in continuous lines for miles in length. One season the pigeon-roost was at a place called the Beaver dam, in Union township, where they would collect in such vast numbers as to break down the timber. Large limbs would be broken off trees, and saplings bent to the ground.

Rattlesnakes were also plenty. Well do I remember the time when quite a large one got into our house, and was found coiled up at the foot of the bed where my brothers were sleeping. Feeling something at their feet, they called father, and he grasped a large iron poker and dexterously pitched it into the fire. Shortly after, the dog was making a great ado outside the house; father went out, and there was another snake, no doubt mate to the one in the house, which he also killed.

MAKING HOMINY.

In making hominy, the first thing was to prepare the mortar to pound it in, which was done by sawing off a log about two feet in diameter and three feet long, then chop it in from one end, leaving a rim for the bottom, then dress it off smooth in the shape of a goblet, set it up on the bottom and pile chips or bark on the top and burn it out, on the inside, taking care to leave a rim at the outer edge. When this was done it was dressed out smooth and clean. Then shell about half a bushel of corn, pour boiling water on it in some vessel and let it stand a spell, then pour the water off and turn it in the hominy block. The pestle for pounding it was made by taking a stout stick about like a handspike, shaving it smooth, splitting one end, and inserting an iron wedge, (such as is used in splitting rails) taking care to have an iron ring on the stick to keep it from splitting with the wedge while pounding the corn. The chaff, or husk, would part from the grain, and leave it clean and

cracked, fit for cooking, then put on the big kettle and boil the hominy.

FROLICKS.

We used to have spinning bees (as the yankees would say.) A neighbor would send flax enough around the neighborhood to spin twelve cuts for each one, and send an invitation for us to come on a certain day, and bring our dozen of thread, and partake of a good dinner, and a good time in general. The men would have log-rollings, and house-raisings, and corn-huskings. We would have our wool-pickings, and quiltings. We could, and did ride on horseback, for miles to meeting or to market or visiting, and thought it only a pleasant recreation. We could pull flax, scutch it, spin it, weave it, bleach it, and make it up into shirts for the men.

THE WAR OF 1812.

How many of us can remember the demonstrations of joy and rejoicing there were among us, at the news of Perry's victory on Lake Erie. Well do I remember hearing the shooting and shouting. I have a knapsack in my possession that was in the army, under General Brown, at Sackett Harbor, in 1813 or 14, made of tow linen with leather straps.

My aged friends, we who have borne the burden and heat of the day are now walking or wading along the banks of the river. Some of us with our feet in the water waiting to be launched over. We have seen our friends, one by one, passing over before us. Have we all got our lamps trimmed, and oil in our vessels? Did we all go to work in the Master's vineyard at the eleventh hour, or are we still standing idle, making the excuse that no man hath hired us? Let us not murmur because those that came in at the eleventh hour receive as much as we. Let us rather rejoice that they came in, even late, and receive the same wages. "Let not our eye be evil because God is good."

WILLIAM BOGGS,

Eldest son of Maj. William Boggs, aged 18 years, of Westmoreland county, Virginia, was taken prisoner by the Indians, about the year 1770, and remained a prisoner with them two years. He spent a considerable part of that time at the Mac-a-cheek towns, on Mad river, near the present town of West Liberty. He was sick much of the time he was a prisoner, and at times reduced so low that he was scarcely able to walk. A young squaw was very kind to him, and probably saved his life on several occasions. At one time the Indians had a drunken frolic, when he was so weak he could not walk. This Indian woman carried him in her arms, probably in the night time, and hid him in the tall grass, on Mac-a-cheek, covered him over with the grass and set up the grass on her trail so that that the Indians could not find him, fearing the drunken Indians would kill him. He laid in that place two days, and had nothing to eat except once, this young woman carried him some pole-cat brains, which was the best she had to give. After he was released, and returned home, he described that country so well along Mad river, from the head of that stream down south of West Liberty, that persons afterward came from his neighborhood, and had no difficulty in finding the exact localities he had described, especially about the present site of West Liberty, and along Mac-a-cheek, about the Piatt estate. He described a mound, which is, no doubt, the mound situated in John Enoch's field, where the Indians had a track to run their horses, and the judges would sit on this mound and view the races, but he gave no account of seeing any prisoner run the gauntlet, and he never had to run the gauntlet as my informant is aware of. At the end of two years he was exchanged at Detroit, and returned to his native home. He subsequently removed to Indiana, where he died, many years since, at an advanced age. William Boggs was a relation to Hiram, Nelson and Alfred Johnson of Champaign county.

WILLIAM JOHNSON

Removed from Pennsylvania in the year 1804, and settled on

King's Creek, near where Judge E. L. Morgan now lives. Two years afterward he removed to Mingo Valley, where he died in the year 1818, at an advanced age.

JACOB JOHNSON

Settled on the farm now owned by his son, Alfred Johnson, in Mingo Valley, in the spring of 1805. He lived on King's Creek one or two years previous. The first time he ever viewed this farm he was in company with James Denny, the original proprietor, and the noted original proprietor of much military land. They were looking over the land, and came to a field that the Indians had cleared and cultivated, and found twelve or thirteen squaws in the field hoeing corn on a very warm day. The squaws were *attired to suit the weather*. This field is very near the village of Mingo. Jacob Johnson died in the year 1844, and was regarded as a very worthy man. He was father of the well-known Johnson Brothers — Hiram, Nelson and Alfred.

WILLIAM H. BALDWIN

Was a native of Guilford county, North Carolina. He emigrated to Ohio, in 1811, and settled in Champaign county, where he lived until his decease in 1863, aged seventy-five years. He was one of the excellent men of the earth.

HENRY COWGILL

Was a native of Columbiana county, Ohio. He lived in Champaign county from 1817 until his decease in 1870, aged 67 years. He was steady, quiet, industrious, benevolent and economical. He lived a religious life, and was looked upon by all as a good man.

THOMAS COWGILL, Senior,

Was a native of Virginia, and emigrated to the Northwestern Territory, and settled in what is now Columbiana county, Ohio, in 1800. In 1817 he removed to Champaign county, where he lived eight miles Northeast of Urbana, until his decease in 1846. He was industrious, liberal and kind, and was regarded as a good and useful man.

ARCHIBALD STEWART

Was a native of Pennsylvania. Emigrated to Ohio in 1805, and lived in Champaign county until his decease, about the year 1860. He was Commissioner of the county twelve years, and filled many offices of trust. He was a kind and benevolent man, and for his many good qualities, will long be remembered by his neighbors and fellow-citizens.

SIMEON MORECRAFT

Lived in Champaign county at an early day, and is still living on his fine farm at Cable. He is nature's nobleman; may his shadow never grow less.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY F. M. THOMAS.

Colonel John Thomas,

One of the earliest settlers of Champaign county, was a native of Charles county, Maryland, where he had his birth, June 7, 1779. When about eighteen years of age, he left his home and emigrated to the wilderness of Ohio, stopping first in Ross county, near Chillicothe. After a few years he went into Pickaway county, where he married Ann Morris. About the year 1809, he removed to Champaign county, settling on the north fork of Kingscreek in Salem township. At that period, but few white people were in this county. The pioneers were far apart, and in a poor condition for defense against the inroads of the savages, by whom they were frequently threatened during the war. For their better defense, they erected blockhouses, one of which stood on Col. Thomas's farm. Here the families were collected when the alarm of hostile Indians spread dismay and terror among the settlers, whilst the men with their rifles marched to the frontier to search for and drive back the savages. Col. Thomas accompanied these expeditions and belonged to the same company with Captain Arthur Thomas and son, who were murdered by the Indians near Solomons town, Logan county. The subject of this sketch was peculiarly fitted for the pioneer life, having a strong and vigorous constitution, and always enjoying good health. He was endowed with a large measure of patience and fortitude, that enabled him to successfully battle with the perils and discouragements incident to

backwoods life. He was quiet and unassuming in his manners; possessed a warm, social nature, and was noted for his propriety of conduct, and his kindness and benevolence to the poor and destitute.

When there were no churches in the county, Col. Thomas invited the clergy to hold service at his house, and the pioneer missionary of the gospel always met a cordial welcome at his door. He was held in the highest esteem by his fellow-citizens, and was honored by them with many positions of trust and usefulness; being chosen as Captain, Major and Colonel in the militia service, and serving as Justice of the Peace for thirty-three years, receiving his first commission from Gov. Othniel Looker, in 1814. Some years after his settlement here, sickness carried off his wife and several of his family. He subsequently married Mary Blair, widowed daughter of Jacob Johnson, of Mingo Village, also a pioneer. His widow still survives him, living with her two sons on the farm where her husband originally settled. Some time previous to his decease, Col. Thomas united with the M. P. Church in his neighborhood, and continued an exemplary follower of the Savior until his death, which occurred January 20, 1851, in the 72d year of his age.

SALEM TOWNSHIP, CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, OHIO.

BY EDWARD L. MORGAN.

This township is situated immediately north of Urbana. Its southern boundary at the centre is the northern limit of the the city corporation. The township is eight miles long, from south to north, and six miles wide, from east to west. It is bounded on the north by Logan county, on the east by Union and Wayne townships, and on the west by Concord and Harrison townships. It contains forty-eight (48) square miles, equal to thirty thousand seven hundred and twenty (30,720) acres of land; about four thousand acres of this land lies east of Ludlow's line, and is in the Virginia Military District; the balance is Congress land, and is laid off in sections of one mile square, containing six hundred and forty acres each, except some fractional sections on the west side of, and adjoining Ludlow's line, which are of various sizes. Mad river runs south, and passes through the north-west and south-west parts of the township. King's creek has its source in Wayne township, and runs westwardly across Salem, and enters Mad river near the western boundary of the township. Mack-a-cheek, a tributary of Mad river, passes through the northern part of the township. All these are permanent, never-failing streams, of pure, clear water. They have never been known to go dry in summer, and always furnish an ample supply of water for milling purposes throughout the year. The land is mostly level, or "rolling" dry prairie, and "barrens," as it was once called, and the ridges dividing the streams and prairie, are covered with timber, mostly oak and hickory. In the south-east corner of the township there is a large, low, and once wet

prairie known by the name of Dugan's Prairie; it contains several thousand acres of land, and receives the drainage of the country surrounding it, equal to an area of six miles square. When the country was first settled by the whites, this prairie was mostly covered with water the greatest part of the year, having the appearance of a lake, with here and there a small island thickly covered with timber, mostly oak and hickory. The "barrens" and dry prairies were covered with wild grass, which in summer grew to an incredible height, and furnished fine pasture for thousands of buffalo, elk and deer, before the intrusion of the white man upon their rich domain. After this grass became dead ripe, or was killed by the frost in the fall of the year, and became dry enough to burn, the Indians, at times agreed upon by their chiefs, would place themselves with their guns upon the high timbered land adjoining that upon which the grass grew, and at a signal given by the "captain," the squaws would set fire to the grass, and the wild animals of all kinds which lay there concealed, would be suddenly aroused from their quiet slumbers, and run for safety to the high ground, and there meet death by the rifle of the red man. Great numbers of deer were killed in this way by the Indians, even after the commencement of the settlement of the country by the whites. The Indians would invariably give the white settlers at least a week's notice of their intention to burn the grass at a certain time, so they could protect their fences and cabins by plowing a few fresh furrows around them.

According to the best information, and that which is entirely reliable, (for I intend to give no other,) the settlement of that part of the township which lies in the Kings-creek valley, was commenced in the year 1802, or 1803. Samuel and William Stewart, from whom I have received the main part of my information on the subject, and whose statements can be fully relied on, came to this township with their father, Matthew Stewart who settled on Kings-creek in the spring of 1804. At that time William Powell was living near the place where Mr. Albert Jackson now lives, having settled there about a year before. Wm. Wood, a Baptist preacher from Kentucky, and father of Christopher Wood, who distinguished himself in the war of 1812, and is remembered by all the old settlers, then lived where the Kingston mills now are, having settled there about a year before. Arthur Thomas, who was afterwards

killed by the Indians, then lived at the mouth of Kings-creek, where he soon after built a grist mill, which was probably the first mill of the kind ever erected in this county. Joseph Petty then lived on Kings-creek on the place where his grand son, Hiram Potty now lives, where he built a water mill soon after.

The following named persons came to this township about the same time, or soon after: David Parkison, James Turner, John Gutridge, Abner Barret, William Johnson, George and Jacob Leonard. A majority of the first settlers came from Kentucky and Virginia. Matthew Stewart and John McAdams came from Pennsylvania at an early day, and lived a short time at Columbia, on the Ohio river, above Cincinnati; from there they came to this place and settled on Kingscreek, in 1804. John Taylor came from Virginia and settled on Kingscreek in 1806, at the place where the village of Kingston now is. He purchased 640 acres of land from Issac Zane, for which he paid four dollars per acre. This land, together with two other sections of the same size, was given to Mr. Zane by the United States Government, in consideration of services rendered the army under the command of General Wayne in 1794. In 1810 Mr. Taylor erected a grist and saw mill, now (1872) owned by Beatty and Willis. In the same year the citizens, who then lived in the vicinity, erected two blockhouses near the mill, as a protection against the attacks of the Indians. To these houses, which were enclosed by tall pickets, the settlers would flee in times of danger; but the Indians never disturbed them there; great numbers of them, mostly squaws, were every day to be seen coming to, and returning from the mill, with their little buckskin sacks filled with corn, and thrown across the naked backs of their bob-tailed ponies, upon which the squaws rode astride, some of them with their "pappooses" fastened to a board and strapped upon their back. On dismounting, the squaw would place the board to which the baby was tied against the wall of the mill, in an erect position, then take off and carry in her sack of corn, and immediately return and *nurse* her pappoose. The writer once saw an Indian squaw, in a great hurry, accidentally place her child upon the board wrong end up. The youngster soon discovered the mistake, and although a wild savage, its cries and screams precisely resembled those of a white child.

Salem township was organized in 1805, the same year that the

county was created. The civil jurisdiction of the township then extended from the southern boundary of the tenth range near Springfield, to the shore of Lake Erie on the north, including a territory almost as large as some of the old States. If the census had been taken at that time, it would have shown that for every white person within its bounds there was at least one hundred Indians. I will give some extracts from the township records of early times, which will show the nature of the business then transacted, and the manner of doing it.

"Record Book for Salem township: Chapter I, for the year 1805. May 10, 1805, Chris. Wood, Trustee, duly sworn in for Salem township; Daniel McKinney, Trustee, duly sworn in that office for Salem township." "May 15, 1805: William Davis came before me and was qualified to his office of Constable for Salem township before A. Barritt." May 18, 1805: Daniel Jones was also qualified as above mentioned.—A. Barritt." "May 24, 1805: Champaign county recorded as per certificate, rendered from under the hand of John Runyon, Associate Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, that George Jemison was legally qualified to the office of house appraiser and lister of taxable property." "June 5th, 1805: There is a bond in this office giving Daniel Jones for behavior for one year as a constable. Justus Jones, Barton Minturn surety to Wm. Johnson, Treasurer for said township.—A. Barritt."

It appears from this record that William Johnson was the first Treasurer, and Abner Barritt the first Clerk of this township. By the record of 1806, it appears that Joseph Petty, Thomas Pearce and William Parkison were elected Trustees, and David Parkison Clerk for that year. The following appears upon the record of that year:

"August 15, 1806: A memorandum of the business transacted by William Moore and Matthew Stewart, overseers of the poor, in the township of Salem, and county of Champaign, for the year 1806:

October 18, 1806. To one order for clothing for one child $4 00
To David Parkison—for nursing..... 3 00
To Wm. Powell—for the use of a midwife.. 2 00
To two days service for Moore and Stewart ——

Gave an order to Treasurer for the use of Jany Parkison for three dollars, the 8th day of November, 1806. The Trustees allowed Wm.

Powel's account for keeping poor woman and child—the account, $20 00 as per account, October 4th, 1806."

Who the poor woman and child were, is not known. The following is copied from the township record of 1808:

"Agreeable to the squirrel law, the Trustees of this township have laid on each taxable ten squirrel scalps, and one scalp for each and every twelve and a half cents his tax amounts to. Done the 23d day of April, 1808. Attest: David Parkison, T. C."

"July: David Parkison, town Clerk, to making out two alphabetical duplicates of delinquents in squirrel scalps, allowed by the Trustees. David Parkison, town Clerk, to taking in squirrel scalps and giving certificates, to be allowed by the Trustees."

"October 29, 1808: To James Turner and Joshua Baldwin, Trustees, their attendance in Urbana to appoint a collector for to lift the required tax of Salem township, the day and date above, $1 50."

"November 2, 1808: David Parkison, town Clerk, to one day going to Urbana to write a bond with security on George Sanders, to collect the squirrel tax, 75 cents."

In former times it was customary for the squirrels "to travel from north to south in countless numbers, about once in ten years. They made their journey in the fall of the year, about the time that corn began to ripen. They appeared in such vast numbers, as apparently to cover the earth for miles, and if not well guarded, they would clear the corn fields as they went along. They would suffer death rather than turn from their course, and would pass over houses and swim lakes, ponds and water courses. They traveled due south, until they would reach the Ohio river, into which they would plunge and attempt to swim over; here an immense number would lose their lives by drowning in the river, and those that got over alive would crawl up on the bank, and after resting a short time, would resume the journey southward. This accounts for the necessity of levying a squirrel scalp tax.

Captain Alexander Black, Moses McIlvain and others, from Kentucky, settled on Mac-a-cheek and Mad river, in the northern part of Salem, in the spring of 1809; at that time James McPherson, called "Squalica," by the Indians, (which means the red-faced man) was then living on Mad river, at or near the Kavanaugh farm, and there were several Indian families there at the time;

among others, Captain John Lewis, a chief, who had in his family a white woman named Molly Kizer, who was taken prisoner when young and raised with the Indians. She was highly esteemed by the whites.

Alexander Black was a soldier, and served faithfully in the army of General Wayne at the battle with the Indians in 1794; he was an officer and served in the war of 1812, under General Harrison. John Enoch came to this township with his father's family in 1812; he was then ten years of age, having been born at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati, in the early part of 1802: he is therefore somewhat older than the State of Ohio. Abram Smith built the first cabin, and was the first white settler in what was then called the "barrens," between the settlements on Kings creek and Mac-a-cheek. This cabin was "raised" in 1813, and stood a short distance east of the State road, and not far from the residence of Joseph Miller; a few old apple trees still remain to mark the place where it stood. Mr. Smith was a prominent and worthy citizen, and filled some of the most important township offices for several years before his death; he had a wife and two children; the whole family died of "Milk-sickness" within a few days of each other, about the year 1821.

Wm. Copes settled at the place now owned by Mr. Lidders, adjoining the farm of Jonathan Parker, on the State road between Urbana and West Liberty, in the spring of 1814; here he purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land from the United States, at two dollars per acre, erected a cabin and made a small improvement, but like many others of that time he came to the conclusion that the country was well named, and that it was really a *barren* and worthless place. He accordingly sold his farm for the same price that he gave, and bought one hundred and sixty acres in another part of the township, without improvements, for which he paid four dollars per acre; this land to-day is worth one-fifth as much per acre as that on the State road, and no more. Mr. Thomas Thomas purchased the farm of Wm. Copes, and after the State road became a highway of some importance, and was traveled by drovers, teamsters, movers, &c., Mr. Thomas, after putting up a pretty good house, kept "entertainment," for travelers of all kinds, and, as was customary in those days he put up his sign upon a tall post in front of the door; this sign was a rather uncouth representa-

tion of a sheaf of wheat. Once upon a time a traveler on foot "put up" at the house of Mr. Thomas, and remained all night; it so happened (which was common among the folks at that time) that the landlady had mush-and-milk for supper. The mush, as usual, was made of corn-meal; in the morning she provided a breakfast of venison and corn-pone which she had baked in a Dutch oven. After the traveler had fared sumptuously, and paid the bill, he asked the landlord what sign that was before his door. Mr. Thomas replied that it was a representation of a sheaf of wheat. "Well," said the stranger, "I think it would be more appropriate if you would take that down and put a corn-stalk in its place." Mr. Thomas had several children by his first wife, and after her death he married a young woman of the neighborhood, by whom he had other children. This, as usual, caused trouble and strife in the family, which was carried to such an extent that his son William, by his first wife, became a desperate maniac, and had to be confined, either in a cell or in irons. While in this condition the family moved to one of the new States in the west. Here, as before, the young man was left confined in a small house built for the purpose, a short distance from the dwelling of the family. By some means he one night made his escape from his hut, got an axe, broke open the door of the dwelling house, and entered the sleeping-room of his father and step-mother; on nearing the noise they both sprang up from bed, when, after a short struggle he succeeded in splitting his mother's skull and slightly wounding his father while endeavoring to protect his wife. Some of the neighbors, on going to the house next morning, found the maniac in quiet possession, and both parents dead upon the floor. On being questioned he said he intended to kill his step-mother, but not his father; that he had at firstaccidentally wounded his father but slightly, but fearing it might become troublesome and painful to his aged parent he concluded to kill him at once and put him out of his misery. Charles McClay settled in the fall of 1814, at the farm afterwards owned by Joel Funk, and where the widow Funk now lives. Mr. McClay was brother-in-law to Abram Smith, the first resident in the "barrens;" he died many years ago and left several children; but one, Mr. Elija McClay, is now living. Archibald Stewart, Rob't Latta and John Williams, settled on the high-land east of the State road in 1814 or 1815. Wm. Mays, father of George and Archibald R. Mays and Mrs. Fulwider, wife of David Fulwider,

came to this township at an early day and settled at the place where his son Archibald now lives. He was a prominent, worthy and useful citizen in his time. John Thomas (of Mingo) was the first settler at that place. John Thomas (Colonel) settled on Kings creek in 1809, at the place where his widow, and two of his sons now live. James Turner settled at the place where I. C. Yoder now lives, in 1808 or 9; his wife, Mrs. Ann Turner, was the first person buried in the grave-yard at Kingston; her grave was dug by Thomas Stewart, Isaac McAdams and E. L. Morgan.

GOVERNOR VANCE.

Joseph Vance, who afterward filled many important offices in the civil and military departments of the United States and State governments, came to this township with his father's family in 1805. Governor Vance's ancestors were Irish Protestants, or what was called in former times, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. His ancestors came to America at an early day. His grand-father married, and raised a large family in the colony of Virginia, prior to the war of the revolution. Of this family Joseph Colville Vance, Governor Vance's father, was the youngest son. He was a member of Capt. Saul Vail's company, in Colonel Morgan's rifle-regiment, and served through the war of the Revolution; was married to Sarah Wilson, in Loudon county, Virginia, in the year 1781—crossed the mountains and settled near the old Indian town of "Catfish," now the town of Washington, Washington county, Pennsylvania, where Governor Vance was born, March 21st, 1786. In 1788 the father with his family floated down the Ohio river on a raft, to a station called Vanceburg. At this place he remained a year or more, and defended the place against the attacks of the Indians on several occasions. He afterward settled on a farm on Mays-creek, a few miles above Mays-lick, in Kentucky; his house was one of the stations of what was called the "Kentucky-rangers." Persons employed to scout up and down the Ohio river, and give the settlers notice of the approach of hostile Indians, were called "Rangers." It was here that Duncan McArthur and Joseph Vance be-

came acquinted, McArthur being employed and acting at the time as one of the Rangers. Judge Alexander F. Vance, son of Gov. Vance says when a boy, he has frequently heard them relate some of their early adventures ; one told by McArthur in his hearing, made a lasting impresson upon his mind. On one occasion McArthur, after passing up and down the river on his *beat*, and having made no discoveries of Indians, concluded to turn aside and visit a "deer-liek" he knew of a short distance from the river. On crawling very cautiously until he came in sight of the lick, and within gun shot of it, he saw a deer, and while he was making ready to shoot, a gun cracked, the deer fell, and an Indian sprang out of the brush and ran toward it. McArthur instantly shot and killed the Indian, and was immediately fired at by two other Indians. As he was alone, and out-numbered by the enemy, he started and ran for life, when several guns were fired at him. One of the balls struck his powder-horn, and knocked the splinters from the horn through his clothes into his side, causing considerable pain. The enemy being in close pursuit, he had not time to examine the wound, and the powder from the broken horn falling on the dry leaves, made a pattering noise which he supposed was caused by the blood from the wound in his side, and expected his strength must soon fail, and he would be overtaken by the foe. After running for some time, and finding that he had gained ground, and was probably out of danger, he slackened his speed in order to load his rifle, when he found his powder was all gone, and his wound but a slight one. When he arrived at the house of Gov. Vance's father, he detached the powder-horn from the bullet-pouch, and rolling the *list* around it said: "I will send this to my mother, that she may see what a narrow escape I have had." Governor McArthur and Governor Vance were fast friends from this time to the day of their deaths. In 1801 Gov. Vance's father, in company with General Whiteman, and others, came to Ohio, and settled at Clifton, Greene county, and in 1805 settled near Urbana, Champaign county, Ohio, where he died on the 5th day of August, 1809. Joseph Vance was married in the town of Urbana, on the 17th day of December, 1807, to Mary Lemen, by Rev. John Thomas, a Baptist preacher. He was elected Captain of an independent rifle company in 1809 or 1810. His company was called out several times during the troubles with the Indians, about the beginning of the war of 1812.

He once built a block-house near the place where the town of Quincy, Logan county, now is, which was afterwards known as "Vance's Block-house." He afterward served in the Militia of Ohio as Major, Colonel, Brigadier-General and Major-General. In 1812 he was elected to the Legislature of Ohio, where he represented the county of Champaign for several years. He was elected a member of the House of Representatives in the Congress of the United States in 1820, and was re-elected and served in that capacity until 1836; was elected Governor of Ohio and served one term; was elected to the Ohio Senate in 1839, and served a term of two years; was again elected to Congress in 1843, and served a term of two years. His last public service was rendered as a member of the convention to revise the Constitution of Ohio, held in 1851. During the sitting of that convention, he had a severe attack of paralysis, from which he never entirely recovered, and from the effects of which he died on the 24th, ——— 1852, on his farm in Salem township, two and a half miles north of Urbana, and is buried in Oak Dale Cemetery, a short distance east of Urbana. Governor Vance's educational opportunities were limited, his only instructors being his father and a tuition of about six months under an Irish itinerant schoolmaster, in a log hut.

He was the architect of his own character and fortune, commencing business in life as a woodchopper at the salt works when a mere boy, and by his industry and economy, procuring means to purchase an ox team, with which he was accustomed to haul and distribute salt to the scattered settlers of Kentucky; and he still followed the occupation of ox-driver after his removal to Urbana, making occasionally trips to the salt works. His children have often heard him relate his difficulties and adventures during his lonely trips through the woods. Sometimes, at night, his camp was so beset by wolves and other wild beasts, as to compel him to keep up a large fire, and watch his team through the entire night; he had at times to detach a yoke of oxen from his team, and test the fords of various creeks and small rivers before attempting to cross with his wagon; and sometimes he was compelled to wait several days until the high water abated, so as to make the fords passable, and on one or two occasions, to be without food for two or three days—and it was no rare thing for him to unload and roll his barrels of salt across swails and mudholes, and then reload, unaided.

While connected with the salt works, Governor Vance became acquainted with the Hon. Thomas Ewing. Their acquaintance ripened into warm, mutual friendship, that lasted through life. In 1815, Gov. Vance and William Neil purchased a stock of goods, and for two or three years carried on the mercantile business in Urbana, when Neil retired, and Vance removed his goods to Fort Meigs, now Perrysburg, where, associated with his brother William, they carried on the business some three or four years. These goods they hauled in wagons to Fort Findlay, in Hancock county, and put them on board of what was then called Pirogues (large canoes) and floated down Blanchard's fork of the Auglaize. It being in the fall of the year, after a dry summer, the water on the riffles was very shallow, and the boats would frequently get aground. On one occasion, when aground on a long riffle, and after they had worked hard for two or three days to get over, an Indian chief came to them and said, "Get heap brush! make big fire! heap smoke—make cloud—get rain!"

In 1818 Gov. Vance built a mercnant mill on Kings creek, about a mile above where it empties into Madriver. The mill had four run of burrs, and all the improvements of modern days; the patterns for the castings he had constructed on his farm, and conveyed in wagons to McArthur's furnace on Raccoon creek, and the casting when completed they hauled, and also the blocks for the beams by wagon to Urbana. He owned these mills until 1848, when he sold them to Reuben Hagenbach. They now (1872) belong to the Stewart Brothers.

The principal part of the foregoing biography was furnished the writer by Judge A. F. Vance, son of Gov. Vance.

Gov. Vance was a warm friend and advocate of public improvements, and gave his influence and votes in their favor. He was President of the Mad River and Lake Erie Railroad (the first ever built in Ohio), and spent much of his time and means in his efforts to have the road made. He was a staunch advocate for the repair and extension of the National road, then called the Cumberland road, through Ohio and other States of the west. In 1827, when he was a member of Congress, there was a bill before the House of Representatives, for making an appropriation for that purpose, and on the question of its passage, Gov. Vance made an able speech in its favor. Toward the close of his speech, he bore down pretty

hard upon some of the State's Rights chivalry, and as it was their practice then to answer the arguments of their political opponents by a challenge to fight a duel, several members of the State's Rights party held a consultation upon the subject to decide who should challenge the offender in this case. But as Gov. Vance was a military man, and what they dreaded more, a western pioneer, they supposed he might have a better knowledge of the use of fire-arms, and especially of the rifle, than they possessed themselves, they concluded to postpone the issuing of the challenge until they should know something more about his qualifications as a marksman. Accordingly, one of them called upon Gen. McArthur the next day, and made the necessary inquiry. The General, who saw through their intentions, informed them that General Vance was one of the best marksmen in Ohio; that he would unhesitatingly respond to a challenge, and advised them to let him alone, as he was a dangerous man. Nothing more was said about fighting.

MARRIAGE RECORD.

Champaign County.

LIST OF MARRIAGES IN CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, BEGINNING IN 1805.

May 30, 1805, by Jonathan Mulholland, Daniel Harr to Elizabeth Ross. Their oldest son, I. N. Harr, of Westville, was the third child born in Urbana.

Feb. 22, 1805, by Rev. John Thomas, David Vance to Jennie Runyon.

March 6th, 1806, by Jonathan Dormal, Francis Rock to Sarah Fithian.

January 27, 1807, by John Thomas, James Mitchell to Elizabeth Riddle.

May 27, 1806, by Rev. John Thomas, Frederick Ambrose to Jennie Tanner.

June 29, 1806, by Rev. H. M. Curray, Thomas Morris to Margaret Dawson.

July 24, 1806, by James Bishop, Esq., Samuel Colver to Rachel Cunay.

April 21, 1807, by Robert Rennick, Esq., John Hamilton to Sarah Perring.

April 28, 1807, by Justin Jones, Esq., William Davis to Polly Wood.

May 31, 1807, by Wm. McColloch, Esq., John Gamble to Rebecca McColloch—persons of color.

September 20, 1807, by Rev. John Thomas, Henry Weaver to Mary Chapman.

December 17, 1807, by Rev. John Thomas, Joseph Vance to Mary Lemen.

May 5, 1808, by John Thomas, Allen Minturn, to Sallie Clark.

April 7, 1808, by Rev. Nathaniel Pinckard, Richard Bull to Rachel Hunter.

September 6, 1808, by Rev. John Truitt, John W. Vance, to Peggy Lemon.

December 8, 1808, by Wm. McColloch, Esq., Samuel Sharp to Mary Stokeberry.

February 9, 1809, by Rev. John Thomas, John Taylor to Jennie Vance.

September 3, 1808, by Rev. John Thomas, James Broads to Mary Chapman.

September 27, 1808, by Rev. John Thomas, John Owen to Jane Minturn.

January 31, 1809, by N. Pinckard, Jonah Baldwin to Sarah Scott.

——— 1808, by Rev. Hiram M. Curray, John Ross to Margaret Price.

——— 1808, by Rev. Hiram M. Curray, Geo. Hunter to Ruth Fitch.

September 27, 1809, by H. M. Curray, Wm. H. Fyffe to Maxamilla Petty.

November 28, 1809, by James McIlvain, Hugh Newell to Elizabeth McNay.

November 14, 1809, by James McIlvain, Jarvis Doherty to Hannah Marmon.

May 3, 1810, by Sampson Talbott, Esq., Abraham Stevens to Elizabeth Steinberger.

April 5, 1810, by John Thomas, Job Martin to Mary Kirkwood.

November 29, 1815, by Ralph Lowe, Esq., Jeremiah Reams to Matilda Marmon.

April 8, 1815, by Thomas Irwin, Esq., Samuel Haines to Barbara Black.

December 21, 1815, by Rev. Samuel Hitt, Martin Reynolds to Betsy Hitt.

January 1, 1816, by James McPherson, Esq., Lewis Adams to Susannah Rice.

March 19, 1817, by John Thomas, Esq., John McFarland to Ann Moots.

November 5, 1815, by John Thomas, Esq., Hiram M. White to Elizabeth Williams.

September 3, 1819, by William Lee, Esq., Matthew Cretcher to Nancy Cummins.

October 7, 1817, by Charles Fielder, J. P., Jeremiah Fuson to Jane Calubar.

December 13, 1817, by John Hamilton, J. P., Nathaniel Hill to Elizabeth West.

December 25, 1817, by Samuel Hitt, (minister), Daniel Sweet to Altilly Thompson.

December 25, 1817, by Samuel Newell, J. P., George Martin to Hannah Wall.

January 12, 1818, by Philip Kiser, J. P., Mitchell Ross to Mary Stockton.

December 29, 1818, by Benjamin Cheney, J. P., Alex. Ross to Hannah Beatty.

January 15, 1818, by John Shaul, J. P., John Smith to Katherine Blue.

January 15, 1818, by Wm. Stevens, J. P., John Wyant to Elizabeth Motts.

January 5, 1818, by Samuel Hitt, (minister), James W. Tharp to Mary Wyse.

June 5, 1818, by Thomas Irwin, J. P., Thomas Ballinger to Patience Ballinger.

June 24, 1818, by James Dunlap, (minister), Joseph McBeth to Elizabeth Newell.

July 3, 1818, by James Dunlap, (minister), Abram Smith to Catherine Long.

August 5, 1818, by James Dunlap, (minister), John Beatty to Irena Valentine.

February 5, 1818, by Wm. Stephens, J. P., Wm. Blue to Margaret Idle.

October 7, 1817, by Sampson Talbott, J. P., Philip Kenton to Hannah Phillips.

December 18, 1818, by Levi Garwood, J. P., Samuel Hatfield to Celia Zane.

May 8, 1817, by James Dunlap, (minister), Joseph L. Tenney to Elizabeth Gutridge.

November 18, 1817, by John Inskip, J. P., John Crowder to Elizabeth Browder.

November 6, 1817, by Joseph Morris, (minister), John Henry to Rachel Morris.

April 25, 1817, by Ralph Lowe, J. P., Joseph Jacobs to Rachel Pope.

June 5, 1817, by Sampson Talbott, J. P., Henry Smith to Elizabeth Smith.

June 5, 1817, by Sampson Talbott, J. P., Henry Davis to Esther Fitzpatrick.

June 5, 1817, by Sampson Talbott, J. P., James Russel to Mary Kenton.

April 24, 1817, by Saul Henkle, (minister), Micajah Philips to Nancy Dawson.

June 12, 1817, by Samuel Hitt, (minister), Wm. Taylor to Elizabeth Morgan.

June 17, 1817, by Samuel Hitt, (minister), John Goddard to Mary Hall.

October 23, 1817, by George Fithian, J. P., Joseph Bradly to Rebecca Thomas.

November 6, 1817, by John Morgan, J. P., Daniel Baldwin to Hannah Williams.

November 13, 1817, by John Shaul, J. P., Wm. Curtis to Sarah Ellsworth.

November 13, 1817, by John Shaul, J. P., Moses Meeker to Sarah Curtis.

November 23, 1817, by Sampson Talbott, J. P., John McIntyre to Esther McGill.

February 23, 1819, by John Gutridge, (minister), Aaron Gutridge to Mary Gray.

October 20, 1820, ——— Richard Baldwin to Eleanor Williams.

March 4, 1819, by John Owen, J. P., George Bennett to Mary Thompson.

September 5, 1819, by John Morgan, J. P., James Pearce to Margaret Paxson.

June 19, 1819, by John Strange, (minister), Samuel Curl to Jane Latta.

March —, 1819, by John Thomas, J. P., Joseph Downs to Esther Williams.

Logan County.

This Record is taken as it is found on the records of the Clerk of the Court. The orthography is *verbatim* as found upon the public

records. To many readers it will call to mind many pleasant memories of by-gone days.

March 26, 1818, by Lanson Curtis, Esq., Richmond Marmon to Precilla Marmon.

April 25, 1818, by Lanson Curtis, Esq., Richard Shackly to Susanna Paxton.

July 9, 1818, by Rev. John Inskeep, Thomas Spain to Sarah Williams.

June 16, 1818, by Seneca Allen, Esq., Collister Jaskins to Fanny Gunn.

August 13, 1818, by David Askins, Esq., Robert S. McMillen, to Jane Ellis.

August 27th, 1818, by James M. Reed, Esq., William Moore, to Annie Askins.

September 24, 1818, by David Askins, Esq., Griffith Johnston to Ruth Patten.

October 29, 1818, by Rev. Samuel Hitt, Thomas Marmon to Peggy Truitt.

October 29, 1818, by Rev. John Gutridge, Richard Dickinson to Peggy Henry.

November 17, 1818, by David Askins, Esq., George F. Dunn to Isabella McGain.

November 8, 1818, by Rev. Jno. Guthridge,* Stephen Marmon, to Mary Reed.

December 1st, 1818, by Rev. John Gutridge, Simon Kenton to Sallie Dowden.

Jan. 7, 1819, by Israel Howell, Esq., George Moots, Jr., to Margaret Hall.

February 1, 1819, by Rev. John Inskeep, David Norton to Eliza Dunson.

December 3, 1818, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, Samuel Vance to Catherine Amel.

[NOTE—There seems to be some mistake in these dates, one being February 1st, 1819, and the one following December 3d, 1818.]

December 24, 1818, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, James Wilkinson to Nancy Skinner.

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*John Guthridge Was a Baptist preacher. The above name was found on the record just as it is here.

December 24, 1818, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, William Wilson and Julia Hawley.

December 25, 1818, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, Israel Smith and Mary Rees.

January 7, 1819, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, Robert A. Forsyth and Almira Hull.

January 10, 1819, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, Joshua Chappell and Annie Gunn.

January 14, 1819, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, George Campbell and Sallie Skinner.

February 2, 1819, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, David Murphy and Elizabeth Carpenter.

February 2, 1819, by Seneca Allen, Justice of the Peace, Mathias Gray and Sallie Carpenter.

January 28, 1819, by Henry Robertson, Esq, William Davis to Mary Johnston.

February 11, 1819, by Rev. Elias Vickers, James McGain to Polly Askins.

March 25, 1819, by Rev. Elias Vickers, Robert McGain, to Nancy McNay.

February 2, 1819, by James M. Reed, Esq., Isaac Miller to Elizabeth McCloud. This certificate of marriage filed the 12th day of April, 1819.

April 13, 1819, by James M. Reed, Esq., Henry Houtz to Betsy Frantz.

February 1, 1819, by Rev. John Inskeep, Aaron Reams to Luna Zane.

February 4, 1819, by Raphel Moore, Esq., John Askins to Polly McGain.

April 21, 1819, by James M. Reed, Esq., William Fenil to Sallie Owen.

June 24, 1819, by Wm. Ewin, Esq., Daniel Grubbs to Sallie Cain.

June 17, 1819, by William Ewin, Esq., Samuel Curl to Catherine Smith.

May 18, 1819, by James M. Reed, Esq., James Hill to Mary Ritchey.

March 13, 1819, by Seneca Allen, Esq., Daniel Murray to Abigail Ward.

April 13, 1819, by the same, Thomas Turnall to Mary Stanton.

April 12, 1819, by the same, Silas Lewis to Lydia Chelson.

April 28, 1819, by the same, Solomon Cross to Betsy Sawyer.

May 20, 1819, by the same, George Marsh to Julia Varney.

May 23, 1819, by John Gutridge, (Baptist preacher) Moses Reams to Mahaly Norton.

March 11, 1819, by John Strange, (Methodist preacher,) Robert Casebolt to Hannah Davis.

March 11, 1819, by Israel Howell, Esq., Caleb Kearns to Elizabeth Marmon.

September 9, 1819, by John Wilson, Esq., Wm. Pierce to Sarah Ferstone.

September 21, 1819, by Israel Howell, Esq., Stephen Bratton to Elizabeth Lowe.

October 28, 1819, by Rev. John Inskeep, Emsly Pope to Susanna Lundy.

October 28, 1819, by Raphel Moore, Esq., Nathan Cretcher to Sarah Pollock.

December 14, 1819, by Rev. John Inskeep, Esq., Jesse Sharp to Rebecca Haines.

November 4, 1819, by David Askins, Esq., William Moore to Sarah Moore.

February 24, 1820, by James Reed, Esq., John Blue to Mary Hobouch.

January 24, 1820, by Wm. Ewin, Esq., John Bishop to Sallie Garwood.

October 24, 1819, by Wm. Ewin, Esq., Wm. Eaton to Sallie Ellender.

October 24, 1819, by Wm. Ewin, Esq., Robert Rea to Mary Grubbs.

February 21, 1820, by John Garwood, Esq., Job Garwood to Lydia Gregg.

February 24, 1820, by Jas. M. Reed, Esq., Simeon Monroe to Polly Hale.

March 3, 1820, by David Askins, Esq., Joseph Pollock to Martha Connel.

April 5, 1820, by David Askins, Esq., Solomon Hobouch to Sarah Castile.

March 9, 1820, by Benjamin Lane, James Buller to Obedience Patterson.

April 8, 1820, by James M. Reed, Esq , Henry McPherson to Annie Smith.

March 13, 1820, by James M. Reed, Esq., Nathaniel Dodge to Betsy Workman.

July 15, 1820, by James M. Reed, Esq., Joseph Tenary to Zellah McColloch.

July 25, 1820, by Wm. Ewin, Esq., Geo. Linkswell to Margaret Hill.

July 28, 1820, by Wm. Ewin, Esq., John Ballinger to Mary Inskeep.

July 15, 1820, by James Reed, Esq., Daniel Colvin to Nancy Hill.

August 1, 1820, by Joseph McBeth, Esq., Orin Hubbard to Margaret Craig.

October 14, 1820, by Joseph McBeth, Esq., John McGhee to Elizabeth Stuart.

November 6, 1820, by Israel Howell, Esq., Samuel Robertson to Polly McNeal.

October 14, 1820, by Wm. Ewin, Esq., Isaac Sparks to Martha Ballinger.

October 14, 1820, by William Euans, Esq., Josiah Bayless and Hannah Curl.

December 6, 1820, by Rev. John Inskeep, Job Inskeep and Sallie Sharp.

October 26, 1820, by Israel Howell, Esq., John McNeil to Elenor Herring.

December 6, 1820, by Henry Robertson, Esq., Samuel Blagg and Catharine Kelly.

December 18, 1820, by David Askins, Esq., James Campbell and Betsy More.

December 20, 1820, by John Garwood, Esq., Daniel Ray and Scidmond.

January 25, 1821, by John Garwood, Esq., Allen Rea and Mariah Bishop.

February 14, 1821, by David Askins, Esq., John McGain and Betsy Leper.

February 15, 1821, by David Askins, Esq., Wm. Campbell and Ann Moore.

March 14, 1821, by David Askins, Esq., Thomas Moore and Rebecca Makemson.

March 8, 1821, by James Reed, Esq., Robert Pshaw an Betsy Carter.

March 23, 1821, by Henry Robertson, Esq., Joshua Robertson to Rachel Willets.

May 29, 1821, by Wm. Scott, Esq., John Hall and Pamelia Lee.

April 2, 1821, by John Freeman, Esq., William Wilkison and Jane Strange.

April 14, 1821, by David Askins, Esq., Frederick Bailor and Elizabeth Craig.

April 16, 1821, by Rev. John Inskeep, Esq., Uriah McKinny and Nancy Star.

May 29, 1821, by Wm. Scott, Esq., John Underwood and Nancy Hitt.

June 3, 1821, by Rev. John Inskeep Henry Cain and Rachel Mendenhall.

POLL BOOKS

OF THE SEVERAL TOWNSHIPS OF CHAMPAIGN COUNTY, GIVING A RECORD OF THE NAMES OF ELECTORS AT FIRST ELECTON, OCTOBER 8, 1811.

Urbana Township.

Poll Book of the township of Urbana, in the county of Champaign, on the eighth day of October, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eleven. Zephaniah Luce, William Stevens, and William Glenn, Judges, and Joseph Hedges and Daniel Helmick, Clerks of this Election, were severally sworn, as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. Lawrence White,
2. Joseph Gordon,
3. William H. Fyffe,
4. Samuel McCord,
5. George Hunter,
6. James Robinson,
7. Benjamin Doolittle,
8. Nathaniel Pinkard,
9. Daniel Helmick,
10. George Fithian,
11. Joseph Hedges,
12. Zephaniah Luce,
13. William Glenn,
44. Nathaniel Morrow,
45. John Rigdon,
46. John Huston,
47. Alexander Allen,
48. Joseph Ford,
49. John Williams,
50. Britton Lovett,
51. James Askin,
52. James McGill,
53. Jacob Arney,
54. Hugh Gibbs,
55. James Dallas,
56. Samuel Hoge,

14. John Gilmore,
15. John McCord,
16. Wm. Stevens,
17. Anthony Patrick,
18. Henry Bacon,
19. Simon Kenton,
20. David W. Parkison,
21. Nathan Fitch,
22. Frederick Ambrose,
23. Wm. Powell,
24. Jacob Slagal,
25. James Fithian,
26. David Moody,
27. Daniel Harr,
28. Isaac Robinson,
29. Edward W. Pierce,
30. John Thompson,
31. John Thomas,
32. John Schryock,
33. James Wilkison,
34. Enos Thomas,
35. Isaac Shockey,
36. William Bridge,
37. John Reynolds,
38. John A. Ward,
39. John Trewett,
40. Wm. Largent,
41. Wm. Rhodes,
42. Joseph Ayers, Sen.,
43. Allen Oliver,
57. Thomas West,
58. Nicholas Carpenter,
59. John White,
60. John Glenn,
61. John Largent,
62. Daniel Largent,
63. Jacob Pence,
64. Curtis M. Thompson,
65. Andrew Richards,
66. Job Clemons,
67. Timothy Giffert,
68. Sanford Edmonds,
69. Thomas Moore,
70. John Rhodes,
71. Alexander McCumpsey,
72. Robert Noe,
73. John Ford,
74. Francis Stevenson,
75. Robert Taber,
76. John Frazel,
77. Tolson Ford,
78. Thomas Ford,
79. Job Gard,
80. James Davidson,
81. Samuel Clifton,
82. John Stewart,
83. Thomas Trewett,
84. Benj. Nichols,
85. John Fitcher,
86. Joseph Pence,
87. Nelson Largent.

It is by us certified that the number of electors at this election amounts to eighty-seven.

ATTEST:
JOSEPH HEDGES, } *Clerks.*
DANIEL HELMICK, }

ZEPHANIAH. LUCE, }
WILLIAM STEVENS, } *Judges.*
WILLIAM GLENN, }

Madriver Township.

Poll Book of the election held in the township of Madriver, in the county of Champaign, on the eighth day of October, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eleven; David Bayles, Nathan Darnall, and Peter Bruner, Judges, and James Montgomery and Wm. Nicholson, Clerks of the election, were severally sworn as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. Wm. Weaver, Sen.
2. John Kain,
3. Archibald McKinley,
4. Elijah Standiford,
5. Wm. West,
6. Thomas Grafton,
7. Levi Rouze,
8. Peter Bruner,
9. Nathan Darnall,
10. Isaac Lansdale,
11. Sampson Kelly,
12. Isaac Myers,
13. James Grafton,
14. James Montgomery,
15. Wm. Nicholson,
16. John Beaty,
17. Gershom Gard,
18. Jacob Conklin,
19. Elijah Ross,
20. Wm. Ross, Sen.,
21. John Brown,
22. John Rouze,
23. Wm. Baggs,
24. John Baggs,
25. James Baggs,
29. Wm. Weaver, Jr.,
30. George Glass,
31. Boswell Darnall,
32. Henry Steinberger,
33. Owen Ellis,
34. Ezekiel Boswell,
35. Daniel Davis,
36. Henry Boswell,
37. Henry Pence,
38. John Steinberger,
39. Hiram Cotteral,
40. John Logan, Jr.,
41. George Wickum,
42. George Boswell,
43. George Wilson,
44. David Jones,
45. Andrew Davis, Sen.,
46. John Taylor,
47. Anderson Davis, Jr.,
48. John Bayles,
49. John Pence,
50. Peter Smith,
51. David Beaty,
52. Shadrach D. Northcutt,
53. John S. Berry,

26. Reuben McSherry,
27. Alexander Brown,
28. Joseph Dilts,
54. Miller Gillespy,
55. Abraham Shockey,
56. Samuel Pence,
57. David Bayles.

It is by us certified that the number of electors at this election, amounts to fifty-seven.

ATTEST:
W. NICHOLSON,
JAS. MONTGOMERY,
Clerks.

PETER BRUNER,
NATHAN DARNALL
DAVID BAYLES,
Judges of Election.

Union Township.

Poll Book of the election held in the township of Union, in the county of Champaign, on the eighth day of October, 1811. John Gutridge, Sen., Joseph McLain, Jacob Minturn, Benjamin Cheney and John Owen, Clerks of this election, were severally sworn as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. Hiram M. Curry,
2. Wesley Hathaway,
3. Jacob Minturn,
4. John Price,
5. Solomon Scott,
6. John Sayre,
7. John Lafferty,
8. Jonathan Brown,
9. Alexander McCorkle,
10. John Ross,
11. Isaac Tucker,
12. Jesse Gutridge,
13. Joseph McLain,
14. John Gutridge, Sen.,
15. Moses Gutridge,
16. James Walker,
17. Paul Huston,
18. Isaac Titsworth,
19. John Kelly,
20. Barton Minturn,
21. Charles Harrison,
22. James McLain,
23. Abner Barritt,
24. Philip Miller,
25. Adam Miller,
26. John Owen,
35. David Marsh,
36. Thomas Pearce, Jr.,
37. Obed Ward,
38. James Maryfield,
39. Emmanuel Maryfield,
40. Alexander Ross,
41. James Lowry,
42. Stephen Runyon,
43. Allen Minturn,
44. William Valentine,
45. Daniel Jones,
46. Richard Runyon,
47. Daniel Neal,
48. John Neal,
49. Justus Jones,
50. John Elefrits,
51. Henry Vanmeter,
52. William Ray,
53. Ebenezer Cheney,
54. John Clark,
55. Richard Carbus,
56. James Owen,
57. Adam Rhodes,
58. Francis Owen,
59. Jeremiah Tucker.
60. William Cheney,

27. William Kelly,
28. Benjamin Cheney,
29. Israel Marsh,
30. Gabriel Briant,
31. David Vance,
32. Abijah Ward,
33. Enoch Sargeant,
34. Joseph Cummons,
61. James Mitchel,
62. David Osburn,
63. Thomas Pearce, Sen.
64. John Runyon,
65. Thomas Sayre,
66. Daniel Baker,
67. Jacob Rees,
68. George Sergeant.

It is by us certified, that the number of electors at this election amounts to sixty-eight.

ATTEST:
BENJAMIN CHENEY } *Clerks.*
JOHN OWEN,

JOHN GUTRIDGE,
JACOB MINTURN } *Judges.*
JOSEPH MCLAIN

Concord Township.

Poll Book of the election held in Concord township, in the county of Champaign, on the eighth day of October, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eleven. Sampson Talbot, Thomas Stretch and Joseph Hill, Judges, William Stretch and Daniel Jackson, Clerks of this election, were severally sworn as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. Phelix Rock,
2. Silas Johnston,
3. Adam Wise,
4. George Faulkner,
5. Philip C. Kenton,
6. James Johnston,
7. Philip Coamer,
8. Walker Johnston,
9. Archibald McGrew, Sen.
10. Christian Stevens,
11. William Kenton, Jr.,
12. James McLaughlin,
13. Mark Kenton,
14. Elija T. Davis,
15. Ezekiel A. Smith,
16. Sampson Talbot,
17. Thomas Stretch,
18. Joseph Hill,
19. William Stretch,
20. Daniel Jackson,
21. Robert Blaney,
22. Jacob Sarver,
23. Samuel Mitchell, Sen.
24. Joel Fuson,
25. Abraham Custor,
26. William Custor,
27. Isaac Custor,
28. Mathew McGrew,
29. James Mitchell,
30. Thomas Kenton,
31. Thomas Daniel,
32. Samuel Smith,
33. Marcus Clark,
34. Benjamin Line,
35. Joseph Hurings.

We do hereby certify that the number of electors at this election amounts to thirty-five.

ATTEST:
WILLIAM STRETCH, } *Clerks.*
DAN'L JOHNSTON,

SAMPSON TALBOTT,
THOMAS STRETCH, } *Judges.*
JOSEPH HILL,

Salem Township.

Poll Book of the election held in the township of Salem, in the county of Champaign, on the eighth day of October, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eleven. Joseph Petty, John McAdams and Mathew Stewart, Judges, and David Parkison and Joseph Vance, Clerks of this election, were severally sworn as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. Allen Galent,
2. John Galent,
3. Francis Thomas,
4. Joseph Petty,
5. John McAdams,
6. Mathew Stewart,
7. John Vance,
8. Michael Whisman,
9. Joseph Vance,
10. David Parkison,
11. John Taylor,
12. James Porter,
13. Arthur Thomas,
14. John Symmes,
15. William Waukob,
16. James Brown,
17. Archibald Stewart,
18. Ezekiel Petty,
19. Bernard Coon,
20. William Riddle,
21. John Davis,
22. Job Martin,
23. Henry Davis,
24. Jesse Johnston,
25. Samuel Gibbs,
26. William Powell,
27. Christopher Wood,
28. James Williams,
29. John Thomas,
30. Jacob Leonard,
31. Abraham Powell,
32. Joseph Duncan,
33. David Brown,
34. Randle Largent,
35. John Williams,
36. Jeremiah Bowen,
37. George Leonard,
38. John Reed,
39. Jonathan Long,
40. Joseph Reynolds,
41. Philip Huffman,
42. Joseph Wilkison,
43. Thomas Wilkison,
44. Michael Instine,
45. James Turner,
46. Robert McFarland.

It is by us certified that the number of electors at this election is forty-six.

ATTEST:
DAVID PARKISON, } *Clerks*
JOSEPH VANCE, }

JOSEPH PETTY, }
JOHN M'ADAMS, } *Judges.*
MATHEW STEWART }

Wayne Township.

Poll Book of the election held in the township of Wayne, county of Champaign, on the eighth day of October, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eleven. Abraham Hughes, Nathan Norton and John Paxton, Judges, and Basil Noel and Wesley Hughes, Clerks of this election, were severally sworn as the law directs, previous to their entering upon their respective duties.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. Reuben Paxton,
2. Abraham Hughes,
3. William Tharp,
4. William Fagan,
5. Joshua Jones,
6. John Black,
7. John Richardson,
8. John Ballinger,
9. John Barrett,
10. Daniel Reed,
11. John Bowlman,
12. John Devoore,
13. Isaac Hughes,
14. Henry Williams,
15. Abner Tharp,
16. John Paxton,
17. John Sutton,
18. Gray Gary,
19. Nathan Norton,
20. William Williams,
21. Basil Noel,
22. Wesley Hughes,
23. John Thomas,
24. Nathan Tharp,
25. Andrew Grubbs,
26. John Bowlman, Sen.,
27. Otho Johnson,
28. Benjamin Lee,
29. Solomon Tharp,
30. Jacob Paxton.
31. William Pickrell.

It is hereby certified the number of electors at this election amounts to thirty-one.

ATTEST:
BASIL NOEL,
WESLEY HUGHES, } *Clerks.*

JOHN PAXTON,
ABRAHAM HUGHES,
NATHAN NORTON, } *Judges of Election.*

POLL BOOKS

OF TOWNSHIPS OF LOGAN COUNTY, GIVING THE NAMES OF THEIR RESPECTIVE ELECTORS AT THEIR FIRST ELECTIONS.

Zane Township.

Poll Book of the election held in the township of Zane, in the county of Champaign, (now Logan), on the second Tuesday of October, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eleven. Solomon McColloch, Daniel Garwood and Matthias Williams, Judges, and Joseph Euans and Thomas Davis, Clerks of this election, were severally sworn, as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices. This election for one Representative to the State and one County Commissioner.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. William McColloch,
2. James Monroe,
3. Christopher Smith,
4. Daniel Garwood,
5. Matthias Williams,
6. Solomon McColloch,
7. George McColloch,
8. Joseph Euans,
9. Thomas Davis,
10. David Marmon, Sen.,
11. William Davis,
15. Conrad Moots,
16. William A. McNeal,
17. Isaac Titsworth,
18. William Southard,
19. Richmond Marmon,
20. Nicholas Pickrell,
21. Charles Moots,
22. Samuel Hurd,
23. Edmond Marmon,
24. John Shelby,
25. Robert Smith,

12. John Marmon,
13. Robert Marmon,
14. Joshua Sharp,
26. John McCoy,
27. David Marmon, Jr.,
28. Jacob Patterson.

It is hereby certified that the number of electors at this election amounts to twenty-eight.

JOSEPH EVANS, THOS. DAVIS, } *Clerks.*

SOLOMON MCCOLLOCH, DANIEL GARWOOD, MATTHIAS WILLIAMS, } *Judges.*

Harrison Township.

Poll Book, of the election held in the township of Harrison, in the county of Logan, on the sixth day of April, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighteen. James McIlvain, Archibald Moore and John Dunn, Judges and John Askren and Hugh Newell Clerks, of this election, were severally sworn, as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. David Kirkwood,
2. John Kirkwood,
3. James McClanahan,
4. John G. McIlvain,
5. James McNay,
6. John McNay,
7. Robert Crockett,
8. William Wall,
9. Samuel Cartmell,
10. David Askren,
11. John Dunn,
12. Archibald Moore,
13. John Askren,
14. Robert Braden,
15. Hugh Newell,
16. Moses McIlvain,
17. Joseph Pollock,
18. John McDaniel,
19. Abner Snoddy,
20. James Wall,
21. John Wall,
22. John McIlvain.

It is hereby certified that the number of electors at this election amounts to twenty-two.

ATTEST.
JOHN ASKREN, } *Clerk.*
HUGH NEWELL, }

JAMES MCILVAIN, }
JOHN DUNN, } *Judges.*
ARCHIBALD MOORE, }

Lake Township.

Poll Book, of the election held in the township of Lake, in the county of Champaign, now Logan, on the eighth day of October, A. D., eighteen hundred and eleven. Thomas Baird, Samuel Black and William Moore, Judges, and Samuel McIlvain and Hugh Newell, Clerks of this election, were severally sworn as the law directs, previous to entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. William Boid,
2. James Hill,
3. John McPherrin,
4. Elijah States,
5. Isaac Miller,
6. David Matthews,
7. William Haines,
8. Joseph Crowzan,
9. George Moore,
10. William Kirkwood.
11. Abner Snoddy,
12. Daniel Workman, Sen.
13. William Hann,
14. John Moore,
15. David Kirkwood,
16. Thomas Newell,
17. John Lodwick,
18. William McCaw,
19. James Cooper,
20. Thomas Dullson,
21. James McClanahan,
22. William Moore,
23. David Askren,
24. William Lee,
25. Battest Mayvil,
26. John Tullis, Jr.,
34. Martin Shields,
35. John McDonald,
36. Archibald Moore,
37. James McIlvain,
38. John Beard,
39. William McCloud,
40. Samuel Shields,
41. William McDonald,
42. John Lewis,
43. Samuel Newell,
44. Benjamin Cox,
45. James McPherson,
46. Thomas Beard,
47. Joseph Cox,
48. William Connel,
49. James Workman,
50. John Stevenson,
51. Robert Moore,
52. John Schooler,
53. Phillip Mathews, Sen.
54. Charles Johnson,
55. Henry Mathews,
56. Charles Schooler,
57. Samuel Black,
58. Hugh Newell,
59. Samuel McIlvain,

27. Samuel McDonald,
28. Samuel Tidd,
29. Phillip Mathews, Jr.,
30. Robert Porter,
31. Robert Dickson,
32. John Tullis, Sen.,
33. James Bonner,
60. James Moore,
61. Daniel M. Workman,
62. John Workman,
63. John H. Moore,
64. Phillip Hoshaw,
65. William Cummins,
66. Jeremiah Stansbury,
67. Mason Fewell.

It is by us certified that the number of electors at this election amounts to sixty-seven.

ATTEST:
SAMUEL MCILVAIN, } *Clerks.*
HUGH NEWELL, }

THOMAS BAIRD, } *Judges of Election.*
SAMUEL BLACK, }
WM. MOORE, }

Zane Township.

Poll Book of the election held in Zane township, Logan county, the sixth day of April, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eighteen. Daniel Garwood, John Warner and Joseph Stokes, Judges, and Levi Garwood and John Inskeep, Clerks of the election, were sworn as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. Joshua Cain,
2. Wm. Eaton,
3. Job Sharp,
4. Samuel Curl,
5. Daniel Garwood,
6. Joel Stratten,
7. Levi Inskeep,
8. John D. Elbert,
9. Joseph Stratten,
10. Enoch Smith,
11. Jose Garwood,
12. Job Garwood,
13. Walter Marshal,
14. William Sharp,
15. Caleb Ballinger,
16. Benajah Williams,
17. Isaac B. Dillon,
18. Joseph Stokes,
19. John Williams,
20. Jesse Sharp,
21. John Sharp, Jr.,
22. Jesse Downs,
23. Charles Curl,
24. Matthias Williams,
25. Job Inskeep,
26. Simeon Smith,
37. David Marmon, Sen.,
38. James Robertson,
39. Abel Thomas,
40. Samuel Hatcher,
41. Edmond Marmon,
42. Wm. Euans,
43. John Inskeep,
44. Wm. P. Sharp,
45. Job Sharp, Sen.
46. Isaac James,
47. Josiah Outland,
48. Benjamin Smith,
49. Peter Marmon,
50. Jonathan Williams,
51. David Marmon, Jr.,
52. Nicholas Pickrel,
53. Moses Euans,
54. Joseph Euans,
55. Giles Norton,
56. Samuel Curl, Jr.,
57. William Grubs,
58. Enoch Sharp,
59. Joshua Inskeep,
60. James Hatcher,
61. Isaac Hatcher,
62. David Thomas,

27. Samuel Ballinger,
28. James Edwards,
29. Joshua Sharp,
30. Judge Garwood,
31. Christopher Smith,
32. Caleb Stratten,
33. Henry Seaman,
34. Samuel Hendrick,
35. John Marmon,
36. John Warner,
63. Joseph Curl, Sen.,
64. Daniel Stokes,
65. Isaac Sharp,
66. Jonah Bishop,
67. John Garwood,
68. Thomas James,
69. Allen Sharp,
70. Carlisle Haines,
71. Thomas Seegar,
72. Job Sharp,

73. John Sharp.

It is by us certified that the number of electors at this election amounted to seventy-three.

ATTEST:
LEVI GARWOOD, } *Clerks.*
JOHN INSKEEP,

DANIEL GARWOOD,
JOHN WARNER, } *Judges.*
JOSEPH STOKES,

Lake Township.

Poll book of election held in the township of Lake, in the county of Logan, and State of Ohio, in the town of Belleville, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighteen. Thomas Baird, Joseph Peach and William Powell, Judges, and George Krouskop and John Askren, Clerks of this election were severally sworn as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. James M. Reed,
2. Isaac Miller,
3. William Johnson,
4. John Colvin,
5. John Tucker,
6. John Tullis, sen.
7. William McKinney,
8. Joseph Gordon,
9. James Binley,
10. James McClenaghan,
11. William Haines,
12. Thomas Haines,
13. Moses McIlvain,
14. William Carroll,
15. Archibald Moore,
16. David Jones,
17. Henry Shaw,
18. Thomas Newell,
19. James McIlvain,
20. David Kirkwood,
21. Isaac Southerland,
22. Joseph Wilson,
23. William Kirkwood,
24. Samuel Shields,
25. Joseph Coddington,
67. Oliver C. Blalock,
68. Levi D. Tharp,
69. Nathaniel Crutcher,
70. William Coddington,
71. Simeon Ransbottom,
72. Joseph Haynes,
73. John N. Gluer,
74. Thomas, Colvin,
75. Daniel Vance,
76. Daniel Purdy,
77. George Blalock,
78. Michael Waggoner,
79. John McDonald,
80. James Wall,
81. George Krouskop,
82. Robert Doty,
83. James Wall, sen.
84. Joseph Kirkwood,
85. Joseph Bowen,
86. Sylvanus Morehouse,
87. Joseph Cummins,
88. John Holmes,
89. John Tinnis,
90. John Wood,
91. John Enoch,

26. James Largent,
27. John G. McIlvain,
28. James McPherson,
29. William McBeth,
30. John Wall,
31. John Newell,
32. David Askren,
33. Stephen Hoyt,
34. William Moore,
35. Robert Moore,
36. William Wall,
37. Joseph Alexander,
38. John Gunn,
39. William Adams,
40. Samuel Newell,
41. Samuel Wilson,
42. Jacob Powell,
43. George F. Dunn,
44. Robert Newell,
45. Raphael Moore,
46. Samuel Moore, jr.
47. John Dunn,
48. Joel Smith,
49. Daniel Workman, sen.
50. Abner Snoddy,
51. Patrick Watson,
52. Jacob Foster,
53. Joseph Smith,
54. William McCloud,
55. John Lodwick,
56. John Peach,
57. John Naglee,
58. George Countner,
59. Thomas Clark,
60. Christopher Wood,
61. Robert Porter,
62. John McBeth,
63. Thomas Garwood,
64. Isaac Myers,
65. Merida Blalock,
92. David McNay,
93. John Crawford,
94. John Hall,
95. James Leper,
96. William Gray,
97. John Shelby,
98. Obadiah, Howell,
99. Jesse Gale,
100. Hezekiah Wilcox,
101. Joseph Peach,
102. William Powell,
103. Thomas Baird,
104. William White,
105. Justice Edwards,
106. Daniel M. Brown,
107. William Davis,
108. John Cochran,
109. Samuel Carter,
110. Daniel Workman,
111. Martin Dewitt,
112. Ransford Hoyt,
113. Alexander McGarvy,
114. John Moore,
115. James Hill,
116. Benjamin Vickers,
117. Charles O. Wolpers,
118. Abraham Sager,
119. Samuel Covington,
120. John Askren,
121. Samuel Hathaway,
122. Thomas Thompson,
123. Isaac Clemens,
124. Thomas Powell,
125. William Davis,
126. David King
127. Emmanuel Rost,
128. Ross Thomas,
129. Hugh Newell,
130. Almon Hopkins,
131. Jeremiah Stansberry,

66. John Tullis, jr. 132. Robert Crockett.

It is by us certified that the number of electors at this election amounts to one hundred and thirty-two.

ATTEST:
GEORGE KROUSKOP, } *Clerks.*
JOHN ASKREN,

JOSEPH PEACH, } *Judges.*
THOMAS BAIRD,
WM. POWELL,

Jefferson Township.

Poll Book of the election held in the township of Jefferson, in the county of Logan, on the 14th day of March, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and eighteen. William McBeth, Martin Marmon and Robert Smith, Judges, and John N. Gluer and Samuel Newell, Clerks, who were severally sworn, as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. David Askren,
2. Layton Pollock,
3. Joseph McBeth,
4. Michael Waggoner,
5. Benjamin Ellis,
6. Jacob Packston,
7. John Williams,
8. John Walls,
9. William Walls,
10. Bradford Hale,
11. Henry Shaw,
12. Moses Brown,
13. James Moore,
14. James McIlvain,
15. William Moore, jr.
16. Robert Doaty,
17. Daniel Workman, sen.
18. Jonathan Williams,
19. William Williams,
20. Thomas Provolt,
21. James Butler,
22. Tobias Waggoner,
23. John Pickerell,
24. Abner Snoddy,
25. Philip Hocket,
26. George Krouskop,
97. Wiliam Moore,
98. John Brown,
69. Henry Matthews,
100. George Moore,
101. Lanson Curtis,
102. Benjamin Vickers,
103. James Monroe,
104. Moses Reams,
105. Jesse Stansbury,
106. Isaac Zane, jr.
107. Benjamin Smith,
108. Caleb Reams,
109. Abner Tharp,
110. Benjamin Watkins,
111. William Haines,
112. William Hatfield,
113. John Ritchy,
114. David Ray,
115. Ayles Reams,
116. Thomas Dunston,
117. Joseph Coddington,
118. Henry Seaman,
119. Jacob Patterson,
120. David Jones,
121. Joseph Willson,
122. Simeon Ransbottom,

27. John Marmon,
28. John Packston,
29. Nicholas Stilwell, sen.
30. John G. McIlvain,
31. Samuel Scott,
32. William Pierson,
33. Jonathan Pierson,
34. Jesse Gail,
35. Samuel Lundy,
36. John Pickerell, jr.
37. Giles Norton,
38. James Walls, jr.
39. Charles Moots, jr.
40. Josiah Outland,
41. John Walls, jr.
42. Obadiah Williams,
43. William Porter,
44. William Moore, sen.
45. Samuel Shields,
46. David Marmon,
47. John Colyer,
48. Samuel Willson,
49. Stephen Reed,
50. Thomas Moore,
51. Patrick McFall,
52. James Walls,
53. Joseph Creveston,
54. George Moots, sen.
55. Jonathan Reeves,
56. David Kirkwood,
57. Thomas Steward,
58. John Smith,
59. Jervis Dougherty,
60. James Binley,
61. Samuel McDannel,
62. Abner Cox,
63. Henry Williams,
64. Isam Hyatt,
65. Joseph Kirkwood,
66. James Shaw,
123. Levi Tharp,
124. Ebenezer McDannel,
125. Jesse Willets,
126. Isaac Willets,
127. William Stanfield,
128. Nicholas Robertson,
129. Joseph Peach,
130. Christopher Piper,
131. Samuel Robertson,
132. John Tullis, sen.
133. Jacob Foster,
134. Emsly Pope,
135. Martin Dewitt,
136. William Ireland,
137. Joseph Gordon,
138. Justice Edwards,
139. Samuel Hanes,
140. Lewis Coon,
141. William Woods,
142. Nathaniel Pope,
143. William McDannel,
144. Enoch Smith,
145. Samuel Hatcher,
146. Joshua Sharp,
147. Martin Flougherty,
148. George F. Dunn,
149. Phillip Matthews,
150. Edmond Marmon,
151. George Matthews,
152. Martin Shields,
153. John Askren,
154. John Bun,
155. John Schooler,
156. Richard Dickinson,
157. William Coddington,
158. Joseph Smith,
159. Joseph Brown,
160. George Henry,
161. Benjamin Schooler,
162. John Dunn,

67. John Means,
68. Stephen Leice,
69. Nicholas Stilwell,
70. Christian Smith,
71. Samuel Carter,
72. James Leper,
73. Joseph Pollock,
74. Peter Marmon,
75. Samuel Colyer,
76. Oliver C. Blaylock,
77. Samuel Marmon,
78. William Reams,
79. Samuel Firestone,
80. Joseph Alexander,
81. William McBeth,
82. Daniel Butler,
83. Samuel Curl,
84. Peter Marmon, sen.
85. John Tucker,
86. John Peach,
87. Thomas Haner,
88. David Shields,
89. Steward Hatfield,
90. John McBeth,
91. John Packston, jr.
92. Daniel McCoy,
93. Michael Queen,
94. Phineas Corwin,
95. Peter Provolt,
96. John Willson,
163. David Norton,
164. Thomas Reams,
165. John McDannel,
166. William Powell,
167. William Carter,
168. Thomas Colvin,
169. Robert Bradin,
170. George Green,
171. Samuel Starbuck,
172. Thomas Newell,
173. William Green,
174. Sylvanus Moorehouse,
175. James Watkins,
176. William Carrol,
177. Joseph Dickinson, jr.
178. David McNay,
179. John Provolt,
180. Joseph Euans,—
181. Jeremiah Reams,
182. Alexander McGary,
183. Robert Marmon,
184. William Douglas,
185. Robert S. McMillen,
186. James Ellis,
187. Richmond Marmon,
188. Alexander Long,
189. John Stephenson,
190. John Stephenson,
191. John Enoch,
192. Job Sharp.

It is hereby certified that the number of electors at this election amounts to one hundred and ninety-two.

ATTEST:
JOHN N. GLUNE,
SAMUEL NEWELL, } *Clerks.*

WM. MCBETH,
MARTIN MARMON
ROBERT SMITH, } *Judges.*

Union Township.

Poll Book of the election commenced and held at the house of John Dunn, in the township of Union, and county of Logan, for the purpose of electing one Justice of the Peace, on the first Monday of April, eighteen hundred and twenty-one. John Dunn, Thomas Baird, and Hezekiah Wilcox, Judges, G. F. Dunn and John Askren, Clerks, who were severally sworn previous to their entering on their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. John Enoch,
2. John G. McIlvain,
3. James McIlvain,
4. David Kirkwood,
5. Wm. Campbell,
6. Thomas Newell,
7. Hiram M. White,
8. William Kirkwood,
9. John Dunn,
10. William Gray,
11. Wm. George,
12. Robert Clark,
13. John Hall,
14. James Wall, Jr.
15. James Campbell,
16. Archibald Moore,
17. Robert Moore,
18. Robert Newell, Sen.
19. James Wall, Sen.
20. Alex. Burnsides,
21. James Cartmell,
22. John Henson,
23. Thomas Parkison,
24. Peyton Crocket,
25. Francis Purdy,
31. Wm. Wall,
32. Enoch Sargent,
33. Raphael Moore,
34. Thomas Clarke,
35. Robert Newell, Jr.
36. Adam Rhodes,
37. Wm. McBeth,
38. Henry Secrest,
39. Abner Snoddy,
40. G. F. Dunn,
41. Vachel Blaylock,
42. Peter Stip,
43. David Askren,
44. Jonathan W. Fyffe.
45. James Craig,
46. Thomas Baird,
47. John Wall,
48. Joseph Hohmes.
49. Wm. Ireland,
50. John H. Hopkins,
51. Hezekiah Wilcox,
52. Joseph McBeth,
53. Samuel Shields,
54. Wm. Kenton,
55. Samuel Newell,

26. George Hobaugh,
27. Andrew Gray,
28. Benjamin Wall,
29. Josiah Hall,
30. Garret Wall,
56. John McCollosh,
57. Wm. Laughlin,
58. John Shelby,
59. Samuel Moore,
60. John Askren.

It is hereby certified that the number of electors at this election amounts to sixty.

ATTEST.
G. F. DUNN,
JOHN ASKREN, } *Clerk.*

HEZEKIAH WILCOX,
JOHN DUNN,
THOMAS BAIRD, } *Judges.*

Miami Township.

Poll book of the election held in the township of Miami, in the county of Logan, on the thirteenth day of October, A. D., one thousand eight hundred and eighteen. William Dowden, John Schooler, John Means, Judges and Patrick McFall, John Patton, Clerks of the election, were severally sworn as the law directs, previous to their entering on the duties of their respective offices.

NUMBER AND NAME OF ELECTORS.

1. William More,
2. Thomas Makemson,
3. Phillip Mathews, Jr.
4. George More, Sen.
5. Thomas Provolt,
6. Benjamin Schooler,
7. John Makemson,
8. James More,
9. Henry Mathews,
10. John Turner.
11. Francis Patton,
12. Robert Alexander,
13. Shepherd Patton,
14. Griffith Johnson,
15. John Manin,
16. David Archer,
17. William More, Sen.
18. James Shaw,
19. John Parrish,
20. John Wilson,
21. John Means,
22. John More,
23. William Dowden,
24. John Schooler,
25. George More, Jr.
26. Patrick McFall,
27. John Patton,
28. John Penner,
29. Christian Smith,
30. Samuel Firestone.

It is by us certified that the number of electors at this election, amounts to thirty.

ATTEST:
PATRICK MCFALL, } *Clerks.*
JOHN PATTON,

JOHN SCHOOLER, }
WILLIAM DOWDEN } *Judges.*
JOHN MEANS, }

CONCORD TOWNSHIP.

BY T. S. MCFARLAND.

In the year 1818 the above township was taken from Madriver—or more properly all of the present limits of Concord were included in Madriver, from the fact perhaps that the population north of the present line of the two townships was too scattering to warrant a separate organization. Consequently, in 1818 the authorities that be, formed what was then and ever after remained, without variation of lines, Concord township. As far as can be ascertained, Joseph Hill, the father-in-law of Jas. D. Powell, was the first permanent settler of the township. In 1801 he moved on the farm now owned by Mr. Powell. At the time of his removal to the farm, Isaac Anderson was on what afterwards proved to be the Hill farm. But the lines not falling in "pleasant places" to him, he was compelled to leave his improvements. One or two years later Samson Talbott came to the farm now owned by his son Presly Talbott, and was for many years a Justice of the Peace both for Madriver and Concord townships.

Adam Wise was also among the early pioneers and was the grandfather of James Stevens of Kingston. Mr. Wise lived on the farm of Oliver Taylor. As early as 1806 James Mitchell, Sen., moved with his family to the farm now occupied by James Johnson's heirs. He was the father of James, John and Samuel Mitchel, each becoming a permanent settler in the neighborhood of Northville. In 1809 Joseph Longfellow came from Kentucky to the neighborhood of Concord chapel. He was a native of the State of Delaware, and went from that State to Kentucky in a cart drawn by one horse, and came from Kentucky to this township in the

same vehicle. The harness which he worked on his horse was made without iron, and is yet in the possession of one of his sons. On leaving Kentucky such goods as he had were duly packed in the cart, save the gun and bread tray, for which they could not find room. The old gentleman gave his wife the choice of the two articles to carry, and she very wisely chose the tray. Both walked the entire distance. Mr. Longfellow drove the cart and carried the gun, while his wife followed in the rear to see if anything fell from the cart, in the mean time holding on to the tray. He settled on the farm now owned by N. F. Gibbs, having found on it a fine spring which he claimed to have seen in a vision many years before. He settled on the farm prior to the finding of the spring, and had reared his cabin and dug his well, both before he entered the land. In the early settlement of this part of the county at least the farmers had great trouble with the squirrels, which were so numerous as to totally destroy a small crop. Mr Longfellow, in order to secure his crop one season, hauled his entire crop to his house and stacked it around the yard. Coming out of his house one morning a drove of perhaps a hundred or more, were at work at his corn. He called his dog, and chased them away, sixteen beating a retreat up the well pole.

He was a man of small stature, measuring in height about four feet and six inches, and weighing about one hundred pounds. He cast his first vote for Gen. Washington in Delaware, and voted at every Presidential election from the foundation of the government until the second term of Mr. Lincoln. He died in December, 1865, in his one hundredth year, and was the father of twenty-two children. Henry Bacome entered the farm now owned by Esquire Williams in 1810, and died on the same farm from milk sickness. Alexander Dunlap entered the farm now owned by M. F. Pence, and was always noted for his many peculiarities. Felix Rock lived on the farm of D. Kizer, and was for many years a prominent man. He moved to Iowa in 1844, where himself and entire family soon after died. John Tipton entered the farm now owned by John Taylor in 1809, which was sold to John Daniels in 1814. The manner of conveying lands in those days was by means of what was termed "Patent," a thing unheard of by the present generation. This "Patent," yet in the possession of Mr. Taylor, shows that Edward Tiffin was Commissioner of the Land

Office. It also bears the signature of James Madison, President of the United States. These transfers were made by virtue of an act passed by Congress, providing for the sale of lands in the northwest territory, north of the Ohio River, and above the mouth of the Kentucky River. John Duckworth came up from Warren County in 1815, and settled on the farm on which he yet resides. He is an Englishman by birth, and came to America at the age of six years. He paid for his farm by cutting cord-wood at twenty-five cents a cord. He and his wife, (a daughter of Christian Stevens,) are the only couple now living who lived in this township at the close of the war of 1812. John Dagger settled where John Hesselgesser now lives in 1816, and was always noted for his economy and industry. Jacob Barger came in 1813. Philip Kenton, a nephew of Gen. Simon Kenton, lived on the farm now owned by Ezra Johnson, and which afterwards became the home of James Russell. Christian Norman came, 1809. Jesse Harbor came, 1805; was at one time a justice of the peace in an early day. Christian Miller came, 1817. John Wilson came, 1809; yet living. Robert Russell came, 1819. Thomas Tipton lived near Heathtown, and died at the advanced age of one hundred and eleven years.

The farm now owned by John W. Stevens had more owners prior to 1820 than any place in the county, certainly in this part of it. The farm was entered by Joel Harbor, and owned afterwards by Joel Fuson, James Bacon, Wm. Snodgrass, and Wm. Werden, late of the Werden Hotel, Springfield, who has the honor of first introducing a metal mould-board for plows; this was in 1819. John Hall, Sr., Samuel and John Hogg entered the farm now owned by Jesse Neer's heirs, and afterwards sold to George Gideon. David Pence settled in the extreme southwest corner of the township, on the farm now owned by his son, Lemuel Pence. Jesse Jenkins, Jacob and John Miller came, 1818. Wm. Harbor came, 1805, where his son, William, now lives. Thomas and William Stretch lived on the farm now owned by D. Kizer, and occupied by D. Bruner. Russell Jenkins came, 1814. Marcus Clark came from Rockingham County, Virginia, in 1809, and settled where Levi Johnson now lives. John Hall, Jr., came, 1817. Robert McFarland came on horseback from Harrison county, Kentucky, in 1806 in company with Joseph Diltz (father of Wesley

Diltz) and Martin Hitt, on an excursion trip. After his return to Kentucky he resolved to free himself from the presence of the institution of slavery. Hence, in 1807, in company with his father-in-law—Joseph Gray—he came to Champaign County, and settled on the farm since owned by Simon Ropp. They arrived at the place they afterwards selected to unload their goods, on Tuesday, and on Friday following, just three days time, they left the log by which they had placed their goods, and moved into their new house. But one-half of the floor was laid, and that with a very rough style of puncheon. Their beds were laid on clap-boards supported by forks driven into the ground between the puncheons. In this manner the two families lived until spring, when they moved near the present side track between Urbana and West Liberty. Becoming dissatisfied they resolved to change their place of residence, and having bought what is familiarly called the "Neese farm," some two miles south-east of Westville, they moved on to it in the spring of 1811. In the fall of that year Robert McFarland bought the farm now owned by his son T. S. McFarland, and during the winter of 1811-12, built a cabin and on the twelfth of April following moved into it. Soon after his removal to this farm a military road was laid out from Urbana to Sidney, passing through the farm and directly by the door. In October, 1812, Gen. Harrison and his troops passed over this road from Urbana to Sidney, on his way to the north-west territory. The General inquired of my father if he intended to settle among such large trees, and receiving an affirmative answer, replied, he was too small a man for such large trees. After the General had mounted his horse and was about taking his leave, father remarked to him that should it be his fortune to have a son in the future it should bear the name of General Harrison. In February following a son was born and according to promise was duly installed into the family as Gen-William Harrison. Twenty-eight years later, and during the ever memorable campaign of 1840, Gen. Harrison passed over this same old military road from Sidney to Urbana on horseback. As was the custom in those days, a delegation of citizens from this (Concord) township met the General and his troop at the western county line. Soon after the meeting of the delegation from this vicinity with the General, they came into the village of Cary's-ville. A temporary stand had been erected, from which the Gen-

eral made a brief address to the citizens who had come in from the surrounding country to pay their respects to him. Among his remarks was this, that he had passed over the country in 1812, but how near the same road he could not tell. A voice in the crowd answered that he was on the same road. Five miles further and they reached the village of Millerstown. During his remarks here he made a similar statement in regard to his having passed over this country in the year 1812, but how near the same road he could not tell. A voice in the crowd answered, he was on the same road. The General then inquired how he knew. The same man answered that he was living here at the time, and had conversed with him on his road from Urbana to Sidney. The General then told him to come to the stand after he was done his remarks. This was done, and the General wished to know how he could remember the fact, and being informed that he was the man who had promised to name a son for him, it was called to mind the occurrence. After inquiring for the welfare of his name-sake, the General remarked the day had been when a great many children were named for him, but since party lines had been drawn, some people would not name a dog for him.

Accompanying Gen. Harrison was one Jonathan Chambers, a Kentuckian, and who had been in an early day a schoolmate of Thomas Kenton, of Madriver township, and a nephew of Gen. Simon Kenton. During the speech Mr. Kenton, in his anxiety to see Mr. Chambers, rode into the crowd on horse-back in close proximity to the speaker's stand, and commenced shouting at the top of his voice for Jonathan Chambers. Such was Kenton's determination to see his old schoolmate, that Chambers was obliged to leave the stand in order to keep Kenton quiet so the General might proceed with his remarks. Both Kenton and Chambers lived many years after the death of our beloved President, and, like him, lie unhonored, so far as a suitable monument to their last resting place is concerned.

When father moved to this farm there were a number of Indian huts yet very plain to be seen. They stood about two hundred yards south-west of Concord chapel, and were about fourteen in number. Soon after his removal to this neighborhood he opened his house to the itinerants of the M. E. Church, which was the nucleus around which the large and flourishing society of Concord

chapel grew. The meetings were held at his house for years, and until the coming of James Russel, after which the meetings were divided between the two places. Thus church meetings were held, until the erection of the old log church which was built on the knoll at the center of the west line of the Concord cemetery. This house answered the purpose of the society until 1837, when the old brick church was erected, which gave way in 1867 to the present imposing edifice.

The first school house in Concord township was built on the farm of Wm. Harbour, near the Harbour graveyard; but as to the exact date of its erection I can not tell. There are persons now living who attended school at this house, who are more than three score years and ten.

The first elections after the organization of the township were held at the house of Robert McFarland. James Russel also provided for the elections a short time, until they were removed by common consent to the house of Mr. Stretch, on Daniel Kizer's western farm. They were afterwards held at McFarland's school house, and remain so to this day.

In the first election of officers for the township, Phillip Kenton, George Robinson and John Bouseman were chosen as Trustees and John Daniels, Clerk. The second election, which was in 1819, Robert McFarland was chosen Clerk, and held the office for thirteen consecutive years; after which Joseph Hough, Stilly McGill, Jas. Russel, Jr., D. H. Neer, L. M. Steward, P. Connor, Austin Heath, John Russel (late Secretary of State), Fleming Hall, K. G. Allen and others also had the honor of filling the office from time to time.

Among the early records we find where one of our citizens took up a flock of sheep which were duly appraised at thirty-seven and one-half cents each. Also, one sheep taken up by John Duckworth, reported by the appraisers as being three-fourths blooded, and appraised at two dollars, which shows conclusively that "blood would tell," even in the earlier days of our country.

About the time of the organization of the township, there lived on what was known as the "Joseph Russel farm" now owned by Isaac Zimmerman, a family named Foley, consisting of the parents and four sons. These boys, ranging from eighteen to twenty-four

years of age, were not noted for anything save their quarrelsome disposition and huge muscular frames. It became a kind of fixed habit with them whenever they got into a crowd, to adopt some plan to get into a muss and get up a fight, in which one or more of the Foleys would engage, and almost always proved victors. There lived about this time on what is known as "McBeth's hill," a family named Wilkinson. In this family was a son named Thomas, who also was noted for his great muscular power, but not inclined to be quarrelsome. On hearing of the success of the Foleys, he sent them a challenge. During the harvest of 1819 the parties met at the house of Felix Rock. At dinner time the subject of their fighting qualities was discussed, and during the conversation Wilkinson agreed to fight. All four of the Foleys were present, and on being asked which of the four he wanted to fight, he replied, the best man they had. They accordingly repaired to the shade of a huge maple tree, yet standing in Esquire Kizer's yard, and at it they went. But little time served to show that Foley had met his match. His brothers discovering that they had waked up the wrong passenger, called out to Daniel (the brother's name) to strike Wilkinson an underhanded blow. This suggestion was taken by Wilkinson, and in due time improved. But a single blow and Foley fell across the root of the tree. Wilkinson attempted to follow up the advantage thus gained, but was prevented by the Foley brothers, one of whom, (William,) struck Wilkinson a hard blow. This being considered foul play, according to rules governing such pugilistic efforts in those days, William was duly informed by Wilkinson that the next time they met his turn would come. Daniel Foley was carried from that battle-ground a ruined man, and on the ninth day following died from the effects of the fight.

Wilkinson's avowal that he would whip Wm. Foley became a great topic, and the people looked forward to the event with as much anxiety as a certain class now look to regular prize-fighters. The following fall, at a corn-shucking at Jos. Longfellow's the parties again met, and, after supper, by mutual arrangement, entered into combat, which resulted in the defeat of Foley.

Silas Johnson, whose name appears in the list of Madriver township, was instrumental in having Johnson township set off, and named for himself. At the first election for Justice of the Peace,

Silas Johnson and Joseph Kizer (father of Philip and Daniel Kizer) were the opposing candidates. Kizer beat Johnson some two or three votes, and this so insulted the dignity of Johnson that he left the township and went over into Adams and succeeded in getting that township named for his son-in-law—Mr. Adams.

In the first appraisement of houses, while a portion of Johnson was yet included in Concord, there were but three houses appraised, namely: Samson Talbott, Joseph Houk, and David Conner. Joseph Conner was at this time "House Appraiser," and Jacob Houk, Assessor.

In the earlier settlement of the Madriver Valley, numerous Indian relics were found on the farm of James Johnson's heirs, indicating at one time a large Indian village. On the banks of Muddy creek, opposite the residence of Wm. Downs, was also the remains of an Indian village.

Having now completed the early history of Concord township, we give below a list of leading business men: J. D. Powell, M. Arrowsmith, F. N. Barger, E. Wilson, D. Kizer, S. J. Packer, P. Talbott, Oliver Taylor, John Taylor, C. Journell, J. P. Neer, J. M. McFarland, M. F. Pence, T. J. B. Hough, John Hesselgesser, M. W. Barger, L. Niles, P. Conner, J. T. Kite, T. R. Long, T. S. McFarland (auctioneer), P. Baker, J. R. McFarland (civil engineer), J. D. Wilson, Levi Johnson, Robert Russel, G. Norman, J. C. Miller, D. H. Neer, J. W. Heath, P. Kizer, Willoughby Heath, Wm. Barger, R. Neer, M. Loudenback, N. D. McReynolds, A. Taylor, V. Russell.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

"SPOTTY."

BY WM. HUBBARD.

Soon after the termination of the last war with England there came to the town of West Liberty an Irishman, James Ryan by name, who had been in the American service. He had a small amount of money, and some sort of a title to one hundred and sixty acres of land. He stopped at a tavern kept by one Clark, where he remained until he had squandered land and money, which he did in a short time, by excessive drinking. Thenceforward, for fifty years and more, he was a dweller in the county, and justly earned a place in the catalogue of "Eccentric Characters." Dickens would probably have made nothing of him, for Jimmy was not his style of heroes; but to Sir Walter he would have been a treasure. His kindly, obliging nature when sober, his ready wit, his flow of spirits, his gossipy disposition, and vagrant habit of strolling from house to house, made him just the sort of a person out of whom the "Great Wizard of the North," would have fabricated one of his most admirable creations.

Of the first fifteen years of Jimmy's life in Logan county, the writer can only speak from tradition. That he was often drunk, and when drunk was abusive, was always true of him, from first to last. That he was frequently beaten, at least once tarred and feathered and once tied to a cart and dragged through the river, is certain. That he often slept in the wood, narrowly escaping death from exposure; that he had "hair-breadth escapes," many times, from his habit, when drunk, of mounting any horse he might see tied to a rack, and running him at reckless speed, are facts with which all were familiar forty years ago.

Among the earliest recollections of the writer is an incident that occurred at a wedding on Mad River in 1830. Jimmy was there, groggy, as was too often the case. Taking the rein from a gentleman who was leading a spirited bay mare, he mounted, and laying on the lash the animal was at full speed in a moment. Jimmy fell off behind, and was kicked while falling. He was terribly hurt, and picked up for dead. He bore through life the scars of this hurt on his face.

When the writer first knew Jimmy Ryan there had grown up a kindly feeling for him in community, which shielded him from the violence to which he had been subjected during his first years in the county. It had come to be considered a base and cowardly deed to strike one who never made resistance, and whose worst fault was a malignant tongue when drunk, and this only on provocation. He had so many good qualities when sober, that he won the esteem of the generous settlers of the valley, and they took the most charitable view of his single fault.

There was, in the beginning, a large emigration from Kentucky to Logan county. For the most part the people were "well-to-do" farmers, living in the midst of great abundance, and true to the characteristic hospitality of Kentuckians. Among these were the Newells, (four families,) the Kellys, the Bairds, the McBeths, the Walls, the McIlvains, the McDonalds, the Kirkwoods, Doke, Braden, Blair, and many others, whose names at this distance of time and place, the writer does not recall.

At least as early as 1830, Jimmy Ryan was "on the circuit." He devised a plan of living without labor, and succeeded, though many wiser heads have failed in the same attempt. For a few days he remained at each farm-house, and then was off for the next. It came to pass in time that he was looked for confidently, welcomed cordially, and his visit made as happy as heart could wish. Thus, for many long years, he visited alternately thirty or forty families. He made himself useful in his way. He shaved the farmer and cut his hair and that of his boys. He assisted the good wife to put her "piece in the loom;" he carried in wood though he never cut or split it; he brought water. If any one was sick, none was so vigilant, faithful and tender as Jimmy Ryan. Added to all, he was the liveliest of gossips. He never told anything that could cause disturbance; but if there was a courtship on his circuit or a marriage impending he was sure to know it. He was an im-

portant personage among lovers. He was the bearer of tender messages, and many a marriage was the fruit of Jimmy's diplomacy. He broke the ice for bashful swains, and truly interpreted the coy but willing maiden. He never seemed happier than when on this duty.

He was rarely, if ever, drunk for more than a day at a time, and would stay sober for two or three weeks. He was never heard to express sorrow for his intemperance; he never promised or tried to reform. He considered his spree a matter of course, and seemed not to regard it as a sin, or transgression of any sort. He never spoke of father, mother, brother, sister or any other relative, or even alluded to the place of his birth. Of his military service the writer never heard him make mention but once. The annual burning of the prairie east of the Mad River, a custom long since abandoned, was in progress. "Just such a fire as was made to defait the British," said he. This was as long ago as 1829 or 1830. How such a fire could contribute to "defait the British," or where or when it was kindled, I have forgotten, if he explained.

He never did any manual labor. He was probably incapable of out-door work. His hand was small and delicate as a woman's.

One trait in his character, which contributed greatly to propitiate hospitable treatment, was his scrupulous cleanliness. His clothes were always second-hand; but he darned them skillfully, and his white shirt was in keeping with his unsoiled coat, and carefully kept hat and boots.

His soubriquet of "Spotty" was assumed by himself, in memory of a faithful dog, which he never forgot while he lived, though he survived the object of his regard for nearly two score years. We have seen him with as many as ten or twelve dogs at his heels, and he the noisiest of all.

The last time the writer saw Jimmy Ryan was perhaps in 1868. He was then an old man, beyond seventy, rather above the middle size, straight and well proportioned; with a full head of hair and flowing beard, both white as the driven snow, cleanly and tidily dressed, he was altogether a venerable looking person. Calling us familiarly by name, he made the announcement to which he had long been accustomed, namely: "I am round making collections." We gave him the expected sum ungrudgingly, for to us, as a boy and man he had always had a kindly word. And now his life was approaching a melancholy close. One by one, and of late in rapid

succession his early friends and benefactors had been gathered to their fathers.

"All, all were gone, the old familiar faces."

The sons had grown up and married wives, and the daughters were wedded to husbands, who knew not Jimmy Ryan. New manners and customs had superseded the old. Everything had grown strange, and he felt that he had gradually but finally been deprived of hi many homes. Besides all, he was infirm and nearly blind, and no longer able to journey from house to house, as in the pleasant days of yore. For him there remained only the Infirmary, and a quickly succeeding grave. Peace to his ashes.

We do not know what such a life, so aimless and purposeless as that of Jimmy Ryan, is for. The universe has been described by the great poet of philosophy, as "a mighty maze, but not without a plan," and we may be sure that even the long and vagrant life of poor "Spotty" was not without its specific designs and uses.

WM. HUBBARD.

Napoleon, Ohio.

REMINISCENCES OF THE BAR OF LOGAN COUNTY.

BY HON. WM. LAWRENCE.

A history of Logan County would be incomplete without at least a brief notice of the men who, while residing here, have been conspicuous at the bar, and in the councils of the State, and Nation. But full justice to any one of these is rather the work of the biographer, than the writer who merely sketches the history of the county. The time for an impartial biography is, as a general rule, not while men are living. It comes only when the record of a life is closed, and can be viewed in the light of past history, and when there is nothing of prejudice or jealousy to detract from deserved merit, or of interested motive or bias of friendship to give more of praise than good qualities have earned.

Among the members of the bar who were long residents of the county there are but few who have been "gathered to their fathers," and are therefore ready for the pen of impartial biography.

There are some who were well known to the older citizens of the county, but alas! I fear no one has gathered the historic materials to put in shape and preserve their memories as they deserve.

Wm. Bayles, Anthony Casad, Hiram McCartney, Samuel Walker and H. M. Shelby, are names embalmed in the memory of our Court records, and fresh in the recollections of many citizens.

They alone of all the Bellefontaine bar repose in that sleep which knows no waking.

I knew all save Bayles, whose demise was chronicled nearly forty years ago.

The one man who, above all others, could write the history of these men best, is Wm. Hubbard, himself a native of Logan County, whose brilliant qualities as a writer are unsurpassed by any man I ever knew, but who withal has so much of modest diffidence that, like a giant sleeping, he is unconscious of his intellectual strength. I hope that leisure may come to him in the years near by, or to some one having a good measure of his talents, to save from oblivion something of the lives of these men.

Mr. Casad came to the county at a very early day, and subsequently and very creditably filled the offices of Prosecuting Attorney, Representative in the Legislature and Probate Judge—several terms in each of these positions. He was a member of the Legislature in 1838, and voted in the face of a strong public opinion to repeal the Ohio fugitive slave law. He lived as he died, an honest man of kind heart, and had but few, if any, enemies. He was a devoted member of the Christian or Disciples' Church.

McCartney was a lawyer of more than ordinary ability and great industry, and by these and his indomitable energy stood high at the bar. He was in advance of public opinion, being an abolitionist at a time when that was equivalent to political ostracism. At his death he left many manuscripts containing his opinions on subjects theological, moral, legal and political. I saw and read some of them, and they proved that he was a student and a thinker. Doubting or denying a future existence, he lived an honest life, a theoretical and practical philanthropist, and he died about 1842, with a stoical courage and adherence to his peculiar opinions.

Samuel Walker, a cotemporary of McCartney, was a lawyer for many years in Bellefontaine. He too was an abolitionist, of course sacrificing thereby any hope of official distinction. He was not a man of marked ability, but was a man of marked character for honesty and purity of life and purpose. A zealous member of the Seceder Church, he and Mr. McCartney, while agreeing in their political opinions, differed widely in their religious sentiments.

In one of their religious controversies, McCartney insisted that the Bible justified slavery, which Walker disputed, and declared if that could be proved he would not believe the Bible. McCartney undertook the task, and among the manuscripts left at his death was one written to convince Walker of the position McCart-

ney had taken. The argument failed of its purpose, for Mr. Walker died as he had lived, not only an abolitionist, but a devoted member of his church. The argument of McCartney was only an evidence that a man of ability can often pervert the "Book of Books" to purposes for which it never was designed.

Henry M. Shelby died at Bellefontaine in the spring of 1871. He was born and raised near Lewistown, in Logan County. He was admitted to the bar about the year 1841, and soon after made his residence in the then territory of Iowa, where he practiced his profession, and also became a member of the Council, or higher branch of the Territorial Legislature. He resided in Iowa for many years, but subsequently returned to Logan County. He did not seek political distinction here. He however took a somewhat prominent part in politics, and was one of the leading members of the Democratic party, which, in Logan County, has always been in the minority. He contributed political articles to the Democratic newspaper of the county for several years, and in this, as in his professional career, he evinced a very respectable degree of ability. He was courteous in his manners, kind and respectful to all, and an upright citizen.

There were two lawyers who resided at DeGraff, and who practiced at the bar in Bellefontaine, both now deceased; Isaac Smith, who died about 1866, and George H. Neiman, who died about 1870. Mr. Smith resided in the county some twenty years or more, though he only practiced law about the last half of that time. He was for many years a Justice of the Peace. He secured and kept the confidence and esteem of the people generally, and was a prominent and useful citizen. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and must have been about sixty years of age when he died. He was a native of Virginia, and a Republican in politics.

Mr. Neiman was also a native of Virginia, and resided only a few years in this county. He was esteemed as a good citizen, and had acquired a good practice as a lawyer. These two are the only lawyers who resided and died in this county away from the county-seat.

There have been several lawyers in practice here who have removed to other places. One of these is Richard S. Canby, who was born in Warren County, Ohio, but when a small boy came

with his father, Dr. Joseph Canby, to reside on a farm near Quincy. Dr. Canby was one of the best known and highly esteemed citizens of the county, and he continued to reside at his homestead near Quincy until his death, about 1842. Appreciating the advantages of an education, he sent his son Richard to College, where he became one of the most finished scholars who ever resided in the county. With him the Latin classics were almost as familiar as the standard writers in his mother tongue, with which he was thoroughly versed. About the year 1830 he engaged in mercantile pursuits in Bellefontaine, in which he succeeded well. He studied law and was admitted to the bar about 1839. Soon after, he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of the county, which office he held for four years. In 1845 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and served one term, declining a re-election. In 1846, without seeking it, he was nominated as a candidate, and elected, as a Representative in Congress. He served one term, and declined re-election.

He retired to a splendid farm he owned near Bellefontaine, where he resided some years, when he returned to Bellefontaine and engaged in business, conducting a flouring and oil mill. This did not meet his tastes and inclinations so well as his farm, where he could, as he did, superintend operations, and devote much of his time to reading, study and meditation.

About the year 1860 he removed to Olney, Richland county, Illinois, and engaged in the law practice. A few years later he was, in a Democratic district politically opposed to him, elected Judge of the Circuit Court, which office he yet holds, and the duties of which he discharges with ability, and to the acceptance of the people and bar. He was an intense student, so much so that he often neglected the dry details of the business of a law office and the law practice, which were not so congenial to his mind as was the study of law, literary, scientific and theological works. In religion he was and is a Swedenborgian, in the study of the doctrines and teachings of which Church he devoted much time and found great enjoyment. He is a man of much learning, a strong thinker, with very attractive, instructive and entertaining conversational powers and almost without any political ambition. The offices he held, came to him unsought. Few men have such rare powers of eloquence as he, and yet he so much preferred the quiet perusal of

books to the turmoil of debate that he did not seek it often, and indeed, generally shunned the opportunities offered for a display of his powers. He is not only eloquent but able. His speeches were generally carefully studied out, and he never engaged in debate without full preparation. It was thus, and with such preparation, that he proved his excellence. He was urged to furnish a sketch of his career, and did so in the following brief note:

"I came to the bar in 1839, and stuck out a shingle immediately thereafter. Participated actively, as you know, in the Presidential campaign of the year 1840, and was elected Prosecuting Attorney, if my memory serves me, in 1842–3.

"Became a member of the lower House in the Legislature of Ohio in the spring of 1845, and was elected to the 36th Congress in 1846. Shortly after my term in Congress expired, I relinquished public life for more congenial pursuits, and did not enter it again until compelled by the loss of all that I had earned, when I removed to Illinois, and recommenced the practice, and was elected Circuit Judge in 1869. Am still on the bench.

"You know my history in Ohio as well as I know it myself, and in giving an account of the early members of the bar in Bellefontaine, all that you can say, in justice, in reference to me, is that if I had stuck to practice I might, in time, have made a respectable lawyer. R. S. CANBY."

He did, and does, in fact, very thoroughly understand legal principles, and their application in practice.

I now come to give a little more in detail though by no means fully the history of a man who for more than twenty-five years stood at the head of the Bar of Logan county, and who, during a portion of that time, was the leading lawyer in some of the adjacent counties—the Hon. Benjamin Stanton. I knew him longer, and have had better opportunities to know more of him than of any other lawyer in the county.

Benjamin Stanton was born on Short creek, near Mt. Pleasant, Jefferson county, Ohio, June 4th, 1809. He was the only son and child of Elias Stanton and Martha, his wife, whose maiden name was Wilson. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and possessed the quality of strict integrity, of thrift, hospitality and good citizenship, which have always distinguished the people of that religious faith.

The parents died when their son was about two years of age, and

he, in consequence, was raised until about fifteen years of age by a paternal grandmother, who resided near Mt. Pleasant.

At this age he went to reside with Amasa Lipsy, his uncle by marriage to his mother's sister, residing about one mile from Mt. Pleasant, on a farm adjoining the old Short creek Meeting House. Here in this Quaker family he found the same sterling qualities which had made his home in infancy and his residence with his paternal grandmother, all alike a school of industry and good morals.

The early training and example of those who so fortunately had the guardian care of the orphan boy doubtless left their impress on his mind and character in all the years of his after life.

Soon after he went to reside with his uncle, an injury to his right heel occurred, which finally left him with a stiff ankle for life, and so disabled him in his capacity for speedy locomotion, though in all other respects having great physical capacity, that he was not considered able to farm. He was, when a little over seventeen years of age, apprenticed to a tailor to learn that respectable and useful calling. At this he served about two years, but, unaccustomed to the restraints which this business required, and the close application to its duties everywhere then exacted, much more than at this day, and not finding the new field of usefulness on which he had entered all in accord with his inclinations, he "retired in good order" before his time was out. It cannot be said that in this business he ever became a success. He inherited from his father some property, including a farm on Short creek, near Mt. Pleasant, and his means though not large had been carefully husbanded by unselfish relatives who cared more to prove their faith by works and labors of love, than to make professions unsupported by either. But at a time like that, and in a community where idleness did not make a gentleman, and where indolence shut out all from the pale of respectable society, Mr. Stanton did not fall back in inglorious ease to squander the moderate means he had, but, in the winter of 1828—9 in the city of Wheeling, he pursued industriously the vocation which he had learned.

In January, 1830, he was married to Nancy Davis, the daughter of a highly respectable farmer near Mt. Pleasant. Mr. Davis was a prominent member of and class leader in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the members of his family were brought up in that faith.

As Mr. Stanton did not marry in the Society of Friends he ceased to have a birth-right membership, though in fact he had perhaps never claimed one as he might.

He was fortunate in the selection of a most estimable lady for a wife, and through all the years since intervening, she has given to his home the endearments which only a good and Christian wife can give. She is one of those who knew all her duties and did them fully and well. Neither prosperity nor the honors of office to which her husband attained, ever made her unmindful of the humble.

As a wife, mother, neighbor and member of society she is and always was in every position and relation worthy of all commendation. But this is a brief digression from the main object of this limited history. It is necessary to do justice to the sketch now attempted, and especially as a good wife performs a large part in securing for any husband all that he is or can be.

To return then to the narrative. At the time of his marriage Mr. Stanton was in the pursuit of his vocation, which he conducted some time thereafter, in part by his own labors, but devoting much of his time to the study of the law, which he had entered upon, originally as the law student of Samuel Stokely and Rowell Marsh of Steubenville, Ohio, then partners in the law practice, and two of the leading lawyers in that part of the State. The partnership was soon after dissolved, and Mr. Stanton finished his studies with Mr. Marsh, and was admitted to practice law by the Supremt Court at Steubenville, in October, 1833.

During his boyhood he had the advantages of the good private schools, at that day well supported in the intelligent community in and around Mt. Pleasant. In these he became well versed in reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and English grammar. That was before the era of common schools and when Ohio could boast but few of the higher institutions of learning.

But to the credit of Jefferson county, and especially that part of it where Mr. Stanton was born and reared, or rather to the people there residing, it should be said the schools of that period, supported as they were by private subscription for scholars sent, were of the best character for all ordinary branches of an education. That was a time, too, when teachers *taught* and scholars *studied*. There

were fewer attractions then than now, to divert the mind of young people from study.

Though Mr. Stanton did not have a Collegiate education, yet he in a great degree supplied that useful advantage by his own application to study, and the perusal of such works of history, science and literature as a good community afforded. Though Mt. Pleasant was not a county seat, it was one of the leading business towns of the eastern portion of the State. During the winter season it frequently, if not generally maintained a debating club, and in this, Mr. Stanton following the example of Henry Clay in his early life, was not only a leading and active spirit but excelled. Here he gave evidence of that talent for which he has since been so distinguished.

In April, 1834, he removed to Bellefontaine, and commenced the practice of the law. Casad and McCartney were already here. Bellefontaine then had a population of probably 500 people. Ohio then had no completed line of Railroad. Logan county though longer settled and better improved than the counties on the east, north and west, was comparatively new. The farms were generally only partially cleared off. But with a bar few in numbers there was law business, and some of it of much importance. The east half of Logan county was in the Virginia Military District, and until titles became settled by long occupation, this was a fruitful field for land litigation. Mr. Stanton very soon acquired a good practice. For a time the older lawyer, McCartney, had the better practice, and was more successful than Mr. Stanton. But in less than half a dozen years Mr. Stanton was the leading lawyer of the county. McCartney's health failed him, and he died a few years after. During the period commencing a short time after Mr. Stanton entered upon the practice here, or certainly from the death of Mr. McCartney, and until Mr. Stanton left the county about 1866, he was engaged in most of the important litigations of the county, subject of course, to the exception that this was more or less interrupted by a service of eight years in Congress. During most of his residence here, he had a good practice in the neighboring counties. The Ohio Reports bear ample testimony that he had more than a full share of the business in the Supreme Court from this part of the State.

The business in the Courts of the United States from these counties was limited, but there, too, Mr. Stanton was conspicuous.

An interesting little volume might be written to preserve incidents of the profession and practice in this region during the forty years past; but the materials for it are fast being lost, as one by one the older members of the bar depart. Ohio has had many able lawyers. But this part of the State has also had an able bar—not inferior to that of any other portion of the State. I will not speak of those who yet reside here, for the time for that has not yet come.

But Sampson Mason, Charles Anthony, William A. Rogers, of Springfield, Israel Hamilton, Moses B. Corwin, John A. Corwin, of Urbana, Patrick G. Goode, of Sidney, William C. Lawrence, of Marysville, and others, all practiced law here. They are all dead, except Moses B. Corwin, who still lives at a very advanced age. They were all respectable as lawyers—several of them men of great intellect, and really profound lawyers. They were cotemporaries of Stanton for many years.

In this country many of the leading members of the bar become leaders, also, in the political arena. Stanton was no exception, for he, too, took a prominent and active part in politics. He was first elected Prosecuting Attorney for Logan county not long after he came here to reside. In October, 1841, he was elected to the Senate of the State. A special session was held in the summer of 1842, to district the State for Representatives in Congress. The Democratic party had a majority in the General Assembly of the State. They were about to pass through a bill so districting the State as to "gerrymander" it in the interest of the Democratic party, when, to prevent that consummation, most of the Whig members of the Senate, including Mr. Stanton, resigned, and thus the Senate was left without a quorum. The passage of the bill was thereby defeated. Mr. Stanton was again nominated for the Senate, and again elected in October, 1842. The political contest of that year was one of the most severely contested ever witnessed in the State. But the Democratic party maintained their political ascendancy. As we look back from this day, it may well be doubted whether the resignation was the proper means of defeating even so unjust a bill as was pending when that event occurred; but one thing is certain, in the excited political discussions of 1842, no one

of the resigning members made an abler defense of this course than did Mr. Stanton.

On this subject Israel Hamilton, of Urbana, for a time United States District Attorney for Ohio, met Mr. Stanton in debate in Bellefontaine, during the canvass. The contest was one of the ablest ever listened to by a Logan county audience. Mr. Hamilton was an able lawyer, and a man of great power. The discussion as often happens in such cases, made no converts for either side, but it seemed rather to confirm the friends of each political party in the positions they had taken. And if on that one question, as on some others, the old Whig party was wrong, Mr. Stanton, in the debate alluded to, did almost if not quite "make the worse appear the better cause."

In April, 1850, Mr. Stanton was elected a delegate to the Ohio Constitutional Convention, which framed the Constitution of 1851. In October, 1850, he was elected a Representative in Congress. He was re-elected in 1854, and again in 1856, and again in 1858, after which he declined to be a candidate, having served eight years. He was, during the Thirty-fifth Congress, appointed one of the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution, and during the Thirty-eighth Congress he was Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs.

In 1862 he received the unsought nomination of Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor of Ohio, was elected on the same ticket with David Tod for Governor, and served two years. In 1860 he was prominently spoken of as a candidate for the United States Senate, and for that position had the support of influential men, but the choice fell to Hon. John Sherman, who has since so long served in that capacity as to be known wherever the Senate is known.

About 1866 Mr. Stanton determined to locate in West Virginia. The rebellion had closed, leaving that State with but a limited supply of "*loyal* lawyers."

Since I prepared the last number of reminiscences of the bar of Logan County, I have procured a copy of the speech of Hon. B. Stanton at the Bar Meeting in Bellefontaine, on the occasion of the death of Hon. Anthony Casad. Judge Casad died at his residence in Bellefontaine, October 11, 1861. His disease was dyspepsia. I first saw him in May, 1836, when I was a boy on a visit to

Bellefontaine. On that occasion there was a trial held in the Court House, before Robert Patterson, then a Justice of the Peace. Hiram McCartney was attorney for the plaintiff, Benjamin Stanton for defendant, and Casad was a witness. I remember the appearance of the Justice, the counsel and the witnesses, all very well. It was among the few cases I had ever seen tried up to that time.

I saw nothing more of any of the parties until July, 1841. From that time until his death I was well acquainted with Mr. Casad. No man ever had a kinder heart, or could more earnestly sympathize with misfortune or distress than could he. He was ever ready to lend a helping hand, and give an encouraging word to the young lawyer just entering in practice.

On one occasion a young lawyer came to Bellefontaine to look at the town, with a view to locate here for practice. Casad took him to all the lawyers here, and introduced him as a young brother, and among others he introduced him to Samuel Walker, one of the early lawyers here.

"Well," said Walker to the young man, "my young friend, if you come here to practice law I can tell you how it will be. You will be just like a young pig thrown into a pen with a lot of old hogs. If you throw a pig in that way, the old hogs will root it round, and root it round, until finally it grows up to be as big a hog as the rest of them, and then it can take its own part. And that will be the way with you." The young man concluded he would not locate here.

But to return to Judge Casad. Mr. Stanton in his speech to the Court of Common Pleas, made October 28, 1861, has given so complete and so just an outline of Judge Casad, that I present it alike in justice to its author and his subject.

The speech was as follows:

May it Please Your Honor:

I am directed by the meeting of the Bellefontaine Bar, held upon the occasion of the death of the Hon. Anthony Casad, late Judge of Probate for this County, to present to this Court at the present term, the proceedings and resolutions of that meeting, and to move that they be entered upon the Journals of the Court.

Deeply as I deplore the occasion which calls for this last tribute

of respect to the memory of a departed friend, it affords me great pleasure to have the opportunity of thus publicly bearing testimony to his many virtues.

The occasion will justify, if it does not require, some notices on the life and character of our deceased friend and brother.

Judge Casad was born in the State of New Jersey, on the 10th day of March, A. D., 1802. His father, Aaron Casad, migrated to this State, and settled at Fairfield, in Greene County, in 1805. He had twelve children, of whom the deceased was the third.

He was a mechanic, in moderate circumstances, and in the absence of Common Schools, and with the facilities for educating his children beyond his reach, Judge Casad grew to man's estate with only the rudest elements of a common English education. In 1823, at the age of 21, he entered the law office of the late Judge Crain, of Dayton, as a law student.

To those who knew Judge Crain, it would be superfluous to say, that he was a man of a very high order of intellect, and of singular purity and simplicity of character. And I have always believed that these traits of character impressed themselves deeply upon the mind of our departed friend and brother, at this early period of his life, and had much to do with forming his character and shaping his destiny in after life. He was admitted to the bar in 1826, and immediately came to Bellefontaine and settled for the purpose of practicing his profession. He was literally destitute of means, and his income from his practice was necessarily very slender.

On the 27th of December, 1827, he was married to Miss Orpah Williams, daughter of John Williams, then and until his death, some twenty years afterwards, a citizen of this town and county. Judge Casad's limited means and precarious income from his profession, rendered it necessary for him to devote a considerable portion of his time and attention to other pursuits. This prevented him from acquiring as large a store of professional learning as he otherwise might have done.

In the fall of 1828 he attended the first Court held in Hancock County, and was appointed the first Prosecuting Attorney of the county.

In 1834 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney of Logan County over the late Samuel Walker and myself, both of whom were candidates against him.

In 1838 he was elected Representative to the Ohio Legislature, and was re-elected in 1839. In 1851 he was again elected to the Ohio Legislature under the new Constitution, and served for two years. In 1857 he was elected Probate Judge of Logan County, and was re-elected in 1860, and held the office at the time of his death. This is a brief notice of his professional and political career.

But any notice of the life of Judge Casad which omits his relation to the Church must be radically defective. He joined the Christian Church in 1842. But there was no organized Church in this town until the present one was organized, mainly through his influence and instrumentality. He was made an elder in this Church at its organization, and contributed largely by his influence, and his earnest and zealous labors, to its maintenance and support. He paid over $500 toward the erection of the Church building, and the contribution from others was obtained to a large extent from his active and energetic efforts. He died, on the 10th inst., a sincere, earnest and devoted Christian, with the most undoubting confidence of a glorious resurrection.

Of his character, I can speak with entire confidence, from a very close and intimate acquaintance of nearly twenty-eight years. The leading feature of his character was his perfect sincerity, frankness, candor and uprightness in all the relations of life. He scorned and abhorred all duplicity, insincerity and double-dealing, whatever form or shape it might assume. He was magnanimous and disinterested, free from the petty jealousies and rivalries, which are so often the bane of professional and political life.

His bright good nature, his ready wit, his joyous mirth, were the charm of the social circle. He had a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, and enjoyed, with a relish and a zest that is rarely equaled, scenes of innocent and joyous mirth and glee.

Many of the fondest and most dearly cherished recollections of my early professional life, are inseparably connected with my departed friend. And in all my intercourse with the world, in my professional and political career, I have never found a man of more simplicity and purity of character than Anthony Casad. I have never had a friend upon whose integrity, sincerity and fidelity I could rely, with more perfect and entire confidence, than he whose loss I now so deeply deplore.

Residing in the same village, practicing at the same bar, candidates in the same contests—sometimes in opposition, and sometimes on the same ticket, always upon terms of the closest intimacy, no shade of envy or rivalry ever marred our friendship, or distrusted our cordial and kindly relations.

He was kind, humane and generous to a fault.

Of his professional character I can say in all sincerity, that although he was not a very learned or profound lawyer, yet he was a remarkably fluent and ready speaker. He was remarkably ready and quick in retort or repartee, and the promptness and facility with which he could always avail himself of all his resources, made him frequently a formidable competitor. As a politician or statesman, he was always true to his convictions of right and duty.

The only instance in which I now recollect of his taking a very prominent stand in the deliberations of the House of Representatives, in any question of much prominence, was upon the passage of the State law for the recapture of fugitive slaves. This was in 1838–9. There was a very strong current of public opinion in and out of the Legislature in its favor. A suspicion of abolitionism then, was much more fatal to a politician, than a suspicion of a treason is now. But Mr. Casad did not believe it was right. It was advocated by such men as John W. Andrews, of Columbus, with whom he was upon terms of close personal intimacy. But no influence could induce him to support it. He resisted it to the utmost almost alone, and of course unsuccessfully. In less than five years the wisdom of his course was vindicated by the repeal of the law.

No man could be more amiable and estimable in his domestic relations. No woman had a more faithful, kind and affectionate husband than the widow who has survived him; and no children ever had a more indulgent or tender father, than the orphans who now mourn his loss.

But the crowning virtue of his life and character, was his sincere, zealous and unaffected piety. No suspicion of insincerity, no taint of hypocrisy ever rested upon him for a moment. The church with which he united was feeble in numbers and poor in pecuniary resources. He aided largely in building it up, by devoting to it time which he was ill able to spare, and money which he was ill able to afford. He could therefore hope for no professional ad-

vantages from his connection with the church. But the earnestness and zeal with which he devoted himself to his religious duties for the last ten years of his life, furnished conclusive evidence of his sincerity. He did not confine his efforts to his public official duties in church, but he availed himself of all suitable and proper occasions to reclaim his fellow-men from the paths of vice and folly, and convert them to what he believed to be the true faith.

I can bear testimony to his earnest and sincere appeals to me, in our private social intercourse, to prepare for that great hereafter to which we are all hastening. And whatever may be our destiny in that undiscovered country, from which no traveler returns, he, at least, has discharged his whole duty as a Christian friend and brother.

But, above all, his calm, peaceful and triumphal death, in the full assurance of a blessed immortality, put all cavil and controversy at defiance.

And now, may it please your Honor, having paid this last tribute to the memory of my departed friend and brother, I move that these resolutions be read and entered upon the Journals of the Court."

KA-LOS-I-TAH.

BY THOMAS HUBBARD.

Very few of the present readers of this book ever so much even as heard of Ka-los-i-tah; not more than a dozen of them, perhaps, ever saw him. He was one of the doomed race who have no knowledge of God, save as He is seen in the clouds, or heard in the wind—an Indian of the Shawnee nation, who, about forty years ago, was more widely known in this quarter of Ohio than almost any of us are to-day.

Ka-los-i-tah, as we understand from a recent conversation with Judge McColloch, of this place, must have been in the prime of his manhood about fifty years ago. We never saw him but once, and that was in our childhood—as far back, if we are not mistaken, as 1832 or 1833. Of course, our recollection of him is very faint. He was in West Liberty, on the occasion, and wrestled that day with one John Norris—a conceited saddler there. Whether he came to West Liberty expressly for this purpose, or on other business, we cannot say. If he came upon a banter from Norris, the temerity of the latter was appropriately rebuked by the issue of the affair. He was no more a match for Ka-los-i-tah than a poodle is for a mastiff. The contest—if such it may be called—was brief and decisive. With that irresistible "grape-vine twist" of his, Ka-los-i-tah snapped Norris' leg as if it had been a pipe-stem. He sank to the ground, and his friends interposing, cried out: "You have broken his leg, Ka-los-i-tah—you have broken his leg."

"Leg must be rotten," said the imperturbable Indian.

Norris was borne from the scene of his discomfiture with an im-

mensely curtailed opinion of himself. He never put himself upon his muscle afterward. We see him now, with our mind's eye, hobbling along on his crutches, and this is our last recollection of him.

Prior to this, Ka-los-i-tah had broken the legs of several other men who had contested his manhood in a similar way.

Jo. Morris—whom we well knew in his lifetime—and Solomon G. Hoge—still living, and well known to a majority of our citizens—both claimed, and fairly, to have thrown Ka-los-i-tah upon his back. On this account, (although both Morris and Hoge were uncommonly strong and active men,) we were led to place too low an estimate upon the manhood of Ka-los-i-tah.

We did not consider, for we did not know until recently, that when Ka-los-i-tah did his wrestling in these parts, he was upward or fifty years old, enfeebled by a long career of intemperance and actually drunk on every trial of his prowess.

Judge McColloch of this place, relates to us that he first saw Ka-los-i-tah in the year 1816, at the treaty of St. Marys. The Governors of Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, met the remnants of the Western Tribes on this occasion, to treat with them upon matters of mutual interest and importance, and thousands of leading citizens were present from those States, as also from Kentucky.

Ka-los-i-tah was there in the very zenith of his glorious prime. Considerably over six feet high, and weighing about two hundred pounds, he was yet as lithe as a tiger, and as strong as a bison.

The Judge describes him to us, in brief, as the most perfect specimen of physical manhood that he ever looked upon, and he is confident that, at the time referred to, he could out run, out jump, or throw down any man in the Northwest—white, black or red.

At a grand hopping match which occurred during the treaty, Ka-los-i-tah distanced all competitors by going nearly fifty feet. [Two hops and a jump.] Then it was arranged that one Tom Wilson—a noted wrestler—should wrestle with Ka-los-i-tah. On the eve of this Ka-los-i-tah insisted on making a bet with Judge McColloch that he would throw Wilson. The Judge was not inclined to take any risks in the premises, but finally consented to stake a checkered silk neck tie against a wrought silk belt several times its value, worn by the Indian. After holds were taken, Ka-los-i-tah allowed his antagonist to do his utmost before making any

aggressive movement himself. In vain did Wilson bring every energy and every art he could command to his assistance. He could not even move the Indian from the tracks in which he had planted himself. "Now ME!" said Ka-los-i-tah at length, and he lifted Wilson up and laid him upon the ground as if he were a child. A second trial proving but a repetition of the first, Wilson tossed up the sponge in despair. The Indian thinking, perhaps, that he had had too soft a thing of it, magnanimously returned the Judge his neck-tie.

A stalwart negro—brought there by a party of gentlemen from Kentucky—was next pitted against Ka-los-i-tah. He was sanguine in the belief—as were also those who knew him—that he could down 'the big Indian,' or almost any other man above ground. This contest was not quite so unequal as the former one had been, but the inevitable "Now ME!" of Ka-los-i-tah, was again the signal of discomfiture to his antagonist, and down came the "culled cuss from Africa," all sprawling. Stung to the quick at being so summarily disposed of, he sprang to his feet and rushed upon Ka-los-i-tah like a mad bull. But it was no use—the Indian was too much for him, and he was hurled to the ground again with a sounding thud. The darkey got up this time in a furious passion, and swore he could WHIP the Indian and would do it on the spot. Of course no fighting was permitted.

Ka-los-i-tah has been gathered with his fathers we know not how many years, while all who ever saw him are growing few, and old, and far apart. Along with the memory of Ka-los-i-tah is associated in their minds that of friends and kindred "who once were with them and NOW are not." The mention of his name will bring the light of "other days around them,"—glad, glorious days, from which so far their restless pulses have borne them.

We confess to a fondness for the past—old friends, old scenes, old times. And some times we seem to catch the flashes of eyes that are but dust now ; and sometimes too, "when the wind down the river is fair," the echoes return to us of voices—

"Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before."

PIONEER HISTORY.

BY JUDGE N. Z. M'COLLOCH.

A more genial and fraternal citizenship and neighborhood never existed than were the early settlers of Logan County—ready and willing at all times to lend a helping hand in every case of necessity. Take for instance an illustration. When a stranger arrived in a given neighborhood, and it became necessary to build a log cabin and clear off a piece of ground and make the rails and fence it in, all hands turned out within from two to five miles distant and assisted the new comer to settle down and become comfortable in his new home. Many of the gatherings of the early settlers at house-raisings, barn-raisings, rail-splittings, corn-shuckings, &c., were seasons of great joy and hilarity among all classes, and especially with the young people, (the girls and boys as they were called). The men working hard all day at the out-door work and the women picking wool, scutching flax, or quilting—all partaking of a hearty dinner and a supper of corn bread, venison, or wild turkey, coffee made from rye or wheat browned, or milk, and pumpkin pie, and then at early evening came the inevitable dance, four and eight-handed reels and jigs, which would be kept up to the music of the fiddle with little cessation, till near the "break of day" the next morning. In some neighborhoods it was not at all unusual to see several pairs of girls and boys comfortably ensconced in the corners with a silk or cotton handkerchief thrown over their heads indulging in whispers over their love affairs; or it might be that a few couples would recline across the beds in the room indulging in similar (to them) delightful entertainments. Those practices and customs were of so frequent occurrence that

no one of course ever thought of any impropriety in, or indulged in any invidious remark upon, such innocent amusements.

An incident which I will here relate occurred at one of the gatherings. Early in the spring of about the year 1813, many of the neighbors were collected at the residence of Robert Armstrong to cut the timber and split the rails to fence in his new ground. It was a raw, snowy, disagreeable day, and the people indulged freely in the use of newly distilled corn whisky. They had built a large log heap by placing two large poplar logs side by side and piling the top with smaller timber and setting fire to it. In a few hours the whole log heap was in full blaze, giving the space between the bottom logs the appearance of a red-hot arch in a burning brick kiln, more than two feet wide at the bottom, and twelve or fifteen feet long, situated on an inclined plane. Among others in the company was an Indian dressed in a buckskin hunting shirt, leggings and moccasins, with a cotton handkerchief tied around his head; was also pretty drunk, and passing along by the upper end of the burning log heap tripped his foot against a root, and plunged head foremost into the arch, and being unable to back out, and no one being near enough or having the presence of mind to draw him out, instantly, he passed through this fiery furnace to the opposite end, litterally scorched on the surface to a crackling. The poor fellow was taken up and cared for as well as the circumstances would allow, and strange as it may seem, got well from his injuries, but in a most decrepit condition in his arms, legs, hands and feet. The most remarkable of all was that he did not lose his eyesight by the fire. Notwithstanding this melancholy occurrence with the "poor Indian," the young people indulged in their usual "hoe downs" and hilarity through the course of the night as though nothing had happened.

The moral and religious tone of feeling among the citizens of those days in many parts of the county, could not be said to be pre-eminent, though a very kindly state of feeling prevailed amongst the people. The first religious service I now recollect of hearing, was held at the house of old Father Henry, by the Rev. Joshua Inskeep, a Methodist local preacher residing in the east part of the county. The people at this meeting were well-behaved and attentive. Father Inskeep continued to hold meetings and preach to the people in different parts of the county for several years in

succession, doing much good in the name of the divine Master among the people wherever he went. A few years later, the Rev. John Gutridge, a Baptist minister came and settled in the village of Zanesfield, and built up a prosperous church which was dedicated as "Tharp's Run Church." This was a place resorted to by many professing Christians from a distance as well as by the people of the surrounding neighborhood. Society began to assume a higher tone throughout the country, and several religious denominations established churches and schools in many parts of the county.

EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF NANCY STEWART.

BY MRS. S. M. MOORE.

The subject of this sketch was a half-blood Indian, born of a fair and beautiful white woman, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians in Virginia, when but a child nine years of age, while out gathering blackberries.

Her name was Margaret Moore. She was carried off by them to their home in the Indian country, far from any white settlement; for according to history, the whole country between the great lakes and the Ohio was an unbroken wilderness, inhabited only by the red man and the beasts of the forest.

She lived with them until she became the wife of one of their chiefs. (Blue Jacket, or Capt. John, I think he was called.) By him she had a son, whom she called Joseph.

After the close of the French and Indian war with the colonies, there was an exchange of prisoners between the whites and Indians. Her husband, whom she said she dearly loved, permitted her to return to her people on a visit, on the promise of returning to him again, which she fully intended to do. He kept the boy, Joseph, the more fully to insure her return. But when among her friends, they positively refused to let her return to her Indian home.

Nancy was born in Virginia, and never saw the face of an Indian except when she looked in a mirror, until they moved out to the State of Ohio, which was probably about the year 1804–5. She had married a man by the name of James Stewart. They settled on the Miami river, in what is now Logan county, a short distance be-

low Lewistown, on land now owned by John H. Moore. I well remember when she and her mother visited at my father's house when I was quite a child.

There was a great contrast between mother and daughter. The mother was a handsome old lady of some sixty years or upwards. Nancy had decidedly Indian features, and was badly marked with small-pox. She had four children, Elizabeth, Henry, Margaret and John. Her Indian son Joseph came to see them about the time of the war of 1812. He was brought up by his father among the Indians, and was a pretty fair specimen of the aborigines of the wild woods—dressed in their style, with buckskin leggins and moccasins, a blanket belted around the waist, and silver brooch for fastening over the breast. He had been subjected to the cruel and barbarous custom of cutting the rim of the ear from top to bottom so as to hang apart from the ear, suspending a weight thereto for the purpose of making it distend as much as possible while healing.

He had but one of his cut, for the reason, he said, that they could have but one cut at a time, as they could lay only on one side. Before his one ear got well, he got out of the notion of having the other cut. It is supposed that he fought with the British and Indians in the war of 1812, as he went away and never came back here again.

Nancy's children never married. The family, James Stewart, grandmother Moore, Nancy and perhaps some of the children belonged to the Christian Church at what was called the Muddy Run Meeting House, on Madriver, below West Liberty, and there they were buried.

BELLEFONTAINE FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY WILLIAM HUBBARD.

Though quite old enough for most purposes, the writer has not attained the years of a firstrate reminiscent; Judge McCulloch—whose mind is as clear as a bell and exact as a chronometer—can antedate me the full fourth of a century. He is an encyclopedia of local history; and, without quitting his room, could write a volume of inestimable value from the resources of memory alone. He can narrate the story of Logan county from the beginning—"all of which he saw, and part of which he was." Not a field has been cleared, nor a house built of date so remote as to be beyond the pale of his recollection. His reminiscences of persons of that peculiar class who seek the adventure and court the privation of life in the wilderness, would be of great interest now and hereafter. He knew Tullis and Powell, the proprietors of Bellefontaine; he knew those rough characters, the Frakes', the Coopers, and the semi-barbarous denizens of the "Fallen Timber;" he knew that remarkable man, Lewis Davis, and the weird and mysterious "Old Blaylock," and the heroic Simon Kenton. All of these characters, and many more, to the writer of this article, are merely traditionary.

It was in October, 1832, that I came to Bellefontaine to learn the printer's trade, with Hiram B. Strother. The office was then in the second story of the old jail building, a room unnecessarily large, which had been used temporarily as a court room, at some preceding time. The county offices, though not then occupied as such, had been in the western part of the building, on the same

floor with the printing office. We had scant and badly worn fonts of "small pica" and "bourgeois" type. The paper was about half the present size of the *Examiner*, and was printed on a wooden (Ramage) press, requiring two "pulls" to each side. The printers were Hiram Strother and David Robb, a youth of seventeen. The ink was put on the "forms" with "balls" made of buckskin and stuffed with wool. Young Robb beat a peculiar sort of tattoo on the types with his "balls,' while Hiram, then in the flush of young manhood, joyous and hopeful, worked the press, and sung the "Star Spangled Banner."

Robert A. McClure occupied one of the vacant offices as a paint shop. I was an earnest "Clay man," and McClure annoyed me by singing incessantly—

"Hurrah for gallant Jackson.
The British turned their backs on—
He's ready still for action.
Oh, Jackson is the boy!"

When not singing he whistled the hated air, shrilly as he only could whistle. When he learned that it annoyed me, he took mischievous and renewed delight in his favorite melody. He was an excellent man, whom I respected in after years, but as a boy I thought he was sadly deluded in his choice of a President.

The "old Court-house" was then new. Indeed, it was unfinished. The scaffolding was still about the spire. George Shuffleton was the carpenter and contractor. The roof was then in progress of painting, and the workmen had precautionary ropes about their bodies to gard against the contingency of sliding. One Moses Bonham (an honest, good fellow, known as *Magnum Bonum*) was one day painting, when the rope became detached from his body, and he began moving toward the perilous edge with alarming velocity. Fortunately the rope followed him, and he caught it just in time to avert a catastrophe.

Joseph R. Swan was presiding Judge of the circuit when the old Court house was new. He had a great reputation, even in those early years; and, save only Lawrence, none of his successors have possessed equal learning and ability. The home bar was then represented by Hiram McCartney, Anthony Casad, Wm. Bayles, and Samuel Walker. McCartney was a dull, slow man, but had great energy, boundless ambition, and the most intense self-appreciation. He was an indifferent speaker, with an unpleasant lisp in

his utterance. But he surmounted all obstacles, and put himself at the head of the bar, a position he retained through life. Casad was a good advocate, and his hosts of friends supplied him with business.

Bayles had the reputation of talent, but he made little avail of it. In personal appearance he resembled Tom Corwin as closely as Fielding Beddow did Michael. Walker was a Justice of the Peace, and did little in court. He was an Abolitionist, and an Anti-Mason, and, in religion, a Seceder. Of course, at that time he was unpopular. But he was an excellent man, whose memory the writer has much reason to venerate.

The Springfield and Urbana bars were represented at every term, as, indeed, they continued to be for twenty subsequent years, by John H. James, Moses B. Corwin, Charles Anthony and Samson Mason from the beginning; and afterward by Wm. A. Rogers and John A. Corwin. I recall General Mason, with that imperial and yet wholly natural dignity of his, which became him as a well-fitting garment; a dignity might well be called a talent, and was a rhetorical if not a logical force; Colonel James, whose vast legal learning was fitly seconded by elegant language and admirable oratory; Rogers, sitting with closed eyes, the most unobtrusive and unassuming man in the Court-room, and yet to one or another of his marvelous acquisitions, in many specialties of the law, deferred to by every member of the bar; John A. Corwin, erratic, meteoric and transient, passing from human sight forever, even while men wondered at his brilliance.

Of the lawyers, and they are many, who have since attained eminence at the same bar, and who are still living and in full practice, I shall not speak. Some youth, whose chin is not "rough and razorable," will, when he has become a gray-beard like myself, speak of them when he can do so without the imputation of invidiousness.

The physicians forty years ago, strange to say, were Lord and Brown, who are yet living, and in practice. There may have been other physicians whom I do not remember. There were many afterward; but these gentlemen early attained and have kept through that long lapse of years the utmost confidence of the people, in all the qualities that compose the trustworthy physician and the good citizen.

The county officers, so far as I can remember, were as follows:

Clerk, N. Z. McColloch; Auditor, George Krouskop; Treasurer, Thomas Armstrong; Sheriff, Peter Kelley; Recorder, B. S. Brown.

Isaac S. Gardner kept a store in a two story frame building, where the Metropolitan now stands. R. S. Canby had a stock of goods in an old frame house, the end to the street, on a lot where he subsequently built a two story brick. Robert Casebolt and Walter Clement had a store in a brick building, where the "Logan House" now stands. The building was then on a hill, which, in the subsequent progress of the town, was cut down. "Jack Mays," then, or soon afterwards, kept a store in the brick corner, since known as the Lowe building.

A two story frame then, and long afterward, stood on the corner where now is the Riddle and Rutan building. General Workman, I think, then kept a hotel there, which soon afterwards passed into the hands of Daniel C. Moore. "Bill Bull" kept a tavern in an old building, opposite the present stand of Capt. Miller.

J. W. Earle & Co.—the senior member a reserved and mysterious man, kept a grocery on the old Rhodes' corner, where the Lawrence and Watson building now stands.

Robert Patterson, Esq., then lived in the brick row, south of the Court House. The building at the east of the lot, as also the frame adjoining, were built afterward.

John W. Marquis lived on the lot now owned by Louis Holzer; Thomas Coen lived in a two story frame on Main street, adjoining Gardner's store; Abraham Elder lived in a log house on the Leonard corner; Mr. Hedges lived in a house standing where that of Mr. Shurr now is. I remember when his son, Henry E. Hedges, came home to spend his college vacation. He is now a distinguished lawyer of Circleville. Next door to Hedges lived William Cook; and just across the street, in a small brick, Walter Clement. The adjoining row of frames was then in progress of erection.

But it would be unprofitable, even if space did not forbid and memory fail, to specify all the residences of citizens. One noted place, however, must not be forgotten. In the property afterward owned by Michael Smith, Thomas Haines kept a tavern, widely known as the "Golden Lamb," from the fact that the sign bore, in gilt, the outward semblance of that emblem of innocence.—

But the tavern was anything else than a seminary of virtue, or a conservator of morals. Haines was a small man with a swarthy skin, and a dark, piercing eye. He was always carefully dressed, and painfully polite in conversation. He was a man of shrewd natural sense, but illiterate.

I recall, without effort, the noted characters and leading citizens of town and country.

Here is rough and rugged John Workman. He has the unfailing knack of seizing an offender by the windpipe, and there is no release from his grasp, until the protruding tongue makes dumb appeal for deliverance. Here is good old Davy H———, who has but one fault—a fondness for drink. He knows it is an excellent thing to have a giant's strength, but always feels that it is cruel to use it as a giant. He is the most peaceful of men. Once, however, we saw a bully twenty years his junior, provoke the old man beyond endurance, when, seizing the offender by the arms with those great hands of his, he dashed him to the earth, and getting astride of him, shouted with characteristic vehemence, and repetition of utterance: "Eli! Eli! Eli! Don't want to hurt you—don't want to hurt you!" And he didn't hurt him, releasing the bully uninjured in person, but wofully lowered in self-esteem. Hitched at a neighboring rack is Davy's wonderful bay stallion, Hector—a miracle of gentleness. No matter how intoxicated the old man becomes, he may safely mount his horse. Hector goes slowly as long as Davy sticks on; if Davy falls, Hector immediately stops until his master climbs into his saddle again—all the time talking, and the horse seeming to comprehend.—Here is Isaac Clemens, one eye gouged out in a fight, a black and greasy patch over the sightless socket, giving him a most sinister look. Here is simple old Peter Watkins, with a strabismus which imparts to his countenance the most absurd expression that was ever won by mortal man. Tom Carpenter has only two drams ahead, and is not yet particularly quarrelsome. Apart from the crowd, stands giant and gentle Tom Colvin, with a smile on his face, bare-headed, bare-footed, and his shirt collar thrown open.—It is but a little while since he was insulted by the noted black-leg and ruffian, George Pennington; but he kicked him with his bare feet, until the wretch begged mercy for God's sake.

Hiram Strother, the soul of honor, glowing with kindness, and generous to a fault; good and gruff George Krouskop, with pipe in

mouth, wending his way to or from his office; Jacob Krouskop, armed with his goad, driving his ox-team, loaded with sand or sugar wood; N. Z. McColloch, up with the lark, and out in the early morn, summer and winter, without coat or vest; Tommy Armstrong, genial and kindly when you knew him, but with an austere and repellant look; Isaac and Robert Gardner, behind the counter, busy weighing and measuring; Samuel Newell, in plainest garb of homespun, shaking hands with everybody, and intent on keeping his seat in the Legislature; Hiram McCartney, tall and erect, walking with a pre-occupied air to and from the Court House; Tony Casad, chatting and laughing, with a joyous word for every one; Richard Canby, my especial wonder for the extent of his knowledge, and the easy and elegant flow of his conversation; Joe Newell, strange, brave and generous, with troops of friends; Joseph Black, who has not gained his mental equilibrium since the great tornado, and who turns white as the sheeted dead whenever a black cloud appears in the sky; Dr. Brown, just returning on that bay horse of his, which, from youth to old age, knew not the luxury of being curried; Dan Workman, with his handsome and pleasant face, telling his inimitable stories; John B. Miller, saying witty things, d——ing "the brown business," and giving imitations of Forrest; John Miller, (silversmith,) with only Samuel Walker at his back, proclaiming abolition in defiance of public sentiment; David Robb, Sr., then an invalid, very gray, yet destined to nearly forty years of after life; Robert Patterson, stately and reserved; Dr. Lord, on his great bay mare, going to visit a patient in the country; Henry Snyder, Walter Clement, good old Robert Casebolt, Aleck Spencer—and how many more?

Memory is not only a "tomb searcher"—she is an enchantress as well. All these familiar forms and faces are present, distinct, vital and palpable to "the mind's eye." They come, as the poet has feigned that the soldiers of Napoleon come, "from the plains of Italy, from Syria's sands and Russia's snows, and gather in shadowy columns, at sound of reveille, for midnight review.

Napoleon, Ohio.

PIONEER RECOLLECTIONS.

Hull's Surrender at Detroit—The Last of Tecumseh.

The Western Reserve Historical Society, has printed the personal recollections of General George Sanderson, of Lancaster, O. who died in that place, on the 26th of August last, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Gen. Sanderson was a native of Pennsylvania, but with his parents removed to Lancaster in 1800, where he resided all his life. He published the *Independent Times* at Lancaster in 1810, and on the breaking out of the war in 1812, organized a company of volunteers for Col. Lewis Cass's regiment. General (then Captain,) Sanderson, was at the surrender of Detroit with his regiment, and with Harrison at the river Thames, as a Captain in the regular army. We make the following extracts from his recollections, in regard to two of the most interesting events of the war:

HULL'S SURRENDER.

It was late in May, 1812, when Gen. Hull arrived at our camp at Dayton, and Governor Meigs relinquished command. A few days after we were on the march for Detroit. The road was a difficult one to travel, but with the aid of efficient guides, and the protection of Divine Providence we arrived in safety at our destination, after much suffering and many stoppages on the way.—For nearly two months after our arrival, we engaged in the performance of no extraordinary military duty, the general routine of camp life being the order from day to day. In August the British and Indians arrived, and soon after the scene occurred which produced such indignation at the time, and about which histories do not agree. My company, belonging to Cass's regi-

ment, was surrendered with all the Ohio volunteers, Miller's regulars, and a large force of militia. I shall never forget the scenes which then transpired. My opinion of Gen. Hull's conduct, formed at the time, (and events have not changed it,) was that Gen. Hull was an imbecile—not a traitor or a coward, but an imbecile, caused by the excessive use of ardent spirits. He was a constant, heavy drinker. On the day before the surrender, his son, Captain F. Hull, came among my men in a beastly state of intoxication.—On the day of the surrender I saw Gen. Hull frequently. His face about the chin and mouth was covered with tobacco juice, and I thought, in common with other officers, that the General was under the influence of liquor. His personal appearance indicated that he had been drinking. The General was surrounded in camp, with a military family, the members of which were fond of high living, wines, liquors, etc. I know how we poor volunteers wondered how they could keep up such luxuries. Our surgeon relieved my mind by informing me one day that Hull's officers drew all the liquors from the hospital stores, on continued complaints of illness, Hull's surgeon (one of the party,) certifying to the requisitions.

When the news of the surrender was known to the troops, they were scarcely able to restrain their indignation. Hundreds of horrible oaths and threats ascended, which I hope have not been set down by the "Recording Angel." McArthur broke his sword, as did other officers. General Hull was repeatedly insulted to his face, and soon hid himself away. The members of his military family, especially the General's son Abraham, received some pretty tall abuse from us Ohioans. After the surrender, and before the enemy had entered, many officers, myself among the number, implored Col. Findlay to take command of the American forces, and resist the enemy, but he declined. Colonel James Miller was importuned the same as Findlay, but he was unwilling to take the responsibility, saying as near as I can recollect, "Matters have gone too far, but had General Hull signified to me his intention of surrendering, I would have assumed command, and defended the fort to the last." Miller would have done so, and so would McArthur had he been in the fort.

Some little time after Hull had ordered the white flag, August 16, 1812, Col. Isaac Brock, the British commander, entered the

fort, attended by his staff and several Indian Chiefs. The American troops were ordered to the parade ground, and there piled up their muskets, swords, pistols, knives, cartridge-boxes, etc. A heavy guard was placed over us, and we were then sent to the "citadel," where we were kept until released on parole. Hull and the regular officers were sent to Quebec. I was very particular to have a good look at General Brock, as I had never before seen a British officer of his rank. He was a heavily built man, about six feet three inches in height, broad shoulders, large hips, and lame, walking with a cane. One of his eyes, the left one I think, was closed, and he was, withal, the ugliest officer I ever saw. He wore a bright, scarlet uniform, with a sash wrapped tight around his waist. When he came to our company, he said to me: "If your men attempt to escape, or complain of their treatment, I cannot be answerable for the consequences; but if they remain quiet and orderly, they shall shortly be released, and no harm shall befall them. This was good news to my men, many of whom were afraid when they returned in a defenseless condition, the savages would be let loose after them. All the officers of our army, who conversed with Brock, spoke of him as being a very courteous and agreeable gentleman, who had seen much service in India and the East.

WHO KILLED TECUMSEH?

My company shared in the glorious route of Proctor and his proud army, that result being attained by the victory at the river Thames. It was on that memorable day, October 5th, 1813, that Tecumseh fell. I remember Tecumseh. I saw him a number of times before the war. He was a man of huge frame, powerfully built, and was about six feet two inches in height. I saw his body on the Thames battlefield before it was cold. Whether Colonel Johnson killed him or not, I cannot say. During the battle all was smoke, noise and confusion. Indeed, I never heard any one speak of Colonel Johnson's having killed Tecumseh, until years afterward. Johnson was a brave man and was badly wounded in the battle in a very painful part—the knuckles—and, I think, also in the body. He was carried past me on a litter. In the evening on the day of the battle, I was appointed by General Harrison to guard the Indian prisoners with my company. The location was near a swamp. As to the report of the Kentuckians having skinned

Tecumseh's body, I am personally cognizant that such was the fact. I have seen many contrary reports, but they are untrue. I saw the Kentucky troops in the very act of cutting the skin from the body of the chief. They would cut strips about half a foot in length and an inch and a half wide, which would stretch like gum elastic. I saw a piece two inches long, which, when it was dry, could be stretched nearly a foot in length. That it was Tecumseh's body that was skinned, I have no doubt. I knew him.—Besides, the Indian prisoners under my charge continually pointed to his body, which lay close by, and uttered the most bewailing cries at his loss. By noon the day after the battle, the body could hardly be recognized, it had so thoroughly been skinned. My men covered it up with brush and logs, and it was probably eaten by wolves. Although many officers did not like the conduct of the Kentuckians, they dare not interfere. The troops from that State were infuriated at the massacre at the river Raisin, and their battle cry was "Remember the River Raisin." It was only with difficulty that the Indian prisoners could be guarded, so general was the disposition of the Kentuckians to massacre them.

THE PIONEERS.

REMARKS BY DR. B. S. BROWN AT A MEETING OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION OF CHAMPAIGN AND LOGAN COUNTIES, IN 1871.

Although I have been in Logan County more than fifty years, yet it can scarcely be said with propriety, that I am one of the Pioneers of this section of the country. My father removed to, and settled in Marmon's Bottom, in this county, in the year 1818; and although the greater part of the county was in its primitive condition, and wild animals of various kinds very plenty in all parts of it, yet several settlements had been established along the southern and central portions of the county, from ten to fifteen years previous to that time. The persons and families who formed those settlements, were the true and real pioneers of the county; and to them (such as are left of them), are we to look for the detail of circumstances, and transactions, which would be of the greatest interest to a society of this kind. But changes are continually going on from year to year, all over the country, so much so, that in the space of thirty or forty years, our county, in many particulars, scarcely seems like the same county that length of time ago.

And as these changes have taken place in almost every department of life, as in the customs and manners of society, the business transactions of the people generally, and as in the face and appearance of the country itself, it may not be uninteresting to mention some of these changes, which have taken place in some things since my first residence in the county.

In the winter of 1820–21, I had made an arrangement to go to one of the lower counties of the State of Mississippi to teach school.

How to get there, seemed to be the difficulty. We had here no railroads nor stage lines, and there were very few steamboats running on the river. I had been down to Cincinnati the previous fall to try to get a passage to New Orleans. but failed, and had to return back home, a considerable part of the way on foot.

During the forepart of the winter I succeeded in making an arrangement with some flat boat flour traders, who were intending to go down out of the Scioto river, as soon as that stream would rise high enough to let them out. We had to wait till about the first of February, when we started from about eight miles above Chillicothe, with two flat boats, loaded with about one thousand barrels of flour. We were on the river within a few days of three months. We sold out the greater part of the flour by retail at different towns and trading places along the Ohio and Mississippi before we reached New Orelans, at about $3.00 per barrel. When we arrived at the city we closed out what was left for $2.62½ per barrel by wholesale. This is mentioned to show the great change of prices between that time and the present. And the owners made money by the trip, for they had bought the wheat of which the flour was made for 25 cents per bushel. I remained in the South at that time about three years, when I received a letter from Ohio. I had to pay 25 cents postage, and if it could be discovered there were two pieces of paper (no matter how small) the price was 50 cents. It required about three weeks from the time the letter was mailed till I received it.

Now to show the change—the contrast. I left Bellefontaine with my wife on Tuesday, 3rd of January last, staid over one day at Cincinnati, and arrived at our destination on Friday the 6th. Where we stopped was in one of the lowest counties of Mississippi, near the neighborhood where I taught school fifty years ago.

As to the mails, while there this year, I received a letter, post marked at Bellefontaine, February 3rd, which arrived at the Post-office where I received it, before daylight on the 6th.

While on the subject of the change of prices, I will mention a little circumstance as an illustration. In the year 1825 I had an uncle—Moses Brown,—who moved from Louisiana into the neighborhood of Zanesfield, and being a farmer he wished to commence raising hogs as the other farmers there did. He was directed to a neighbor who had hogs to sell, and applied to him, to buy a sow

and pigs; one was selected which was agreed upon by both, but no price fixed upon till he should come and take her home. After a few days he went to get her and the owner was not at home, but he had left word with his wife, that if my uncle came, for him to take her along and he would see him at some other time. He took her home; she was young, but had six nice pigs. Some days after, my uncle saw him, and told him he wished to pay for the purchase, and asked him the price. He replied that he did not know exactly what it ought to be, but he thought about seventy-five cents or a dollar would be about right; that seventy-five cents would do; and that was the price paid, and fixed by the owner himself. The very low price so surprised the purchaser that he made some inquiries of the neighbors as to the matter, who told him that was about a common, fair price. Now to show the great difference in price, between the products of our county and imported articles at that time; I will mention that my uncle brought with him several bags of coffee from New Orleans, which he had taken in part payment for what he had sold out in Louisiana. This coffee he retailed at 37½ cents per pound; so the price of two pounds of coffee paid for the sow and pigs. The retail price of coffee in the stores in the county at that time was forty cents a pound. Perhaps as great benefits have been derived to our section of the country, (in regard to prices of home and imported articles) from the introduction of railroads. They have very materially increased the prices of our home products and cheapened the prices of imported articles —especially heavy ones, such as salt, iron, &c.—so much so as to be a very material advantage to the country. Notwithstanding this, there are, have been, and will be some non-progressive farmers, and others in the country who oppose all such improvements as railroads and free turnpikes as oppressive innovations, especially in the land owning farmers. As an illustration I will mention a conversation I had with a rich farmer of the county, a short time after the completion of the railroad through the county. He contended that though it might be, and probably was a benefit to the merchants, as it gave them a better chance to impose upon their customers, yet it would be an injury to the farmers, because it would reduce the price of horses so much that they would not be worth raising, as none would be needed to haul our grain, and other surplus products to the lake or other places of market. He urged this and other arguments so strongly that I could only answer them by

the Yankee plan of asking questions. I ascertained that he at that time had brought in a load of wheat for sale, and that he was to take some barrels of salt in part payment for the wheat. So I asked him, how many bushels of wheat he had to give for a barrel of salt? He answered in rather a complaining manner, that wheat was a dollar a bushel but they made him give two bushels for a barrel of salt, when he well knew that salt ought to be but $1 87½ per barrel. I then asked him if he remembered of ever bringing wheat to Bellefontaine and trading it for salt before we had any railroads? He replied that he did recollect of doing it once that far back. The next question I asked was:

"How many bushels of wheat did you then have to give for a barrel of salt?"

His answer was short, and to the point, and ended the subject: *it was nine bushels.* In fact the time has been here when it would require more than a dozen bushels of wheat to purchase a barrel of salt. As great a change as has taken place in the business transactions of our part of the country within forty or fifty years, has been in regard to the manner of getting our surplus produce out of the country to market for the purpose of bringing money, and such necessary articles of merchandise as we must have. At an early period, in fact about the only article we had in the country for that purpose (except coon and deer skin), was hogs. These were collected in droves, and driven, generally to Detroit, or some other lake port, or town in Michigan, and there sold for whatever price could be got for them, which was generally very low. And the prices here, of course had to be somewhat regulated by the prices there. These droves had to be driven the greater part of the way through the woods, with a narrow road cut out through the dense forest, about wide enough for a single wagon track. It generally required from three to five or six weeks to drive and dispose of a drove in this way. At a later period, the farmers having got more ground cleared, began to raise more wheat than was necessary for the consumption of the country. The question then was to find a market for the surplus. The most of it was hauled in wagons a distance of one hundred and twenty miles to Sandusky on the lake shore. The road was very bad, either mud or corduroy pole bridges a great part of the way, and it required from two to three weeks to make the trip there and back. The wagons

generally came back loaded with salt, or other heavy articles. The customary price for hauling the salt in here, was generally regulated by what it cost out there, and persons who had not wheat to sell would often send the money by the teamsters to buy the salt and the price of hauling would be just what was paid for it in money out there and so it would be divided half and half between the persons who sent the money and the one who hauled it in. In hauling their wheat out there it was generally the case that several wagons (half a dozen or more) would go together and they all would have to take their provision with them, both for themselves and their teams, and to "camp out" in the woods at night, both going and coming; because if they would get their meals, and horse feed of the few taverns along the way, the cost would be more than they would get for their whole load of wheat. And it was not uncommon for some economical persons to make the "round trip" without paying out a single dime for provisions the whole way.

AN OLD BURYING GROUND.

On the brow of a hill, about one-half mile north of what was once "Taylor's Mill," (now Beatty's mill) in Salem Township, Champaign County, Ohio, there has lately been discovered an ancient burying-ground. Some years ago there was a county road located east and west on the section line, between sections fifteen and sixteen, town five of range twelve, and the workmen, when opening that road discovered a few human bones at the hill, about twenty rods west of the centre of the section line. There was, however, but little attention given to the circumstance at that time. Two years ago there was a free turnpike constructed from the centre of the line between sections fifteen and sixteen, which road runs from the beginning, south through the village of Kingston. For the purpose of getting ground for the making of this turnpike, it was necessary to make a large excavation in the hill before mentioned, and in doing so, great quantities of human bones were discovered. These remains appear, very plainly, to have been deposited in trenches, or ditches; and these trenches are situated parallel to each other, at a distance of about ten feet apart, and extend due north and south. Their length is not known, as they have not been explored further than the necessary excavations for ground.

The bodies have been placed in these trenches with their heads to the South, and the feet to the North; in this position they have all been found. They appear to have all been deposited there at the same time, and to have been placed there indiscriminately, the old and the young, great and small, male and female piled on top of each other, without any kind of order or regularity, except their position which is invariably north and south. There has not been found any implements of war, or mechanical tools of any kind. The country here has been settled by the whites seventy years, yet the existence of this burying place was not known until recently, nor did the Indians give the first settlers any information on the subject; they probably knew nothing

of it. The situation is one of the most beautiful on the face of the earth; for miles on the east, south and west lies the extensive valley of King's-creek, which has no equal for beauty and fertility, and through its centre flows the creek, a large, never-failing stream of clear, cool, pure water. There is no history, either written or traditional, of the life, manners, customs or doings of that generation or race of human beings, save their mouldering remains. A thousand years hence may not the same obscurity rest upon the history of the present generation?

OUR SOLDIER BROTHERS.

PAPER BY MRS. SALLIE MOORE.

About the time of the war 1812, a company of young men was organized in Champaign and Logan Counties, by Capt. Alexander Black.

They were an independent company of Home Guards, or minute men, and were called the rifle company, each man being armed with a good trusty rifle gun, shot-pouch, and powder-horn, bullet-moulds, gun-flints, &c. Each one furnished their own ammunition, and were expected to hold themselves in readiness at a minute's warning for any emergency; we at that time being the frontier settlement on the north, and exposed to danger from the Indians who might be prowling about in the neighborhood.

THE UNIFORM

of the company consisted of a black hunting shirt, trimmed or fringed with white all round the body, made as a loose coat or wrapper reaching a little above the knees, and open in front and fringed, then a large circular cape with collar fastening all together at the neck. They were usually made of home-made linen about one and one-half inches wide, and sewing it on the garment and then raveling it out about half the width. Then a stout

leather belt with large buckle in front, or some have a white belt, white pants and stockings. The hat was like one now in fashion, high crown with narrow rim. Each man had a white plume fastened to the left side (I think) of his hat.

The feather was made by skillfully adjusting the white feathers of a goose, around a ratan or a stick long enough to reach to the top of the hat, carefully and firmly wrapping them with thread, and on the top was a tuft of red feathers, a bit of scarlet cloth, or the scalp of the red-headed wood-pecker.

The company were called together three or four times a year for muster or company drill, and you may be assured their mothers and sisters, their wives and sweethearts, were proud of them when they saw them dressed up in their uniform and marching under their gallant captain. They were never called out to active service however.

But there was a company of men who were called rangers, that were stationed at Manarie's Block-house, whose duty it was to range the country as spies. This fort or block-house was situated on the land of Col. James McPherson, near where the county house now stands.

VANCE'S BLOCK-HOUSE

was situated on an eminence, a short distance north of Logansville.

Some of our young friends may be ready to inquire, what sort of a thing is a blockhouse? Well, it was not built of the blocks that fall from the carpenter's bench which our little four-year-olds like to build on mamma's carpet, but they were built with huge logs but so compactly fitted together, as to withstand the shots of an enemy without, with port holes for the inmates to shower the deadly bullets from within. Thus lived the pioneer settlers of our now populous and wealthy country. But few, if any remain of the rifle company, to join with us in our pioneer meeting to-day, and we hope they are enjoying a more peaceful home in that better land.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Sabbath-School at Mt. Tabor.

BY THOMAS COWGILL, M. D.

I attended the Sabbath-school Picnic at Mt. Tabor on the 21st of July. I am willing to offer some thoughts which occupied my mind during that pleasant day, spent in commemoration of the Sabbath-school cause. It may be of some interest to my friends at Mt. Tabor.

The first Sabbath-school I ever attended was at Mt. Tabor in the summer of 1821, if I remember right. I was then about nine years old, and the first school I attended, I repeated eight verses of the 2d chapter of Acts, which reads as follows: "And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place," &c. The order of the school was nearly the same as at present in Sabbath-school. The scholars were expected to commit to memory during the week as many verses as they were able, and recite them on the Sabbath, and then read the Testament in classes, as at present. Asking Scripture questions of the scholars, I believe, was not then practiced.

The pillars of the Church then at Mt. Tabor seemed to be Griffith Evans, Nathaniel Hunter, Samuel Scott, Thomas Humphreys, William Hopkins, and a number of younger men and perhaps other old men that I do not now remember.

Nathaniel Hunter was then Superintendent of the Sabbath-school, assisted by several others in teaching—old and young, male and female.

I believe the persons above named were among the first settlers at

Mt. Tabor and many of the descendants or most of them yet reside in that neighborhood.

The Sabbath-school was very largely attended by the people of the neighborhood, old and young, and was held in a log cabin meeting-house, which stood about where the brick church now stands. A few graves were there inclosed by a common rail fence.

Some of the scholars recited very large portions of Scripture. Among others prominent in the school Dr. Samuel A. Latta, deceased, late of Cincinnati, his brothers James and William, and his sisters Mary and Sarah, were regular attendants. At the close of the exercises of each school, the Superintendent or some other person would read the number of verses repeated by each scholar. At one time he read—"Mary Latta, 263 verses." She stated that 100 verses had been omitted, as she had repeated 363 verses; and upon counting it was found that she had repeated 363 verses, or about nine chapters, and all said to have been committed to memory in one week. Her memory was about equal to that of Geo. D. Prentiss.

When I remember all
The friends thus linked together,
I've seen around me fall
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet hall deserted.

In all that large assembly at Mt. Tabor on the 21st ult., I believe Wm. Scott and myself were the only representatives of the Sabbath-school held at that consecrated place forty-nine years ago.

The remains of many members of that school, both teachers and scholars, now lie buried in the grave-yard at Mt. Tabor.

WESTERN PIONEER ASSOCIATION.

Relics Exhibited.

A china cup and saucer exhibited by Mrs. H. J. Chesher, of Middleburg, which General Washington drank from at the house of her great-grandfather, just before the battle of Brandywine. A fac simile of the accounts of George Washington with the United States Government from 1775 to 1783, presented by Mr. Gross, for which the association tendered the donor a vote of thanks. Copy-book of the late Ebenezer McDonald, 1811, very plainly written. A sugar-breaker imported from Europe 200 years since by N. Merriweather's grandmother. Mrs. S. Taylor exhibited a china cream pitcher ninety years old; also a looking-glass brought from Ireland in 1776 by William and Elizabeth Colt. The frame was made twenty-two years ago by the late Isaac Williams, of Zanesfield; also a Bible eighty-five years old; also sugar tongs forty-one years old; a pocket-book ninety-six years old made by her grandmother, Mrs. Pim. A paper profile of her grandfather was next exhibited which was cut at Richmond, Va., during the trial of Burr; an antique watch one hundred years old brought from Ireland, formerly the property of William and Israel Pim; also a shoe-shaped black ink-stand, which was used at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, and belonging to Thomas Savery. It is now the property of Rachel Pim. It has two ink bowls and pen holes; is about four inches long and sharp at the toe. The ancestors of the Pim family came over with William Penn, and is one of the oldest families in the State. A mirror from Ireland 150 years old was next shown. The President here remarked concerning its fine preservation that it was an

evidence of habitual good looks of the family. A platter was shown by Mrs. McNay, 100 years old. A map of the hemisphere made with a quill pen in 1832. Several articles were next exhibited by Mrs. B. A. Haines, as follows: A watch bought by the late Dr. Gould Johnson, at Winchester, Va.; a smelling bottle fifty years old; a curious sugar bowl forty-five years old, a china cup and saucer fifty years old, and a breast pin 150 years old. Mrs. Dr. Ordway exhibited some teaspoons formerly the property of Mrs. McGruder's grandmother. Next were shown some very beautiful linen table-cloths and sheets, the flax for which was pulled, scutched, spun and wove by Mrs. Wm. Woodward and sisters, twenty-eight years ago. A vote of thanks was tendered to the ladies for the display of relics.

After recess Judge N. Z. McColloch read an address, already printed.

The "Old Folks" singing club was called and several soul-stirring songs were rendered. "Liberty," beginning with the well-known line,

"No more beneath th'oppressive hand of tyrants," &c.

"Newtopia" and the "Easter Anthem," followed. John Enoch, Sr., came forward, and said that this was his first attempt at public speaking, but as this was a pioneer meeting, he now proposed to commence. His father came to the then territory of Ohio, in 1797 and landed at Cincinnati from a flat-boat; and in 1802 he was born on the banks of the Miami. He lived there until the year 1808, and then moved to Franklin, where he resided for two years. He then removed to Clarke County, where he resided at the beginning of the war of 1812.

He then came to Mac-a-cheek in 1813 and built a log hut in Gen. Piatt's log-yard. He recalled the reception of the news of the defeat of Winchester at Raisin and the great gloom which it cast over the community. They daily expected to be attacked by the Indians. On the same day with the reception of the news came the welcome faces of Robert Armstrong and family. He was in Urbana in 1812; in 1815 his father began the West Liberty mill. He had dealt out many a bushel of flour to the Indians, and Col. McPherson had instructed him how to deal with them. He "graduated from college in 1820, never having gone to school but one day." He recognized his preceptor among the audience. He

then took to the woods, when his father had a contract to cut a road through to Fort Findlay, starting out in loading up their store, the principle features of which were three barrels of whisky and bacon. Those days were fraught with the usual gloom until the better days came.

Remarks by Thomas Cowgill, M. D.

Dr. Thomas Cowgill read an interesting sketch of pioneer life:

About the 20th of October, 1817, our family had made the necessary preparation and started on our journey toward the setting sun, leaving our family home in Columbiana County, Ohio. On the 30th day of that month, being the seventh day of the week, we ate breakfast at the house of George Harris, on Darby Creek, six miles south of this place; we traveled up the valley of Darby nearly on the same track of the common road now traveled, and arrived at the house of Job Sharp and Joshua Sharp—both living in one house—about noon; there was then a large connection of the different families of the Sharps, Garwood, Stokeses, Bishops, Inskeeps, Euanses, and Ballingers, living in this neighborhood, most of whom my parents had been acquainted with in Virginia or in the east part of this state. There was Thomas James, Sr., father of the late Thomas James of East Liberty; Joseph Curl, near this place; my uncle John Cowgill, Dr. John D. Elbert, Sr., and John Warner, and Abisha Warner, also old Virginian acquaintances of my parents. Many of them hearing of our arrival, came to see my parents during the two days of our stay at Job Sharp's. A Friends' meeting was then held at the site of the grave yard about one mile north-east of here on the road to East Liberty, which appeared to be largely attended on the Sabbath day of our stay in this neighborhood. As I remember, I think William Grubbs lived about on the site where Middleburg now stands, and had a small improvement. There was a cross road of the road leading up Darby Valley and Northwesterly, and the road leading from Urbana to "Garwood's Mills," now East Liberty, about where the public sqare now is in Middleburg, and those roads were then mere pathways, through the woods, and there was a few small improvements along the road on Darby. I was then about five years of age, and I well remember how kind and sociable the people appeared to be at Madriver, (as I had been used

to call all this country,) especially Job Sharp's family I thought were very good people. Many of the neighbor men who came to see us, and many of whom I saw going to and returning from meeting on the Sabbath day were dressed partly in buckskin clothing; buckskin pantaloons and vests were quite common, and sometimes buckskin coats were worn, and moccasins were quite fashionable.

On the morning of November 1st, we started and traveled on the laid out road from Urbana to Garwood's mill—now East Liberty—and at about 11 o'clock, A. M., on that day, being the second day of the week, arrived in Mingo Valley, at the spot which was after that time the home of my parents during their lives, and still belongs in the family. The place was entirely in the woods, except a small cabin 17x20 feet, by a fine spring of water, which had been built and used as a school-house. In this house our family of ten persons lived about eighteen months. Here at our cabin we entertained many friends, in good old-fashioned order. At that time I think there was no store or trading point nearer to this neighborhood than Urbana; and as the road from Urbana to East Liberty—the main thoroughfare of the country—passed very near to our house, and the distance to travel from this neighborhood to Urbana and back, and to do the trading desired, was too great an undertaking for one day, and as persons from this vicinity could go to town and conveniently return as far as our house in one day, that seemed to be a general stopping place for many of our friends and acquaintances living in this neighborhood. Hence our family was quite intimate with many of the families living here, as we were with our nearest neighbors. We had very frequent calls from members of the families of Thomas James, Levi Garwood, John Garwood, Daniel Garwood, Job and Joshua Sharp, Joseph Stratton, Joseph Curl, Abisha Warner, Joshua Inskeep, Dr. John D. Elbert, Joseph Stokes, John Inskeep, and many others. Frequently the youngfolks of several families would join and come down in a wagon, drawn by a four-horse team, and stay all night at our house, and would seem to make the time pass very pleasantly. Then, as now, there were very many good-looking girls in the vicinity of this place. They did not dress as fine then as they do now, and wore quite a different style of bonnet, which I can not now well describe. The beautiful young women of that time were gener-

ally clothed in home-spun, mostly the work of their own hands. Not only their own clothing, but that of their fathers and brothers as well, was mostly made by the hands of the industrious girls of that period, to whose cheeks, health and the constant practice of industry and exercise imparted a glow of beauty which can never be equaled by paint or other artificial appliances.

"The old men and matrons, those loved ones of yore,
I ask not for them, they can greet me no more.
But the young men and maidens, ah! they are scattered and gone,
And I travel onward and am nearly alone."

Of all the venerable pioneers of my early acquaintances, I remember Joshua Inskeep with love and affection, at least equal to any other person who was not related to me; as he was the friend and companion of my father almost from my earliest recollection, he spent many days and evenings at our house in social and religious conversation with my father and our family. The last time I saw Joshua Inskeep was on a beautiful Sabbath day in October, not long after my father's death; he called at our house; his aged and excellent wife was with him; he seemed to be remarkably solid and serious in his deportment. When we sat down to dinner, the good old man in a solemn manner raised his hands and offered a beautiful prayer, asking that the choicest of heaven's blessings might rest upon my mother and upon all of us through life, and that when we were called to die we might be prepared to meet my father in that better land where we believed his spirit was at rest.

"There are many dreams of gladness,
That cling around the past,
And from the tomb of feeling
Old thoughts come thronging fast.

The forms we loved so dearly
In the happy days now gone—
The beautiful and lovely
So fair to look upon.

Whose smiles were like the sunshine
In the spring-time of the year—
Like the changing gleams of April
They followed every tear.

They have passed like hope away—
All their loveliness has fled;
Oh! many hearts are aching
That they are with the dead.

Like the bright buds of the summer
They have fallen from the stem,
Yet oh, it is a lovely death
To fade from earth like them.

And yet the thought is saddening
To muse on such as they,
And feel that all the lovely
Are passing fast away."

PIONEER INCIDENTS.

Mr. Samuel Carter, one of our oldest residents, thus describes the first general religious services held in Logan county. The settlement of Belleville consisted at the time of a few families who lived in primitive log houses with puncheon floors and thatched roofs. In the latter part of April, 1817, the inhabitants assembled at his dwelling near the present site of the fair grounds, on a Sabbath morning. The fence surrounding the house was partially torn down and the rails were placed on the floor in the form of a hollow square; thus it was that seats were provided. More than fifty persons had congregated at this first gathering, and the announcement had awakened general interest. The minister, Rev. John Strange, delivered an impressive sermon to the colonists, and invoked God's blessing upon them.

The people had early divided into three classes. There was formed a party styling themselves the Regulators, a sort of vigilance committee, who made it their duty to administer justice to all offenders who should transgress the laws of the State and the community. Public whipping posts were erected, and Mr. Carter says that he has seen several persons publicly flogged. In decided contrast to this element were the men and women who met on that day for religious service. They were quiet, unoffending people, who preferred to deal out judgment to the wicked mildly and ever had at heart the best interests of the settlement. There was, also, another party who, although holding to no definite religious convictions, cast in their lot with the better branch of the community. It was from this field that the converts came. The Regulators were, in the main, an incorrigible set of persons, who had little fear of God, and less of man, before their eyes.

The services concluded with singing and prayer. Another meeting was held soon after in the house of a neighbor, and a revival soon began in their midst. Class meetings were held, and although the Methodist faith was held by many, there was perfect harmony and unity in the common cause of Christianity.

Belleville disappeared from the map, and further to the northward rose the now prosperous town of Bellefontaine.

Of all those who assembled at these meetings there remain but Mr. and Mrs. Carter. Their descendants, however, are to be found scattered throughout the length and breadth of the country.

Mr. Wm. Henry gave account of his first assessment of Zane township, then comprising Logan and part of Champaign counties. He traversed that territory from Dan to Beer-Sheba, wherever inhabited, and charged ten dollars for his services. But the Commissioners cut him down one dollar. At that time he had to go to Urbana and pay four dollars a bushel for salt, and "tote" it home on bare back, considerable of it dripping out before getting home.

Dr. Brown then read a paper, which was ordered to be put among the archives of the Association.

Mrs. Sallie Moore handed in a paper which was read by Dr. Cowgill, and ordered to be kept among the archives of the Association.

Another paper was also read, and disposed of in the same way.

Dr. B. S. Brown, T. Cowgill and Joshua Antrim were appointed a committee for collecting a history of Logan County, in book form, and report at next meeting of the Association. Twenty dollars were appropriated for paying expenses of same.

Address by Archibald Hopkins.

In the year 1797, my father emigrated from the State of Delaware to the Northwestern Territory, now the State of Ohio. He started in search of a better country, and came to Redstone, Old Fort; and there a company of five persons was raised, four besides himself. They gathered up a set of plow-irons, and a supply of pumpkin and turnip seeds, and seeds of various kinds, and traveled on to the Peepee prairie, twelve miles below where Chillicothe now stands, on the Scioto River (on the west side). Here they broke about twelve acres of prairie, and planted it in

corn, pumpkins, etc., and made rails and fenced in their crop, to keep the Indian ponies out. Besides what provisions, salt, etc., they packed on their horses, they lived on deer, bear, turkey, etc., a part of the time without bread, until the latter part of July. After sowing their turnip seeds, they returned home, to prepare to move their families to their new home.

My father made preparation to move to Robstown, above Wheeling, in wagons, and there prepared a flat-boat, and floated down the Ohio River to the mouth of the Scioto. And the night we arrived at the Scioto, the river was frozen over, and remained so till the winter broke. The other four families had been at the improvement at Peepee prairie for some time, and had taken care of our crop of corn. We had to pack our goods as well as we could, up the river to the improvement, which was probably about twenty-four miles. The next day after we arrived there, every one that was able turned out to help us build a house; against evening our house was raised and covered, a door cut out, and our goods put in it the same evening, and a fire built on the ground floor in the middle of our cabin. The next morning the snow was knee deep to the men, and lay so till the winter broke. Our house was quite open, and the wind blew in at one side, and the smoke went out at the other side, so that we remained on the side that the wind blew to keep out of the smoke. We manufactured furniture for our house from the stump; a bedstead was made by driving two forks into the ground-floor, about three and a half feet from the wall, and laying on clapboards, one end on the pole, and one end in the crack of the wall for bed-cord. We made a side-table by boring two holes in the wall, and driving in two pins about two feet long, and laying a puncheon on the two pins about two feet broad and six feet long. We had plenty of corn, but no way to make bread, and had plenty of the best wild meat and hominy, and lived well, and enjoyed ourselves finely, and were comparatively happy, though we lived about six weeks of the time without bread.

We lived there one year from the following spring, and had the most kind and sociable neighbors. A man then came and claimed the land on which we lived, and wanted us to pay him rent, which my father refused to do, and we moved six miles down the river, and settled on the east side, on Congress land, and remained

there about two years after the land sales. Being disappointed in getting his money from the east, my father could not buy the land on which he lived.

We remained in this neighborhood two years after the land sale, then my father bought land in the Pickaway Plains, Ross County, and moved there. My father and mother died within four years of the time we moved to Pickaway Plains. I still remained there until the spring of 1814, when I settled in what is now Logan County, about three miles east of where West Liberty now stands, on land now owned by the widow of Henry Enoch, deceased. My neighbors at my new home were Isaac Titsworth and Robert and John Smith, who had been living there several years. Samuel Scott, Isaac Thomson and Griffith Evans, had lived here a few years, and Robert Frakes lived a few miles north. Robert Smith had a little mill within one mile of my house, and our nearest store was at Urbana. John Reynolds and Thomas Gwynne each had a store at Urbana at that time. Champaign County then extended to Lake Erie.

The first religious meeting I attended here was held at Griffith Evans' house.

About the year 1815 a small log meeting-house was built at Mt. Tabor. The first camp meeting was held at Mt. Tabor, in 1816, which was continued three a few years. I heard Lorenzo Dow preach at Mt. Tabor in 1826.

The first election I attended in what is now Logan County, I think was held at Robert Frakes' house, on Macacheek.

My home here was near the place where Simon Kenton was once tied on a wild colt (as I have often heard him related by the Indians, with the expectation that the colt would run through the plum thickets and soon tear him to pieces. Instead of that the colt was as gentle as a lamb, and quietly followed the Indians without doing him any harm. Simon Kenton told me that the Indians made a mound, yet standing in John Enoch's field, on which the Indian Chiefs used to stand and see white men run the gauntlet on the track in the prairie near by.

THE PIONEERS.

First Quarterly Meeting.

In pursuance of notice previously given, the Western Pioneer Association met at the Fair Grounds, at Bellefontaine, Logan County, to hold their first quarterly meeting and picnic. The day was warm, pleasant and beautiful, and the attendance very respectable in numbers, considering the fact that the ceremony of laying the corner-stone the day before prevented as large an attendance as would otherwise have been anticipated. All who came from a distance arrived early in the forenoon, and spread their cloths about the grounds for dinner. At half-past eleven the Bellefontaine Band marched down playing lively airs and joined the assembly, partaking, on invitation, of a sumptuous dinner with the pioneers. Our reporter shared the excellent and bountiful dinner prepared by Mrs. Volney Thomas.

Among the pioneers and old citizens present, whose names we knew, were: Dr. B. S. Brown, Cartmel Crockett, James Moffatt, Joshua Buffington, Ephraim Vance (87) Gen. I. S. Gardner, Volney Thomas, Capt. Wm. Watson, G. Walls, Wm. Henry, Isaac Painter, Samuel Carter, Robert Dickinson, Capt. Job Inskeep, Capt. J. A. Jones, Hon. William Lawrence, J. R. Van Meter, Thomas Cookston and others. Capt. Job Inskeep was one of Capt. James Euans' company who were quartered in the block-house at Zanesfield in 1813. Capt. Wm. Watson, an old citizen of this county, now of Paxton, Illinois, who has for some time been on a visit to friends here, is mentioned in Dr. Brown's speech at the laying of the corner-stone, and also in that of to-day.

After dinner and meeting of old acquaintances, and the arrival

of many more people, at 1 o'clock President Gardner called the meeting to order and a touching and appropriate prayer was offered to the Throne of Grace by the venerable Chaplain, George McColloch. Then came the reading of the proceedings of the previous meeting on July 30, by Secretary Joshua Antrim, preceeded and followed by fine music by our excellent band, when the venerable President Gardener arose to welcome in a few brief and feeling words his fellow pioneers and citizens, on the occasion of their first meeting. He was pleased to meet them all, but regretted the absence of many who would have been present and renewed old acquaintance but for the meeting yesterday, but was glad to meet those who had resolved, notwithstanding, to be here to-day. When he came to this county forty-four years ago, nearly all who lived here then had since died, but few were left, and they would soon be called away, and before they went it behooved them all to write out and state their experience of the early settlement of the county and the manner of life and customs of the early settlers, that some record should be made for future history, otherwise the unwritten history of our county will soon pass away with the last of the actors in it and be lost forever. When he saw so many younger people around him who had been born since he came into the county, he thought he might well say he was getting to be an old man. He did not intend to make a speech, but as presiding officer of the Association found it his pleasant duty to welcome all, old and young, and hoped for a larger gathering at their next meeting. He then introduced Dr. B. S. Brown as one of the speakers chosen for the occasion, who arose and read a well-written and very interesting sketch of the early history and life of the pioneers, which was listened to with marked attention, which we here reproduce:

Remarks by Dr. B. S. Brown.

As I understand it, the principal objects of this association are to bring to-gether as many of the early settlers of this section of the country as possible, for the purpose of collecting the various data which go to make up the history and reminiscences of its first settlement by our race. And also that what few of the very early settlers are left, may by meeting in this friendly, social manner, enjoy the company of one another and remind one another of cir-

cumstances and incidents which occurred more than half a century ago, which by bringing up afresh, would be very interesting, not only to all who lived here at the time, but to the present inhabitants, and (if properly collected and preserved) perhaps to generations unborn, who are to come after us. The alterations which have taken place in this section of the country since its first settlement, are so great, not only as to the country itself, but also to everything in it, and that belongs to it, that a person who might have been living here then, and been intimately acquainted with the whole country around, its inhabitants, their manners and customs, their privations and enjoyments, and then left and settled in other parts of the country—as many have done—would, upon visiting here now, be entirely unable to recognize it as the same country or the same people, he had left sixty years ago. Every thing has changed, but the changes have been so gradual that persons living here all the time, and assisting and participating in them, scarcely notice them, unless something like this society calls up recollections of the past—of early times. This idea, then, might in some measure point out the duty as well as the privilege of every member of this society—the women as well as the men—for I believe the former are equally eligible to become members. Many of our members have lived here when the whole of this region was "a vast and howling wilderness," thickly covered nearly all over with the primeval forest, where the wild beasts of the region ranged at large, with but little to "molest or make them afraid." The wild deer and turkeys were very plenty, and were a great advantage to the early settlers, as in many families they afforded the principle animal food a great part of the year. Besides this advantage of their furnishing such an abundance of what would now be considered a really luxurious diet, the hunting for them was a very pleasant and exciting recreation, exercise and amusement, much more beneficial to the health and comfort, and I might say to the morals of those engaged in it, than the very popular, senseless base ball exercise of the present time; or the daily and nightly resort to the gambling billiard saloons, which have also become very popular with many of our young men.

In order that some idea may be formed of the plenty and abundance of the wild deer of those days, I may state that after Bellefontaine had become something of a brushy town, and the

courts had been held in it a number of years, many, perhaps a hundred deer were killed so near that the report of the rifle could be heard all over town; and, indeed, in several instances, were killed within the present incorporated limits of the village. Capt. Wm. Watson, who was a citizen of this town at the time, and who hunted some, has told me that he could, by going out early, almost any morning, kill and bring in a deer before the usual breakfast time, and that without going more than half a mile, or a mile from town. Bears and wolves were also here—the latter so numerous as to be a great annoyance to the early settler, especially to those who were trying to raise sheep. Their dismal, doleful howlings could be heard reverberating through the wilds of the forest almost every night, and woe be to the sheep or lamb which was not sufficiently protected from their voracious and devouring jaws. The depredations of these animals became such a nuisance, that the Legislature had to take the matter in hand to endeavor to abate it by the extermination of the whole race. For this purpose they enacted a law allowing a premium for every wolf scalp which any person would present to the proper officer—the county clerk, I believe, and some persons made considerable amounts of money by killing and scalping the "varmints." The premium on the scalps, however, was not the principal inducement for killing them; it was more to rid the country of their annoying depredations. These animals were so wild and watchful, and as they traveled principally in the night, it was very seldom that a hunter could get a shot at them with his rifle, and, therefore, other means had to be resorted to—the principal of which was the steel trap. The habit of wolves was generally to go in gangs of from five or six to a dozen together. When they would find a neighborhood that would suit them, they would perhaps visit it every night for weeks together, although their hiding places by day might be in tangled thickets of brush many miles away. The principal wolf-trapper with whom I was acquainted was Job Garwood, a son of Levi Garwood, who was one of the Associate Judges of Logan county. Job had become so well acquainted with the habits and haunts of these beasts, that he has told me that when a gang of them came into any neighborhood where he was acquainted, that he could and often did catch and kill the last one of them before they would leave. His plan was, when he heard of a particular locality where they prowled at night, (and that was easily known by

their howling,) he would procure a part or the whole of the carcass of some dead animal, and drag it with horses or oxen on the ground, perhaps for miles through the woods where they had been heard. In the trail made by this dragging, he would place his traps, at suitable distances apart, carefully covering them with leaves, so that they could not be seen. The wolves would follow this trail by the scent, and, suspecting no danger, step into some of the traps and be fastened. The traps were large and weighed several pounds, but it would not do to chain them fast, as it was said the wolf would gnaw his own leg off and escape, but while he could drag the trap he would not do that, but make off as best he could through the bushes and brush, taking the trap with him. In this way they sometimes got miles away, before the trapper could overtake them by the next day, with the assistance of his dogs, which were trained to follow them up by the scent. After being caught in this way, they generally had to be killed by a rifle shot at last. In addition to those I have mentioned, there were several other wild animals, of smaller kinds, that inhabited our woods, the principal of which was the raccoon, which were very plenty, and, although they were very destructive to the cornfields, yet they afforded fine amusement and considerable profit to the hunters. They were generally hunted in the night with dogs, which were so well trained to finding and following their tracks, that they could readily distinguish them from the tracks of other animals, and would not follow up such small game as the possum, rabbit, or skunk. The raccoons were mostly hunted for their skins, which had very good fur, and brought a good price. It was quite a profitable business for fur dealers to collect and send on these skins, as thousands were sent off every year, and brought considerable means into the county. I am aware that it is not the wild animals alone which were so plentiful in our woods in early times, that we are to speak about, and bring up to the remembrance, although much might be said and written about them that would be interesting. There are many other subjects which would doubtless be equally, if not more interesting, and perhaps more in accordance with the objects and the designs of the Pioneer Association. The clearing up of the forests, and preparing the land for cultivation; the building of log cabins, and the manners and customs of living in them; the kind, and usual amount of crops raised; the log-rollings and corn-huskings; the parties of pleasure

and amusement, and very many other subjects too tedious to mention here, might be spoken of and written upon, which would bring up interesting recollections, which, if properly collected and preserved, would be sufficient to fill volumes, which might be valuable as well as interesting to the present, rising and future generations. And I would here suggest, that each and every member be requested to contribute something towards the furtherance of this object. If some of them are not in the habit of writing their thoughts and recollections, they all can remember, and tell of things of the past which would be valuable in such a collection.—Then let them tell it, and get somebody else to write it, and let it be brought and filed with the archives of the Association, and thereby contribute their share to so valuable an undertaking.—Everything has so changed that almost anything in regard to those times would seem new and interesting now. The construction of log cabins, and the manner of living in them are worthy of remembrance, for they have so nearly gone out of date, that it will not be a great many years before the people here will scarcely know what they were. They were generally constructed of round logs, one story high, covered with clap-boards which were not nailed down, but kept to their places by weight-poles, laid lengthways across every row of boards. In fact, many very comfortable dwellings were built and lived in without so much as a single iron nail being used in their construction. As there were no saw-mills in the country at its very early settlement, the floors of the cabins were made of what was called puncheons. They were made by splitting large logs into slabs three or four inches thick, and by nicely hewing them on the upper side, and neatly fitting the joints, they made a very good and permanent floor. The open spaces in the walls between the logs were neatly filled up, and made smooth by "chinking," and daubing with clay inside and outside. The fire-place was at one end of the building, generally outside, an opening being cut through the log wall for that purpose. The flue was built up above the comb of the roof, with what was called "cat and clay." The fire-places were large, sufficient to take in back logs from twelve to eighteen inches thick, and four to six feet long. These buildings varied in size from fourteen by eighteen feet, up to eighteen feet wide by twenty-four feet long.

A room of that size, and built in that way, was used for kitchen, dining room, parlor and bed-room. The bed, and sometimes

three or four of them, were placed in the back end of the room, and here the whole family slept. And when they had visitors, which was very frequently in those days, they were accommodated in the same way. Where the family was large, however, the boys frequently had to sleep up in the loft, on the floor, which was laid with clap-boards, the same as the roof. In order to get up to the loft, a ladder was placed close in one corner of the house, generally in the end near the fire place. This description, however, applies only to the very early settlers. They soon began to add to these cabins such improvements as seemed necessary for comfort and convenience, but many well-to-do farmers still held on to the first comfortable log cabin for many years. And in this way, we may adopt the words of the old Scotch poet, and say, that many

> "Noble lads and winsome misses,
> Were reared in sic a way as this is."

In reflecting back upon those past times, their houses, farms, manners and customs, pleasures and enjoyments, and then on comparing them with those of the present time, the question will obtrude itself upon the mind as to which is the best calculated to promote real comfort, health and enjoyment; the old-fashioned cabin fashions, manners and customs of those times, or the very different ones of the princely palace residences and their fashions, manners and customs of the present time.

Before I close, I think I must say a few words to the ladies. I have said before that the women were equally eligible with the men to become members of this Association, and if they would avail themselves of the privilege, they might and should bring to remembrance and relate incidents and circumstances of the "olden times," which would be very interesting and instructive to the present and rising generation.

The subject of woman's sphere and her proper position in society has been much discussed by lecturers of both sexes, and in the public papers for a few years past, but whether that discussion has had much effect in making the change or not, one thing is very certain—that a very great change has been made in regard to woman's duties, and her occupation as housekeeper, within the past fifty or sixty years. This will be very apparent if we contrast the duties and occupation of the women of that period (for they were *real women* then as well as now,) with those of the *ladies* (as

they must be called now) of the present time. Everything has changed. Wives and heads of families considered it their duty, to card, spin and weave the materials, whether of flax or wool, for their husband's and children's clothing, and their own, and then make them up, also, as tailors and milliners were almost unknown at that time. A farmer's or mechanic's wife who did not keep her family decently and comfortably clothed in this way, was not considered a very valuable "help meet" by the community.

They must, however, have some "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes, but these were often of their own manufacture, made with more care for this special purpose. Some few had Sunday clothes of finer quality, brought with them from the older settlements of the East, where they had moved from; these were preserved and kept with great care for many years. As improvements advanced and the country became more thickly settled, dry goods stores of course would be gradually introduced, though often at considerable distance away; and many women and their daughters have traveled from this vicinity to Urbana to get "store boughten" calico or finer dresses, which they paid for with ginseng, which they had dug in the woods with their own hands. This "seng digging" and trade is well worthy of description, but there is not room or time now. A few more changes I must briefly mention. The sweet music of the spinning wheel and the weaving loom in the cabin, has given way to the piano and melodeon of the splendidly furnished parlor. And perhaps in too many instances the rough board book-shelf on the wall of the cabin, with the Bible and a few religious and good historical books upon it, has been displaced by the splendid center-table in the gaudily furnished parlor, loaded with sensational novels and the "yellow-back literature" of the present day. In the women's department, perhaps as great a change has taken place in regard to cooking as in any other. Cooking stoves were not even heard of in those days. The cooking was done by the big log fire in the same room where they ate and slept. The implements used were a large dutch-oven, stew-pot, long-handled frying-pan, and sometimes a tea-kettle. With these utensils a woman of those days could get up a meal good enough for a prince, if she only had the "wherewithal." I should not have left out the Johnny-cake

board, which was very important, but as the *ladies* now do not know what this is, I will omit it for the present.

At the close of Dr. Brown's speech, President Gardner introduced Samuel Carter, a venerable citizen living near this place, who had been with us since the foundation of the county was laid. Mr. Carter spoke in a clear and earnest manner for some minutes, graphically detailing incidents and scenes of early life, much to the interest and amusement of the assembly. He said when his father came to this county sixty-three years ago, there were three Indians to one white man. Then cabins had but one room, in which they lived, ate and slept. Furniture was scarce. When he was married fifty years ago and moved into his cabin, he made a cupboard by putting together some rough clapboards with wooden pins, for there were no nails then nearer than Urbana, which was their "dresser." The first table they ever had he made with an ax, hewing out rough boards and pinning them together. The first thing he ever put salt in was a gum. In their room was a spinning-wheel, beds, bin, &c. In 1818, when he moved here on the place he now lives, he built a log house, without door or window; he sawed a hole to go in and out at, and as there was no floor below they slept upon the loft and cooked outside. The stock took shelter beneath. In the day he worked hard cutting hay, and at night worked at his house, and when they got a mud chimney completed so they could have a fire in the house, it was the happiest moment of their life. He wore homespun then, and all he had was a pair of tow-linen pants and a shirt, but no drawers or boots, and considered he was very well prepared for winter. Like a great many he bought land and had to work hard to clear and pay for it. This was slow work without money or markets, but he kept on and after a while population increased a little, but they could not sell anything. A bushel of wheat could not be sold for twenty-five cents. They had no means, and the only way they could pay for their land was to raise hogs, cattle, &c., which brought but little profit. He had raised many a fine steer for ten dollars which would now be worth sixty dollars. They had no other means of getting money except by hunting for furs, and could not buy coffee, tea, &c., but they had plenty of venison and raccoon, and many a good meal he had made off it. He thought society was better then than now; they had not

so much to do, and time was not so precious as now. Now we had not time to visit; but then people went several miles, and when they had got a good fiddler and a puncheon floor, would dance all night and as another old pioneer added, "go home with the girls in the morning." After a while, the speaker said, he began to advance in the world and prosper. He bought a new cotton shirt, and thought he was coming out. After a short time he bought another, and then he had a "change." But there had been a great change. When he looked around him he found that all those whom he used to meet at raisings, log-rollings and musters, were all gone—his company had all gone before, and he must soon go too. Life had not much charm for him now, and life was like a calm summer evening to him now. He said he would probably meet and be heard again on a like occasion, but if he did not they could say he had gone before them to another and better land. With a fervent blessing, he retired.

*Joshua Antrim was next introduced,and made an excellent and able address which we re-print in full on our first page. He said it was due the audience to make some explanation for the authority of some statements he was about to make, and cited living witnesses then present; among others he mentioned Mrs. Esther Robinson, daughter of the first white settler in Logan county. He also stated that Sharp's mill was built and running in 1803. But the reader will find his speech of absorbing interest.

After more delightful music from the band, who by the way have acquitted themselves with honor during the past week, furnishing music to thousands of delighted hearers, the President in a few happy words introduced the Hon. Wm. Lawrence, who he said had grown up among us from a boy. Mr. Lawrence came forward and said:

I did not suppose I would be called upon in the presence of these venerable and venerated pioneers to say one word to-day. I came here to listen to what others might say, and by my presence to testify my respect for those who are here and my interest in the occasion. But called upon as I am, I will say a few words which I hope may be pertinent to the occasion. I first visited Logan county in 1836, before I had reached the years of manhood. I came to

* Reported for the BELLEFONTAINE PRESS.

Bellefontaine to reside a little over thirty-nine years ago. The hills and valleys and streams were here then as now; but almost all else has changed, wonderfully changed. Forests have become cultivated fields, mud roads have given place to turnpikes and railroads, and villages have sprung up and grown in size and population, where primeval forests stood. School buildings, and churches with spires pointing heavenward, have arisen where there were none before, or only the rudest log buildings. Bellefontaine then had a population of less than 600, and its frame and log buildings looked old and dilapidated. The only *brick* buildings in it were the court house and county offices, two old churches, and less than half a dozen brick dwellings of antiquated architecture. Comparatively few of the people who then were in the county yet remain. Emigration and death have done their work. A stream of population has poured in among us from other counties and States, and a new generation has been born.

The Bar of Logan County then consisted of Anthony Casad, Hiram McCartney, Samuel Walker, Richard S. Canby, Benjamin Stanton, Royal T. Sprague, and myself. Of all these I am the sole surviving resident lawyer, and my friend who sits before me, Gen. Gardner, is the only merchant now in business who was in business when I first made Bellefontaine my home. [General Gardner responed: "That's so, my friend; give me your hand;" and Gen. Gardner and Judge Lawrence took each other by the hand in a warm and cordial greeting.] Judge Lawrence proceeded: The Bar, as I first knew it, here, was one of ability, learning and integrity. The pioneers before and around me, I know will bear testimony to this. But the Bar is changed; McCartney, Walker and Casad repose in mother earth, lie buried in the county of Logan, where they lived honest lives and adorned the profession of the law. Peace to their ashes and honor to their memories. Richard S. Canby is now a Judge in Southern Illinois; Benjamin Stanton does honor to his profession in Wheeling, West Virginia, and Royal T. Sprague is a Judge of the Supreme Court of California, a position which he fills with much distinction. Among these members of the Bar I would not draw any invidious comparison, for they jointly shared the confidence of all who knew them. Two of them served in Congress, Stanton and Canby. In forcible argument and logical point, Ohio never had an abler man than Benjamin Stanton, and when Richard S. Canby once became thoroughly aroused and

enlisted in the discussion of a subject, with his scholarly attainments, he was the most eloquent and impressive orator I ever heard.

The law practice has changed much since I first engaged in it in Logan county; then money was a scarce commodity. A lawyer then would ride on horseback five, ten or fifteen miles, through the mud, with "leggings" regularly strapped or tied in proper position to shield the lower extremities, and before a justice of the peace would manage a lawsuit for a fee of five dollars, generally secured by a note at six months, and finally paid in trade. We had no livery stable, and if a lawyer did not keep a horse he borrowed one from some accommodating neighbor. Now, a young lawyer, if he goes on such an errand, must have a top buggy with at least one and sometimes two horses to carry him.

Joseph R. Swan, one of the ablest, purest and best men Ohio ever had, then presided on the Common Pleas, and Joshua Robb and Gabriel Slaughter were Associate Judges, all men of sterling good sense and practical good judgment. Then the lawyers regularly attended the courts in the adjoining counties, to which they traveled on horseback. The courts of Logan county were regularly visited by Samson Mason, Wm. A. Rogers and Charles Anthony of Springfield; John H. James, Moses D. Corwin, Richard R. McNeemar, of Urbana; Patrick G. Goode, Jacob S. Conklin and Joseph S. Updegraff of Sidney; Wm. C. Lawrence of Marysville, and others.

Judge Lawrence proceeded at a considerable length to describe the early condition of affairs in Logan county. He said farmers had no cash market for any of their products at an early day. There were no railroads to send any thing to market. A farmer would raise a small crop of wheat, and in the fall load up a two-horse wagon, take oats to feed his horses, and some bread, butter and ham for himself, and drive off a hundred miles to Sandusky, sleeping at night in his wagon, to sell his load of wheat. With the proceeds he bought a barrel of salt, roll of leather and muslin, and reserved enough money to pay taxes. Hogs were bought by drovers and driven to Sandusky. He said he had seen wheat sell here for forty cents, and pork and beef for a dollar per hundred pounds. Mechanics were paid in trade, houses were built for trade, lawyers and physicans paid in trade. The people were social, and hospital-

ity was one of the essential characteristics of all the people. Our space will not permit us to give a fuller sketch of the Judge's remarks.

Judge Lawrence then read a note from our venerable and respected fellow citizen John Kirkwood, living two miles west of West Liberty, stating that he was confined to his room and could not be present. He stated he had an apple tree growing on his farm, planted in 1804, which now measures eight feet and three inches in circumference, and has never failed to bear some apples each year since it began bearing. He said he would send samples of fruit, but it did not come to hand.

The president next introduced Volney Thomas, who made a brief but interesting speech, describing customs of early days. He was born in Champaign county in 1810. He told how they went to church. Churches and school houses were made of logs and polls, and in these colleges they got their education and religious teaching. He went to school in the first church built at Mt. Tabor. It had a big fire place in one end, and one morning when they went to school it was found that during the night the back-log had rolled out on the floor and burnt up the house. Then the only school book was the New Testament, and their task was to commit certain portions to memory. It was a fine thing in those days to have a pair of morocco or squirrel skin shoes, and when the young men and women went to church the young woman would tie her shoes up in her handkerchief and her beau would carry them in his hand to church, when she would put them on; after meeting she pulled them off and again went barefooted home. When the women wanted a new calico dress, they went to the woods and dug gensang, which they took to Urbana and traded to the merchant.

He recollected seeing old Mr. Hopkins, who lived in Champaign at the time, come to church many a time with nothing on but a pair of tow-linen pants and shirt, barefooted and bareheaded, and for a half hour preach with great power. When there was a log-rolling, flax pulling, or social gathering, all turned out and had a good time. Being all Quakers then they didn't dance, but played plays such as "Sister Phebe" and "Marching Round Quebec." This was the way they were raised.

The President then showe l some relics, one a photograph of the first house built in the county, and the other a large pewter dish, presented to the Association by Andrew Stiarwalt, of Bellefontaine. It was purchased in Pennsylvania about the year 1750, by

Thomas Guy. He owned it 48 years and at his death gave it to his nephew, Thomas Guy, who owned it forty-two years, and at death gave it to his daughter, Mrs. Mary McFadon, who brought it to Logan county in 1831. She owned it eleven years and at death gave it to her daughter, Mrs. Martha Stiarwalt, who has had it since 1814. It is a quaint and venerable relic, 120 years old.

After the reading of an old poem, which we shall present at another time, with some preliminary remarks, the Association proceeded to elect officers for the ensuing year, when the following were unanimously declared elected: President, J. M. Glover, West Liberty; Vice President, Joshua Antrim, Middleburg; Secretary, Thomas Hubbard, and Treasurer, Gen. I. S. Gardner, of Bellefontaine. George McCulloch was elected Chaplain for life. Trustees—B. S. Brown, Samuel Carter, Wm. Lawrence, of Bellefontaine; Volney Thomas and Joshua Buffington, of West Liberty.

Books were declared open for members' names and many were recorded, which will be given at another time.

The next quarterly meeting was appointed at the Town Hall, West Liberty, December 3, 1870, with Judge Lawrence to deliver the opening address.

After the doxology by the band, and an affecting and solemn benediction by the Chaplain, the meeting was dismissed, and all went home happy, feeling that the occasion had been one of rare interest and amusement.

Third Quarterly Meeting.

The third quarterly meeting of the Western Pioneer Association was held, according to appointment, at West Middleburg, in this county, on Saturday, March 4, 1871. The day was warm, sunny and pleasant, and although the dirt roads were in a bad condition, the attendance was larger than was anticipated, the house being completely filled. In addition to the large number of citizens of the town and vicinity who expressed their appreciation of the occasion by attending, there were present many of the pioneer men and women of the neighborhood, who took much interest in the proceedings, and added to the exhibition a large collection of relics of the early days.

In the absence of the worthy Treasurer and other active mem-

bers no business was transacted, though much was to be done. The time was pleasantly occupied until the adjournment with speeches, songs, etc.

It is much to be regretted that the large collection of relics of other days could not be presented to the Association to be preserved in its archives for the benefit of future generations. They are of little use as they are, but gathered together would form an interesting and speaking chapter in history which could not be supplemented by written desciption. The donor would also have the satisfaction of contributing an article to the museum which would carry his name in connection down to posterity. We hope these relics may be gathered up from all over the county and sent in properly labeled with their history and donor's name, to the President of the Association.

The meeting was called to order at 2 o'clock P. M., and after prayer by Rev. Mr. Flood, President J. M. Glover gave an interesting review of social life running back to pioneer times, explained the social, benevolent and historical object of the society, and urged on all old people the importance and duty of joining it, to collect and preserve the history of the county.

"A Requiem to the Departed Pioneers," composed by Professor Joshua Antrim, very touching and impressive, was next given by Miss Mollie Bales and Prof. Sharp.

At The Old Home.

BY WM. HUBBARD.

It was just such an Autumn morn as this—how many years ago?
Let me see: John is now twelve years old, and was then but two, I know—
We had loaded the wagon the day before, a wagon staunch and new,
And away we hied on the Autumn morn while the grass was wet with dew.

The yellow dust was damp and still, on the smooth and quiet road,
And gaily the bay and sorrel team moved on with our household load;
The leaves were tinted with yellow and gold, and colors of myriad sheen,
And the meadows had lost in the early frost their tinge of summer green.

I mind me well how the shocks of corn stood in the fields by the way—
How the yellow pumpkins, like nuggets of gold, in the open furrows lay,
How the luscious apples hung ripe and red as we passed the orchards by,
Where the children played in the pleasant shade, all under the misty sky.

We were moving away to the Illinoy, where land could be cheaply bought;
The homestead farm wasn't large enough for both the boys we thought—
But, if it were to do again, peradventure we would stay,
For we often sighed in the Illinoy for the dear home far away.

The land was cheap, and the yield was great, and we have enough to divide
Between the boys, and leave the girl a handsome thing beside;
But, one or another, we never were well; that is, I mean to say,
Not quite so well as we used to be in the home whence we moved away.

We lived five years in the Illinoy before the sickly fall—
Ah! that you may very well believe was a trying time for us all!
All, all were down, my companion died, and I never got over the blow;
Though Jane was grown, and took care of things right well, as all of us know.

And Ephraim now looks after the farm; of boys he is one of the best;
He said to me: "Father, you're growing old—it is time you had some rest—
So take little John and go back once more to look at the dear old home—
You can go by the cars, not the toilsome way by which we had to come."

Who is that man yonder? He looks to me very much like Jason Black;
But Jason, I'm sure, walked very straight, while this man crooks in the back;
And Jason's hair wore the raven's hue, while this man's hair is white—
Ah, me! I forget what time may do in ten years of his flight.

"God bless you, friend! Come, sit you down, and tell what I would know
Of neighbors well remembered still, whom I knew long ago;
I'm back to the dear old stamping ground, and brought little John, my boy,
Leaving Ephraim and Jane to care for things at our home in Illinoy."

And Jason said, and sighing said: "Old friend, 'tis sad to tell
Of the folks who were here ten years ago, and whom you knew so well.
But few are left, for scores are dead, and many have moved away,
And the few you meet you will hardly know, so changed are they to-day.

"You mind the man who bought your place—a stout young fellow was he,
But he died of a fever the second year, leaving wife and children three.
And they managed bad, and the Sheriff sold the homestead out for debt,
And where they went 'tis so long ago if ever I knew I forget.

"Your neighbor Gates, across the creek, for a long time he lay low,
And died at last—let's see—I think it is just six years ago;
And Jonah Gates, his oldest son, I s'pose you have heer'n tell,
Gave up to drink and playing cards, and isn't doing well.

"I can not name them all, of course, but a score of our young men
Were lured away to fields of blood, and never came back again;
Some gave up their lives at Gettysburg, some fell on the march to the sea,
And widows and orphan children left are sorry sights to see.

"You well remember Willie Grey, so handsome, kind and true,
For his dead father, your best friend, had named his boy for you—
They stole him away as a paymaster's clerk, poor boy, and now he sleeps,
Where Mississippi's turbid tide in restless surges sweeps."

"Enough—enough—more than enough: I very plainly see
The old home has no comfort left that it can offer me,
So I'll pack my things; and to-morrow morn, with little John, my boy,
I'll go back again to Ephraim and Jane, and our home in the Illinoy."

Oh, Give Them Back.

BY JESSE ROBERTS.

Oh, give me back my cabin home
Within the forest wild,
And give me, too, those hopeful years,
I knew when but a child.
Oh, let me see the birds again,
With plumage bright and gay,
And hear their notes as when I trod
The tangled, winding way.

Oh, give me back my parents dear,
As in their glorious prime;
Oh let me see them once again
As in the olden time.
My brothers and my sisters, too,
Let them return once more,
A joyful group as when they stood
Within the cottage door.

Oh, give me back my schoolmates, now
In mem'ry cherished dear,
Oh, let me join with them again
To hail the dawning year.
Or let me see them in the class,
Within the school room stand,
As they were wont with teacher there
To head the youthful band.

Oh, let me see that maiden fair,
With rose bloom on her cheek,
I met along the woodland path,
My heart too faint to speak.
Or give to me those riper years
When she stood by my side,
In snowy robe of spotless white,
A youthful, loving bride.

Oh, give me back those loved ones now,
Whom we were wont to see.
But years ago we laid them down
Beneath the church-yard tree.
In fancy's visions oft we view
Them as in days of yore;
Oh, give them back, that we may look
Upon their forms once more.

Oh, give me back my youthful form,
With healthful, ruddy glow,
Those active limbs—then let me stand
With those I used to know.
Oh, give to me my youth again,
If 'tis but for a night,
Ere earth's dear treasures one by one
All vanish from my sight.

If what I've asked may not be given,
Then let me ask once more,
That I may reach that land of light,
Beyond this changing shore,
Where bloom and beauty never fade,
But shine with luster bright,
And day's eternal radiance
Dispels the gloom of night.

HARPER, O., February 6, 1872.

PIONEER SKETCHES OF LOGAN COUNTY.

BY JESSE ROBERTS.

MR. JOSHUA ANTRIM:—I am seated to write down a few items for the Pioneer Association of Logan county, and will begin at

RUSHCREEK LAKE.

This is a small body of water of near a hundred acres surface, connected with a swamp extending north on each side of Rushcreek for near three miles, and south to near the Jerusalem Pike, where it crosses Mad River—making an aggregate length of about six or seven miles, with an average width of nearly three quarters of a mile. This whole area has evidently once been a lake connecting the waters of Mad River and Rushcreek, the former running South, and the latter North.

The stream of Rushcreek passes through this lake, which embraces a part of each of the townships of Rushcreek and Jefferson, and is in the track of the great tornado which passed over it about the year 1825 or 1826, and constituted what is familiarly known as "The fallen timber." This lake abounds in fish, and has ever been the favorite resort for all lovers of the finny tribes, within reasonable distance of its miry borders. It is much smaller now than when first viewed by the early pioneers of our county, and scarce one hundredth part as large as it originally was. The swamp connected with it is much more firm now than forty years ago.—The tallest corn is now grown in some places where cattle would not then dare venture. The incidents connected with this lake I

cannot record with any great degree of accuracy. It was said the great tornado lifted the water to such an extent, that hundreds and thousands of fish could be found upon its shores. There was also a tradition that two Indians, in an attempt to wade into it from the shore, instantly sunk into the mire, and their bodies were never recovered. I give this not as a fact, but as a tradition, currently talked of and generally credited forty years ago, yet I never met a person who could verify the story. I can, however, attest, that all around the margin of the lake, as also in the bed of Rushcreek, so far as the swamp extends, a person attempting to wade would sink beneath the mire as quick as in the water. If the Indians pursued a deer into the water, (as was said,) they could not have escaped being buried in the mire.

In the period of forty years since I have known this lake, there has been but four persons drowned in it; the first happened several years ago. A man by the name of Edsall, who was subject to fits, was fishing alone in a canoe, and in a spasm as was supposed, had fallen out and drowned. He resided near Zanesfield, and the past summer, his son about eighteen years of age was drowned in attempting to bathe in its waters.

About ten years ago two men, Thos. Carson and Martin Longstaff, were both fishing in a small canoe and were upset in the water and drowned. In early times the pioneer girls and boys would resort there in companies, and amid the sublime scenery of that secluded spot, whisper their artless tales of love, in the deep shades of the lofty forest trees that stood on the beautiful knoll that overlooks its placid waters, and although it has since been divested of much of its romantic grandeur, as seen in the dense forest and heard in the songs of birds, it is still one of the chief features of interest in our locality, especially to strangers who visit here.

Extending west along the stream of Rushcreek above this lake, is a small valley surrounded by hills, known as

"LAZY HOLLOW."

The first settlers of this hollow occupied much of their time in fishing, and manifested so little energy in the improvement of the country, that the above name seemed appropriate, and hence its christening, perhaps, for all time; and lest this name should make an unfavorable impression on the minds of future genera-

tions respecting the first settlers of this hollow, I will say that Mr. James B. McLaughlin, now a prominent lawyer in Bellefontaine, is perhaps responsible for the name, and as he was a resident of the hollow himself at the time, can not reasonably claim exemption from the unfavorable impressions suggested by the title. There are also evidences of moral and intellectual improvement in the immediate vicinity of this hollow, which may be noted as among the first, north of Zanesfield. I will here give the names of some of the first settlers in this vicinity: Daniel McCoy, was evidently the first settler here, and built a cabin on a farm now owned by Mr. Jamison, in the northern part of Jefferson Township, a short distance from the Lazy Hollow School-house. This McCoy was here as early perhaps as 1810, of whom we will speak more particularly hereafter. Shortly after, Stephen Leas and Haines Parker settled in this same school district, perhaps as early as 1812, the former about three and a half miles north of Zanesfield, on the west of Madriver, and the latter on the north of him, on the farm known as the Elliot farm, but now owned by Benjamin Shoots.

Haines Parker was what was called a regular Baptist preacher, and in connection with the venerable George McColloch, Tharp's Run, below Zanesfield, established the first church on the waters of Rushcreek. The first-meeting house was erected about half a mile east of the Lazy Hollow School-house, on the road leading from Harper to Zanesfield, near where the Bellefontaine and Walnut Grove road crosses the Zanesfield and Harper road. It was a log house, which stood for many years, but has since almost entirely disappeared. The names of some of the prominent members constituting that church were Haines Parker and his wife, Johnson Patrick, Samuel Patrick, Elijah Hull, Old Father Platt, and some others, male and female members, whose names I do not now recollect.

In 1832 the second meeting-house was built a mile and a half further north, and was called the Rushcreek Baptist Church, after which the former house was vacated, and the latter became the regular place of meeting by the church. Connected with this second house, the first public grave-yard was established. It was donated by Solomon Cover, who then resided on the farm now owned by Lucien D. Musselman, and the first person buried there was Samuel Patrick, in October, 1831. This meeting-house was

evidently the first house of worship erected in Rushcreek Township; the former house was built in Jefferson. North of Lazy Hollow, on a high hill in the south edge of Rushcreek Township, the first school house was built in Rushcreek Township; it was on the Zanesfield and Harper road, on a piece of land now owned by Oliver Raymond; I can not give the date of its building, but it must have been prior to 1820.

I find I was mistaken concerning the first meeting-house built in Rushcreek Township, as stated in the above. The first meeting-house in Rushcreek township was built by the Quakers. It stood in a field now owned by John Q. Williams, near the Sandusky road, four and half miles northeast of Bellefontaine; there is a grave-yard at the site of this meeting-house, which was laid out by old Thomas Stanfield, Sr., who was evidently the first white settler in Rushcreek Township. His first cabin stood on the north side of the old Stanfield farm, which is now occupied by Mr. Samuel Hall. It was built of very small logs, or rather poles, indicating the scarcity of hands at that period. Thomas Stanfield planted the first orchard near his cabin; many of the trees can be seen at present, (1871.) He was socially and religiously connected with the first settlers in Marmon's bottom, and his grandson, Samuel Stanfield, told me that he came here in the year 1805. He was here during the war 1812, and continued on the old Stanfield farm up to the year 1823, when he died and was buried in the grave-yard which he had located. His wife, Hannah, died in 1830, and was buried by his side. He was succeeded by his son, Thomas Stanfield, Jr., who died in 1838.

There is an incident connected with the history of this pioneer family which is worthy of record. Stanfield was a Quaker, and, like the celebrated William Penn, succeeded in securing the friendship of the Indians to such an extent that he felt comparatively safe to remain among them during the war of 1812. They often visited his cabin, shared his hospitality, and manifested marked friendship for him and his family. But it seems, from some cause, they had become angry with Stanfield, and determined on a certain night to massacre the whole family. They accordingly concealed themselves in the bushes which surrounded the cabin about dusk in the evening, and lay there awaiting the darkness of the night, that they might carry out their fiendish plot.

It seems however, that Mr. Daniel McCoy, who is mentioned in a former article, had learned of their hellish design, and determined to try to rescue the family at all hazards. He accordingly communicated with the garrison at McPherson's near where our county Infirmary is now located, and proposed an expedition to save the Stanfields. The garrison was weak at the time, and could not be induced to enter on such a perilous adventure, when McCoy declared he would undertake the rescue alone, against the remonstrances of his friends. After imbibing freeley in a social glass, he mounted a gray horse and started through the forest at dusk in the evening, and proceeded alone to Stanfield's, a distance of near seven miles. When he arrived within a quarter of a mile of the cabin, he raised the yell, saying, "Come on, here they are!" then doubling on his track rode back and forth a short distance several times, hallooing all the time for his men to "come on," as though he was accompanied by a legion of cavalry. Then putting his horse under full speed, galloped up to the cabin, informing Stanfield's of their imminent danger. The horses were immediately brought up, and the whole family, accompanied by McCoy, proceeded to Zanesfield, a distance of seven miles, where they remained a couple of weeks. On their return to the cabin, they found it had not been disturbed during their absence. They were told by the Indians after peace was concluded, that McCoy had saved their lives in the daring manner of his approach, intimidating them with the impression that he was supported by a strong force, as no "one man," as they said, would manifest such daring boldness.

I have been favored with the family record of Thomas Stanfield, Jr., and from it transcribe the following:

"Thomas Stanfield was married to Margaret Reames, on the 30th of the sixth month, 1814, and lived with my father two years, five months and twenty days, then moved to my own house." This will date the occupancy of the old house on the Stanfield farm, on the site where Mr. Hall now lives, about November 20, 1816, which is about fifty years ago. Adding eleven years to this, in order to reach the year 1805, the date of building the first cabin, we have about sixty-six years from the beginning of the first settlement in Rushcreek Township. And although sixty-six years have passed since that pioneer family settled here, there are still traces of their early labor. The old orchard trees, one pile of rub-

bish designating the site of the first cabin; the place where the old meeting-house stood, the old grave-yard, and many other things that serve to carry the mind back to those primitive times. In the family record already alluded to, I find the following in the hand-writing of Thomas Stanfield, Jr.

"Thomas Stanfield, Jr., departed this life 5th month, the 11th, 1824, aged 76 years, 5 months and 12 days. Hannah Stanfield, his wife, departed this life 9th month, the 28th, 1830, age not certainly known, but something rising eighty years."

The bodies of this pioneer father and mother, now sleep side by side in the little grave-yard already noted; with them also sleep many loved ones, descendants of the family, as also some of the associates of their early toils. Their graves are marked by humble and unpretending monuments, reared by the hand of affection, ere pride and ostentation had corrupted society. On a grave-stone of a pious grand-daughter who lies buried there, the following inscription may be read: "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me, Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort me."—Ps. xxiii:4.

Passing through that grave-yard the other day, and trying to read the inscriptions on the moss-covered stones, my mind wandered back to youthful days, when I stood with many who repose beneath these humble monuments, and I could but say, "they still linger in memory," calling up many pleasant scenes long numbered in the past, and to their memory I inscribe the following verses:

In the folds of mem'ry linger
Youthful scenes now cherished dear,
When we wandered in the wildwood,
With the forms that slumber here.
Oft we met in social pleasure,
Youths and maidens full of glee
Neatly clad in homespun garments
Free from pride and vanity.

And when sickness sad and dreary
Came within our forest home,
And their services were needed,
Ever faithful they would come.
Watching through night's weary hours,
In the taper's feeble ray,

From the sable shades of evening
Till the dawning of the day,

Where are now those forms of beauty,
Seen by us in days of yore?
Gone, all gone, we know not whither,
From this ever-changing shore.
Yet in mem'ry still they linger;
Hope doth whisper, "Yet again
We shall meet them—yes we'll greet them
On the bright eternal plain."

Aaron Reems built the first cabin and made the first rails on the Sutherland farm, as early perhaps as 1814. The Dickey farm on the Sandusky road, was first settled by Thomas McAdams. The farm of Mr. Tadman, by Billy Stanfield; the Williams farm by the Baldwins. (Daniel and Richard.) North of Greenville treaty line, on the west of Rushcreek and South of the Sandusky road, about the year 1825, we find Jonathan Sutton who came from Kentucky and settled on what is known as the old Sutton farm. He built a sawmill on Rushcreek in 1833 or 1834, just above Sutton's. On the creek we find two old Pennsylvania Dutch farmers, Solomon Cover and Michael Musselman. They were brothers-in-law, and spent their days here. Lucien D. Musselmen now owns the Cover farm and also part of the Musselman farm. Old aunt Cover, widow of Solomon Cover, is still alive; she is over ninety years old, and for several years her mind has been demented.

Later than 1830, we note the arrival of other settlers on the west of Rushcreek. On the farm of Mr. James Ansley, about the year 1832, we find James McMahill building a cabin. He came from Kentucky, with his amiable little wife Annie. He moved into his cabin. His old flint lock rifle was placed above the door on the rack. One Sabbath morning the fire was out. He took down the rifle to "strike" fire. It was loaded. He was a Baptist, and would not discharge his rifle on the Sabbath; he plugged up the touch hole, filled the pan with powder, the tow and "punk" ready, the gun across his lap, the muzzle pointing in the direction where little Annie was sitting in a split bottom chair, putting on her shoes; he pulls the trigger—"bang" goes the rifle, the ball entering the high post of the chair on which his wife was sitting, lodging in just below the chair bottom. Little Annie has long

since taken her place amid the "Angel band." Her husband, James McMahill, is now in Cabletown, Champaign county, and doubtless has not forgotten the incident. The old chair was seen by the writer many years afterward with the rifle ball still in it, and may be still preserved as an antique relic by Mr. McMahill.

Thomas Stanfield, Sr., noted above, immigrated from Tennessee. He had ten children—nine daughters and one son (Thomas Stanfield, Jr.). Old Wm. Reams, father of Mr. John Reams, in Lazy Hollow, immigrated from North Carolina, and settled in or near Marmon's Bottom, near the beginning of the present century, but moved to Lazy Hollow on the farm now owned by his son, John Reams, about the year 1816. This Wm. Reams also had ten children—nine sons and one daughter (Margaret). The latter was married to Thomas Stanfield, Jr., May 30th, 1814. This couple occupied the old Stanfield farm, Rushcreek township, where they also raised ten children—six sons and four daughters; one of the latter died at the age of twelve years.

Abner Cox, who died in Lazy Hollow—first settled below Zanesfield—took a seven years' lease on the land of old Jarvis Dougherty, on Tharp's Run, but subsequently moved to Lazy Hollow, and settled on the east of the Reams farm as early, perhaps, as the year 1814. This Abner Cox died here, and was buried on a hill a little north of where his cabin stood. His widow married a man by the name of Stilwell, who also died prior to 1831. The widow Stilwell's was a noted place forty years ago. Singing-schools, religious meetings, and youthful parties were frequently held at her house. She had four sons by her first husband (Cox): Abner, John, Ike and Sam, all stout, hearty fellows, rather slack in business, but what was termed good-hearted fellows, fond of company, and ever ready to entertain visitors. The old lady was rather a good worker, and equally fond of company as her sons; hence her house was rather a favorite place of resort for the lovers of social pleasure in that day. She also had four children by Stilwell, among them a deaf and dumb boy, called "Billy," whose peculiar igns and motions in communicating ideas were indeed novel to those familiar with him. Her oldest daughter, "Patty Stilwell," was rather a fine model of a healthful, and lively pioneer young lady, reared up in the forest, where schools and school-houses, like angel's visits, were "few and far between." She was cheerful and kind-hearted, frank and artless in her manners, above me-

dium size, rather graceful and easy in her movements. Not what the world would call a beauty; yet good-looking enough to attract a fair share of attention from the beaux, without incurring the envy of her sex. She was "Patty," and nobody else; uniformly the same every day. She was the first youthful bride Lazy Hollow produced; I mean the first one born, reared and married there, and her wedding may be noted as among the important events of that period. It was about the year 1833, a beautiful day in summer, or early autumn; the assembly was large and promiscous; old, young, middle-aged, married and single, male and female, were present, many who had never seen a wedding before. The bridegroom was a Mr. Wm. Dunston, brother to James Dunston, rather a portly, good-looking young man. The bride's waiter was a Miss Patty Parker, daughter of Rev. Haines Parker. Mr. Joseph Dunston was waiter to the bridegroom. The officiating magistrate was 'Squire Wm. McAmis. It was his first experience in legalizing the "ancient covenant," and his nerves gave evidence of the weighty responsibility laid upon him. During the ceremony, a death-like silence pervaded the spectators, until the concluding sentence, "I pronounce you man and wife," was heard, when Mr. John Reams, called out at the top of his voice: "*Now where's my dollar?*" (the legal fee of the magistrate at that period.) This was responded to by a hearty laugh from the whole assembly, after which the congratulations of the guests were tendered to the bride and bridegroom. Many, doubtless, who will read this article, will remember the time when Patty was married. She shortly afterward left the scenes of her youthful years, and with her husband moved to Michigan, where after a few years she was called to follow to the grave, him who had won her youthful heart.

The names of the first settlers in this section who have not been noted, are as follows: John Moore, settled immediately west of Wm. Reams, in 1818; Old Billy Tinnis, settled on the Whitehill farm, 1816; Old Thomas Dunston, settled on the farm where his grandson, Mr. James Dunston now lives, perhaps as early as 1817. Thomas Dunston was a Revolutionary soldier. John Reed first settled on what is now the McLaughlin farm, about 1815; he was succeeded by Samuel Ayers; Old Johnson Patrick settled on what was once known as the Patrick farm, now owned by Joseph Kitchen. Stephen Marmon was the first settler on the Kitchen farm

immediately west of the lake, in 1815. The "Tine Bullar" farm now owned by Dick Kitchen, was first settled by Moses Reams and David Norton, in 1815. The first ministers of the gospel who preached in this section are as follows, so far as known to the writer: Haines Parker, George McColloch, Mr. Vaughn, and Tommy Price. These were of the Baptist order, and preached in the old meeting house north of the Parker farm, as heretofore noted. I will here transcribe a text read by Tommy Price as a foundation for a discourse in this old meeting-house: "And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire, and them that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God." Rev. xv:2. Of the methodist preachers, Robert Casebolt and Thomas Sims, both preached at old widow Stilwell's frequently. Perhaps there are others not remembered now by the writer.

In the vicinity of the old Baptist Church and grave-yard on the west of Rushcreek, Thomas Sutherland settled on the old Sutherland farm as early as 1816. His wife, Phebe, was a daughter of old Thomas Stanfield, Sr., remarkable for her industry and perserverance. She was what was called a midwife, and in this profession had a wide practice. She was faithful in her ministrations to the sick, and if a death occurred in the neighborhood, she could generally refer to some sign or token by which she had been previously warned of the sad event. She earned many dollars by digging "seng" after her location on Rushcreek.

About the time of the arrival of James McMahill, as noted above, Mr. Joseph T. Ansley, also from Kentucky settled on the Ansley farm. Dr. Tom Green made the first improvements on this farm. He was also the first local physician in Rushcreek township. At this time (1832) Rushsylvania was not laid out, nor was there a single building on the site. Mr. James Clagg, who settled on the farm now owned by Mr. Qua, first conceived the idea of a town there. He was an old Virginian—a man of considerable intelligence and enterprise. and laid out the town about the year 1834. It was nick-named "Clagg Town," in honor to its proprietor; but whether he felt particularly complimented by the title I am not advised. Thompson Hews erected a tavern where the drug store now stands; James Elam kept a tavern and store on the corner where the post office is now kept; Robert Stephenson kept a tav-

ern and smith shop on the corner of Ansley & Day; Jacob Nibarger kept a tavern where Heller's new house stands; he also sold goods. Ben Green had the potter shop; Wm. Gipson preceded S. B. Stilwell in the wagon shop. Rushsylvania was the seat of elections, petty musters, and was the center of commerce in Rushcreek township.

For several years whisky appeared to be a leading commodity in trade. The presence of the bottle on the table of the Judges of election on election day, was not very rare; neither was it a very rare occurrence to see a dozen men divested of their coats, apparently anxious to fight on a public day. And while there are many citizens in the town who deplore the evils that exist now let them console themselves with the thought that the town has made great improvement in morals, literature and religion.

The Big Spring, three miles north of Rushsylvania, was a noted place long before Rushsylvania was thought of. One Lanson Curtis, who used to be a prominent business man in Zanesfield, made the first improvement at the Spring. It is said that Curtis started in busines on a cargo of tinware which he borrowed from an Eastern capitalist, in rather a novel manner: He was employed in the East to peddle the ware, and in one of his circuits he became bewildered, and after traveling for several days, found himself with his cargo in the wilds of Logan county, where, by "Tin Panning," he soon became a leading spirit in commercial and financial departments of our new county, and gained many devoted, ardent admirers, who were much astonished when he afterwards was called upon to return the original "loan" (?)

The earliest improvement in the vicinity of Big Spring, was just South of the old tavern stand—on what was originally known as the "Shepherd farm,"—now owned by the widow Brugler. A man by the name of Shepherd first settled here, and his location was the first of any northwest of Rushsylvania. He had his leg and thigh mashed by the falling of a log in raising a barn on the Stamats farm, near Cherokee. This accident caused his death. Dr. B. S. Brown, then a young man, was present when his leg was amputated, several days after the accident.

While Northwood established the principal depot on the line of the underground railroad, Rushsylvania, in an early day, ever stood ready to bring abolitionists to grief should they intrude

their odious sentiments on her community. Eggs, tar, feathers, and rails were spoken of in connection with temperance and abolition lecturers. Whether these articles were ever used as "regulators" and protectors of the public weal, I leave for others to say, whose experience might enable them to speak more positive, contenting myself with the narrative of the following incident as an index to public sentiment thirty-five years back. In the Northwest corner of Rushcreek Township, in the vicinity of "White Town," on the Miami, the following incident occurred:

Two men from Bellefontaine pursued a couple of runaway slaves into Hardin county, where they arrested them, and started back. When they arrived at Israel Howell's, where Wm. Stewart now lives, they halted and staid all night. In the morning one of the negroes took up a cane belonging to one of the captors, and struck one of the white men a blow on the head, shivering the cane, a piece of which flew and struck a little girl of Mr. Howell's in the eye, as she lay in the trundle-bed, destroying the eyeball entirely. The negroes both broke and run; one taking up the river and the other down. Both white men started in pursuit of the one who had taken up the river, learning by this time that difficulties attending negro catching, demanded at least two white men to one negro. Thus we see that not only Rushsylvania, but even Bellefontaine, was afflicted with the mania of negro catching at that day. The little girl spoken of, who lost her eye in that fray, is now the wife of Peter Fry, near Rushsylvania.

Another incident connected with negro catching happened late. A man by the name of Covert kept the Big Spring Tavern; he had a log rolling. Jesse Bryant, the first military captain in Rushcreek Township, was among the hands. Three runaway slaves came along the road, and the "Big Captain" (Bryant) organized a force and arrested them. He, with his accomplices, started with their black prize to Kentucky. When they arrived at West Liberty, some of the citizens there demanded of them their authority for holding the negroes in custody. Bryant replied that the negroes had acknowledged they were runaway slaves, and on this acknowledgement they held them. This did not satisfy the impertinent citizens of West Liberty, who obtained a warrant and had Bryant and his company arrested on the ground of man-stealing. And while they were held in custody, the negroes got

away, and the company lost their prize. Bryant and his company were detained until they could have witnesses brought from home to establish their innocence.

In concluding this article, I will give the names of the first settlers of the Miami, and dates, as far as I have been able to learn them: 1823, the Israel Howell farm, now Wm. Stewart's, was first settled by Calhoun, who was succeeded by Simeon Ransbottom—next by Israel Howell, who held the first post-office there, about the year 1825, or 1826. The Crawford farm was settled by Young, in 1827; the Hopkins farm, by Hazard Hopkins, 1828; the Dunlap farm, (formerly White Town) by Wm. White, 1829; the Hervey, or old Irvin farm, by Wm. Patterson, 1828; the Clark farm by Wm. Holt, 1828; The Laughlin farm by Hiram Hukill, 1829; the Anderson farm, by John B. Anderson; the farm of W. K. Newman, by Silas Thrailkill, 1826—succeeded by Arthur Roberts, 1828; the K. H. Howell farm by Wm. Patterson, 1829; the Richey farm by James Stephenson, 1827—succeeded by Wm. S. Johnston, 1830; the Simon Ensley farm, settled by Almond Hopkins, 1828—succeeded by Moses West, Wm. Creviston, Linus Cutting, John Roberts, and Simon Ensley; the Wm. Roberts farm, settled by Henry Fry, 1828; Melcher Crook settled the Thomas farm, 1830; Ben. Carson settled the Hume farm, 1829; Jonas Fry settled the farm west of Joel Thomas, 1829 or 1830; the farm of John Kerns, by Jacob Kerns; the Beaver farm, by Mr. Bower, 1832. Besides the above names in this locality, we have the Derwesters, or Whacters, as they were familiarly known. Among them the noted Ben. Whacter, whose muscular strength was that of a giant; and who came to his end by a blow inflicted with a pair of fire tongs, by the hand of a female whom he had undertaken to abuse.

I will mention some incidents connected with the first school taught by the writer, 1837-38. The school-house on the south-east corner of Jerome Musselman's land, in District No. 5, Rushcreek township, has long since disappeared, and was rather a rude structure when new; yet I confess that could I see it to-day as it was in the fall of 1837, when I first engaged in the responsible occupation of instructing the youth in that locality, it would be of far more interest to me than the most costly and well-arranged school-house that has been built in our township since that time. Its rude floor, clap-board roof, mud and stick chimney, six foot fire-place,

bench seats, slab writing-desks, paper windows and rough door hung on wooden hinges are all treasures in memory, and, viewed through the lapse of nearly forty years, they seem more vivid than scenes of but yesterday. But who lived here then? Henry Rosbrough lived on the Jerome Musselman farm, in the old house which stood near the old log meeting-house, near Mr. Ticen's. Rosbrough sent three children to school, John, George, and little Mary. To say they were good children is certainly due to the memory of their sainted mother, "Aunt Peggy," as we were wont to call her, who has since then taken her place in the mansions above. Old man Richardson settled on the farm where Rosbrough then lived, sometime between 1820 and 1825. On the farm of William Stephenson, lived the old widow Hews; John Wolf was the first there.

The widow Hews was a pious Presbyterian lady, correct in her deportment. Hiram and Perry, her twe sons, young men at the time, and Phebe and Eliza, her two daughters, young women, were with her. Perry and the two girls came to school, and it is but just to say my acquaintance with this family is a source of many pleasant reflections on the scenes of olden times, when they bore a part with us in them. On the Barney Kautzman farm, old Jamie McAmis, who married the widow Rosbrough, (whose first husband, Hilkiah Rosbrough, first settled this farm. "The Big Spring" here is the source of Millcreek;) lived with Aunt Susie. Here was little George Rosbrough, Pete, Mike and Tom, all pupils in the school, good fellows, and ever dear to memory and hope. A little to the east was old Benny Hodge, and Abraham Deardorff, Bill Hodge, Jesse, Jim, Henry, and little Betty—all pupils in the school. And again, Abe Deardorff, John and Susan; count them also. A little nearer the fallen timber on the King farm, we find old Jake King, six feet high, of at least two-hundred pounds avordupois, and as terrible as he was big. Here were his four oldest children—Julia Ann, Nancy, Martha and Bill—the two former nearly grown. None could fail to see the parental unkindness had so discouraged them, that youth was but a dreary bondage, only endured by the hope that some day they would be free from the galling parental yoke. They came to school. That the teacher was "partial" to those children is not unlikely, yet all others would say such partiality was demanded in the case, and none felt that it was wrong.

Near the line of Bokescreek township, old Hezekiah Starbuck lived. He had his second wife; his step-children, Eliza and David Adams, came to school. Eliza was nearly grown, David younger. They were pleasant in their disposition and highly esteemed in school. But close to Starbuck's was found Lawson Rudasill. He came from the high hills of Old Virginia, and settled in the level country. He was a school director, and rather a well informed man to be found so far out in the woods. Religiously, they called him a "Campbellite"—not a very great compliment at that day. Wesley and Winfield, two of his boys came to school. I always loved them for their independence and dignity, and as I was teaching for ten dollars a month and boarding with the scholars, I often went home with these boys. It was here and about this time that I concluded to engage in a new enterprise. This Rudasill had a girl at home that he did not send to school; she was perhaps seventeen or eighteen years old—born and reared on the high hills of Old Virginia. It looked rather hard that she should wear out her life amid those "gloomy swails," and therefore, for these and other considerations which may be guessed by the reader, I persuaded her to accompany me to a more elevated locality. This arrangement was consummated during the stormy scenes of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too;" and as my old friend (silversmith) John Miller was a very acceptable "Campbellite" preacher at that time, his services were solicited and thankfully received on the occasion, and though he has wandered far from where he stood then, I must confess that he did a good strong job—tied a knot that has held for more than thirty years, and I have no longer to go from home to find a school, as we have now one of our own that requires most of our attention. John Miller claims rank among the progressive "Spirits," and I shall not here call in question what he assumes or claims in this respect.

On the farm now owned by William George, on Rushcreek, old man Rodaker settled. He was the first 'Squire in Rushcreek township. An incident connected with his official duties is worthy of note: About the year 1833, the trustees of the township sued some man on Taylorcreek on account of some stray animals those men had taken up. Suit was brought before Rodaker; Anthony Casad was engaged as counsel for the defendants. After the evidence pro and con had been heard, Casad arose to make a speech. The 'Squire told him he would allow no "speechifying" in the case, remark-

Old Billy Rubart succeeded Rodaker on this farm, and built a grist mill on Rushcreek, perhaps the first grist mill built in Rushcreek Township. This Rubart did not find his "affinity" in his first wife, and after raising several children, left her and sought a more congenial spirit.

In reviewing the series of Pioneer Sketches which I have written, I find some errors, and withal, a want of systematic arrangement in noting the early settlers of the locality for which I am writing. And should the pioneer book be published it is desirable that it should be as correct in its details as our facilities for collecting material will allow. Although born and reared in the woods, I will say with William Hubbard, that I am scarcely old enough for a correct reminiscent, especially so far as Logan county is concerned, as my location here was fifteen years too late to record experimentally the scenes and incidents of olden times. True, I could tell something about Logan county forty years ago, when Zanesfield and Bellefontaine would almost have envied Harper, as she is now, for her magnificence and grandeur; when Job Garwood kept the tavern stand in Zanesfield, where S. Y. Leas now owns. It was there we stayed all night, in the fall of 1831, as my father with his family moved from Clinton county, Ohio, to my present home on Rushcreek. I could speak something of the genteel and aristocratic Lansing Curtis, who kept a store in Zanesfield then. I could tell how this dignified personage accommodated my father, and other new comers, by loaning them money at the moderate and charitable rate of twenty-five per cent. interest. I could tell about hump-shouldered Charles Amy, who clerked in the store of Curtis; some said he was lazy, but I rather liked him, and will not hand down to posterity so odious an impression. Let me suggest to those who may still remember his sleepy manner of getting around, that perhaps after all "he was only born tired." I could tell of Dr. Crew. He was here then, and also Dr. Marmon; and with the old doctors of Bellefontaine, Brown, Lord and Hartley, whom to the old settlers, whenever the names of these pioneer physicians are mentioned, there arises in the heart emotions of veneration and gratitude, for their vigilance and faithful ministrations when disease and suffering fell within the forest home. And while those who knew them not then, may pass them by to-day with seeming indifference, as though the world was no better off

by them having lived, we can never, never be so inconsiderate. They have reared a monument of affection and gratitude in the hearts of those who shared with them the toils and privations of pioneer life that will outlive the wastes of time and the ravaging scenes of death.

I could tell of Col. Mart. Marmon, as he was mounted on his noble charger, in full uniform, as he, with stentorian voice, gave command at general muster at Zanesfield or Bellefontaine, on the third Friday of September. I could tell of old Billy Henry, who was riding around among the citizens, listing their personal property for taxation, when the uniform price of horses was forty dollars per head and colts thrown in, and cows eight dollars per head. I could tell when the roads on the east and west of Mad River, leading north were only narrow cart ways, walled in on either side by mighty forest trees for many miles. I could tell when the head of Mad River near the Jerusalem pike was a lake, when "dug-outs" were rowed over it, but now its bed is cultivated by Mr. Easton. I can well remember seeing Jack Parkinson, who first settled on the farm where Simon Kenton was buried. And also Jim Parkinson, who first settled on the Sabert Wren farm. Old Jamie Watkins lived on the Lloyd farm. Henry and William Watkins, his sons, and Harriet, his daughter, were well known then. Old Billy McGee with his young folks, Joab, Sally and Jane all come up in memory as but of yesterday. Old Ralph Low, and that oddity of a Sam Surls, is still fresh in memory. Also Joe Collins, Sam and Jonathan Pettit, with George Parker—four rather adventurous spirits, who were permitted to occupy the old county jail for a period of ten days, in consequence of having disturbed the slumbers of old Stephen Leas at an unseasonable hour. There was Brice Collins, also, who once built a house on Rushcreek Lake, but was so haunted by the "chills," despite the whisky he sold, he abandoned the enterprise in disgust.

On the farm of Jacob Rudy, we find Nicodemus Bousman, 1826; on the farm of Oliver Corwin we find my grandfather, John Roberts, 1830; also a little later we find James Logan, 1832. Old Joel Thomas, father to Joel Thomas of Rushcreek Township, was the first settler on grandfather Roberts' land in 1824. Enoch Lunda was there about the same time. Wm. McAmis settled in this neighborhood on the McAmis farm in 1830. On the farm of Jacob Arbegast, old John McClure settled, about 1824. His son Jacob

was on the Grimes farm. Old John Wilson first settled on the Jasinsky farm about 1824; Thomas Dickinson settled the Dickinson farm in 1830 and 1831; Benjamin Butler, the Nieper farm in 1832; Robert Dickinson, the Wm. Wren farm in 1833; Joseph Tenry first settled the Brockerman farm where Isaiah Corwin now lives, in 1832; Tenry was succeeded by McNeal. Robert Wilson settled on what was once Downingsville, and kept a small store there, perhaps the first store in Rushcreek Township, in 1832 or 1833; Wm. Roberts and Andrew Roberts first settled Wilson McAdams' old farm in 1830. The old Pugh farm was settled by John Prater, 1824; the Johnson Ansley farm by Wm. Smith, 1825; the George Ansley farm by Mr. Keneda, about 1829 or 1830; the farm of Martin McAdams by Conrad Collins, 1826. This man also first settled on the farm of Mr. Barber, 1832. The farm where David Pugh now lives, was settled by the Baldwins in 1832; the Johnson farm was settled by Jacob Johnson, in 1832; the farm of Peter Kautzman by Nelson Tyler, in 1828; the farm of Matthew Hale by Wm. Riley, in 1828; the farm of Nathan Hocket by Abraham Deardorff, in 1828; the farm of Clark Williams by Samuel Ruth, in 1825; the farm of Martha Bronson by Benjamin Green, in 1823. Walnut Grove was first occupied by William Trent, in 1836. He did not succeed in finding his "affinity" when he married his wife, but lived with her near twenty years before he met the congenial spirit. Elijah and Jesse Fawcet settled on Millcreek about the year 1833 or 1834. Andrew Roberts settled on the farm of W. W. Sutton, about 1838. Old Natty Monroe settled on the Monroe farm about 1834. Old Sterling Heathcock, the first colored resident in Rushcreek Township, settled on what is known as the Sterling farm, in 1833.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

My memory wanders back over the path of life fifty years ago, and finds me a small boy, located near Mount Tabor, Champaign County, Ohio.

Memory—that inestimable faculty of the mind, without which, all the past would be a blank—with what tenacity it preserves and how vividly it retains the impressions of by-gone years! How we love to linger among scenes of our childhood! How enchanting the view! In memory we live our life over again. Oh! peaceful, happy days, with what reluctance we leave you! But time, the inexorable tyrant, compels us to leave you. We drop a tear of sorrow and so bid you good bye.

I see I am wandering from my purpose, for I propose to give a sketch of pioneer life, scenes and incidents fifty years ago. Let us ascend some prominent point where we can have a commanding view of the surrounding country. Having gained our position, what do we see? Away in the distance it appears to be an unbroken forest, as far as the eye can reach. The lofty tops of the majestic trees, with their rich foliage seem to blend together forming a vast sea of the purest green. Taking a nearer view, we see the landscape more diversified. Here is hill and dale, and beneath our feet runs the far-famed Madriver and Macacheek. Along the banks of these streams are spread out in quiet beauty those prairies with their carpets of green, bespangled with a profusion of the richest flowers; and as if to beautify the landscape, you see small groves of timber closely clustered together in the midst of these beautiful prairies, inviting to their peaceful and cooling shade the nimble and graceful wild deer that has been cropping the luxuriant grass along the banks of those limpid

streams that slacked their thirst. How lovely the scene! How inviting the clime! No wonder that as soon as this country was known, the hardy sons of toil of the older States flocked by scores to these rich valleys, for they are all they were ever represented to be.

In this early day the streams were alive with fish, and it is said that nearly every hollow tree was filled with bees, gathering their rich store from the abundance of flowers that grew with such luxuriance all over the country. The forests were alive with the deer, the turkey, the pheasant, the quail and the squirrel—all furnishing the most abundant and richest meat for the table of the hardy pioneer.

Nor is this all. We call the attention of the horticulturist to dame nature's garden. See with what munificence she supplies all the wants of her creatures, even in the wilderness. The pioneer gathers in a supply of the richest of fruits—the grape bower extends over hill and dale for miles around—I might say all over Ohio, and plums of every hue from the white transparent to the orange and the red, with a variety of flavor that would satisfy the taste of the most fastidious epicure. What shall I more say? Time would fail me to speak of blackberries, strawberries and cranberries that were abundant in the north-east of Logan County. Those unacquainted with the primitive state of things in this country may think I am romancing, but the old pioneers know that I have not exaggerated.

But now listen! We hear the sound of the woodman's ax, and anon the crash of the sturdy oak that has defied the storms of ages. Again we hear the bark of the sturdy mastiff or the roar of the hound as he is in hot pursuit of his favorite game, the fox. And here and there we see the smoke of the log cabin as it ascends in graceful folds from the humble dwelling of the backwoodsman.

But I now leave this rude and imperfect sketch of natural scenery as it presented itself to the spectator in the early day, and attempt to give you some incidents in the life and manner of the first settlers.

I might speak of the flax-pullings, where young gents and ladies, side by side, taking the flax by the top, pull it up by the roots, thus working all day in the hot sun, pulling acres of flax and setting it in bunches; the log rollings, and the dance at night,

which all took muscle; and that they had, for it was their entire capital.

I now introduce to you one of those pioneer young ladies. She lived near Mount Tabor, about fifty years ago. She was about eighteen years old. Her name was Polly Latty. Though but a small boy, I remember her personal appearance. She was about the medium size, dark hair, black eyes that sparkled like diamonds, with a figure that a sculptor would be glad to take for a model. With all these personal graces, united with a lovely disposition, and with an intellect of the highest order, and with some degree of culture, it is to be expected that she would be a subject of admiration by the young gentlemen, and of envy by some of the young ladies. Withal, Polly was *smart* at anything she undertook to do. Spinning flax was one of the common employments of that day. Polly had said she had spun a certain amount in a day, (I forget now exactly how much). It was disputed, numbers saying they could spin as much in a day as she could, and they, though they did not like to dispute her word could not spin that amount. Polly did not like to be charged with misrepresenting, and quite a feeling was aroused in the neighborhood. A proposition was made to test the matter. A number of young ladies entered the list as competitors. I do not know what the prize was, but I am informed that James Wall, then a young man, but now deceased, told her that if she would spin the amount she claimed she could he would get her the best dress in Champaign county. The day arrived for the trial. It was at Colonel David Kelley's house, or rather his barn, where the spinning was done. Mrs. Archibald Hopkins was to reel the thread. She reeled for Polly that day *forty-eight cuts*, spinning several cuts more than she had agreed to spin. I would here say that she held her flax in her hand, and not on a distaff, as was the general custom.

It is natural for us to desire to know the end of so brilliant a beginning in life. As was to be expected, soon after this she married and "done well." She emigrated with her husband to some distant portion of the country, but I am not able to ascertain where; and so far as I know, she is still living. And if this sketch of pioneer life meet her view, I hope she will excuse the liberty I have taken with her name in connection with these reminiscences of my childhood.

For the above facts, I am mainly indebted to John Thompson, Miss Ann Cowgill, and Mrs. Randall—the daughter of Col. Kelley.

*POLLY LATTY—NEWS FOR MR. ANTRIM.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Little did I expect, after being absent from your county for the term of thirty-two years, that when I returned here on a visit I should be induced to make my appearance in your columns; but in looking over your issue of the 7th inst. the other evening, and discovering a quotation from the reminiscences of Mr. Joshua Antrim, published from the *Bellefontaine Press*, I am impressed that I would not be doing respect to Mr. Antrim, to the many readers of your valuable paper, to Polly's many friends and acquaintances, and to her sacred memory, if I did not continue the narrative some further and remove the gloom submerged in it.

It is correct as far as it goes. Then let me say that I am the man with whom the pioneer Polly Latty twined in the year 1826, in whose embraces we lived forty-three and one-half years. On November 30th, 1869, she left these mundane shores for mansions not made with hands, eternal in the skies (as we verily believe.) While encircled in Hymen's chains she lived a prominent member of society, a good partner, a kind mother, and benevolent sister. She rejoiced when she was dying that she was passing the gates to endless joys. We left this county in the year 1839, and settled in Hancock county, Illinois, where she died. She was the mother of nine children and had sixteen grandchildren. Five of her children are dead, and four of her grandchildren. One of the four died in the service during the late war. One of Polly's daughters lives in Plymouth, Ill., one in St. Louis, and two of her sons live in Cass county, Iowa. All are doing well.

Your humble servant settled in Champaign county in April, 1807, was united with the pioneer Polly Latty April 15, 1826, and emigrated to western Illinois, Hancock county, October,

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* From the Urbana *Citizen and Gazette*.

1839, and was bereft of my partner (the pioneer girl) on the 30th of November, 1869, and to-day, Sept. 14, 1871, am in Urbana, and have this day plucked another angelic bloom from old Champaign's fair bowery, and who now stands by my side, and who now promises to sustain, comfort and protect me through the decline of life. In a few hours we will be wafting our way toward the western horizon, toward the setting sun, to or beyond the father of waters, to our cozy home. If the second tulip compares with the first, will I not hold old Champaign in grateful remembrance?

WILLIAM DARNALL.

Sept. 14, 1871.

HIDDEN TREASURE

BY ED. L. MORGAN.

One of the early settlers of Champaign County, was Richard Stanup, a Virginian, and a man of color. When the writer first knew him, he lived on the hill a short distance north of the place where Mr. Saul Clark now lives, in Salem Township, about one mile north of Kings Creek, in sight of that creek and its beautiful valley. A short distance east of the spot where Stanup then lived and on the brow of the hill, which inclines to the south, lie buried the mouldering remains of a number of human beings, white, red and black, without a stone to mark the place of their earthly repose. A few short years and they and the place where their ashes lie, will pass from the memory of man.

Richard was a Baptist preacher, known to many of our citizens of the present day, for he lived to a great age, and died a few years ago at the age of about one hundred and twelve years. Stanup, although comparatively an illiterate colored man, was in the prime of life, and before the commencement of his second childhood, one of the ablest preachers of his time. His comparisons and illustrations were mostly drawn from living nature, as it then existed, and could be easily understood by the learned scholar, or the unlettered plow boy. The writer once heard him preach the funeral of a young colored woman, at the grave-yard before mentioned; after describing the punishment of the wicked in their place of torment in another world, he spoke of the hap-

piness of the righteous in heaven, and when he came to describe that happy place, he pointed toward the beautiful valley which lay before us, then clothed with wild prairie flowers of every color and variety that was pleasing to the eye, from the "rose of Sharon" to the humblest "Jump up Johnny," and said that to us here was a pretty sight, but only a faint resemblance of the country to be hereafter inherited by the righteous.

Richard was not only a good preacher, but a good hand to dig wells. He and Major Anderson did most of the well digging in this part of the county, (Salem,) in old times. Between forty and fifty years ago Stanup was employed by John McAdams, Esq., to dig a well on his farm. McAdams then lived upon a farm which is now owned by M. Allison Wright, and is situated about one mile south of Kennard, and on the Atlantic and Great Western Railroad. The digging was begun about the 1st of September, and at the depth of about sixty feet the old man "struck water," and immediately informed those above of the good news. As was the custom on such occasions, a bottle was filled with whisky, corked with a corn cob, and placed in a "piggin," which was let down to the bottom of the well in a large tub, which was used to draw up the sand and gravel. At the moment the tub and its contents reached the bottom of the well, it began to cave in, and instantly covered the tub, bottle and piggin. Stanup seized hold of the rope and climbed slowly until he had ascended something more than half way to the top of the well, when the earth gave way and the unfortunate man was covered up with dirt, sand and coarse gravel, at least twenty feet below the surface. All the men and women who were present and able to work, went at it to remove the earth as soon as possible, and the younger portion of the family were sent in haste to alarm the neighbors. It was late in the evening when the body of Richard was reached, and all supposed that life was extinct. The rubbish having been removed from the upper part of his body, Mrs. McAdams cut a few yards of linen from a web she had in her loom, which was placed around his body, below the arms; to this was fastened the well rope, and the body was drawn up by the men at the windless.

On reaching the surface all supposed that life had fled; not the slightest symptoms of breath or pulse could be detected; yet as there was some warmth about the body, every known remedy was

applied, and after a long time there began to be signs of life; breathing could be perceived for a few moments and then ceased, when all present said in a loud voice, "Richard is dead!" This appeared to rouse him up; he again rallied, and with a voice audible to all he exclaimed, "I is worth two dead niggers yet!"

The "hidden treasure" consists of a mattock, shovel, large tub, piggin and bottle of whisky, at the bottom of the well, where they now are, untouched by human hands, and the whisky untasted by mortal lips.

Now, as the question as to the relative merits of old and new whisky is still unsettled, I propose that some gentleman test the matter by unearthing the whisky I have here described, and all I shall ask for giving account of its whereabouts, will be the first swallow from the old bottle, after the cob shall be removed.

"PIONEER POLLY."

BY ED. L. MORGAN.

On the 7th of September last,* you published an extract from a communication furnished the Bellefontaine *Press* by Mr. Joshua Antrim, in which he gave a short account of a day's spinning by Polly Latty, many years ago. On the 14th of the same month, Gen. Wm. Darnall, who "twined" with the said Polly in 1826, furnished a communication for the *Citizen*, for the purpose, as he said, of removing the "gloom submerged" in the narrative of Mr. Antrim. But as the General has not given a full account of the transaction referred to, the matter is still "submerged in gloom," so far as a large majority of your readers are informed. But we must excuse him for his negligence, as his time and attention were wholly given to that "angelic bloom" which he had just "plucked from old Champaign's fair bowery." May their union be a prosperous and happy one, is the wish of their friend.

I will now endeavor to give a true account, in detail, of the whole transaction, so far as my memory will permit, for I was well acquainted with all the parties concerned, and with the details of the circumstances at the time they transpired. It is well known that in the early days of the settlement of the country, each family that was blessed with women, old or young, married or single, possessed also at least one weaver's loom and one small spinning-wheel for each woman, or girl in the family. These "little wheels" were used for spinning flax and tow, and in very early times for spinning

* From the Urbana *Citizen and Gazette.*

cotton, which was carded with hand cards after the seeds were picked out by the little boys and girls, and of that thing of picking cotton the youngsters sometimes got very tired, as I well know by experience. How happy they were when the cotton gin was invented! Each family was also provided with at least one "big wheel." On this they spun the wool, which was also carded by hand until carding-machines were invented. They had reels on which to wind the thread, or yarn, after it was spun. These reels were about three feet in diameter, and had an instrument made of wood, and attached to the front part of the reel, which resembled the minute hand of a clock. This hand would go once around while the reel turned one hundred and twenty times, and every time the hand went round, the reel would "crack," which was evidence that there was a "cut," or one hundred and twenty threads upon the reel. A dozen cuts per day was considered a woman's task; if she spun more she was entitled to additional pay. The common wages paid to a good spinner was fifty cents per week. If she spun less than twelve cuts per day, she was "docked" in proportion to the number of cuts less than a dozen. The young men in those days of "old fogyism," when they determined to select a partner to accompany them through the journey of life, would, in the first place, ascertain whether or not his best beloved could or would spin her dozen of flax thread per day, turn a pancake unbroken, without touching it, and land it in the pan unsoiled, mend her husband's buck-skin hunting over-garments, and knit her own and the baby's woolen stockings. If she possessed all these necessary qualifications, she seldom failed to become a happy bride and an honored and respected wife. Such being the state of affairs, it is but reasonable to suppose that there was, to a certain extent, a rivalry and a laudable desire on the mind of each young woman (the vulgar name of *lady* was not then applied to them) to out-do all others, not so much in looks, fine, costly dress and painted cheeks, but in useful industry, general good management, and behavior. The most popular qualification of a young woman was that of a good spinner, consequently all endeavored to excel in that business, and spinning parties became the order of the day.

Polly Latty was the daughter of Robert Latty, who at an early day settled upon a farm in Salem township, Champaign county, which farm he afterwards sold to Joshua Buffington, who now re-

sides at West Liberty, Logan county, having sold the farm to the Stewart brothers, who are sons of Archibald Stewart, deceased. Polly was a fine specimen of a pioneer Buckeye girl, of rather more than medium stature, well formed, healthy and handsome. She was not ashamed nor afraid of work; as a spinner she never was excelled; at a flax pulling frolic, or a house warming, she had but few equals. Once upon a time, I believe it was in 1824 or 1825, but I am not certain as to the precise time, Polly had concluded to do the greatest day's work that had ever been performed by a single person. A time and place had been selected for the purpose—a log barn in the neighborhood was to be the place, and the time from sunrise to sunset on a certain day. At early dawn on the day appointed, the pioneer girl and her mother, with a goodly number of the neighbors, were assembled at the appointed place, and everything having been duly arranged, the first whirr of the spinning-wheel was heard the moment the sun made his appearance in the eastern horizon, and it ceased not for a minute until the sun had disappeared behind the distant hills that border the beautiful valley of Mad river. The mother and another woman waited upon Polly during the day of her trial and hard work, and supplied her with victuals and drink, that she might not be hindered on that account. One of them also reeled the thread as fast as the spools were filled. Noon arrived; it was "high twelve;" half the day was gone, but half the promised work was not yet done. Polly must hurry up or surrender the laurels to another. Her attendants now inclosed that part of the barn where she sat, by hanging around her a number of sheets, blankets and quilts, at a proper distance, so as to form a kind of private room in which they should not be exposed to the view of vulgar outsiders nor interrupted and hindered by their annoyance. As evening approached, fears were entertained by the girl and her mother that the task would not be accomplished before sunset; she therefore put forth all her energy, determined to do the utmost in her power. The wheel now hummed and whirled faster than at any time before, and that no expedient should go untried in this critical moment, like Burn's Nannie, in times of old,

"She coosed her duddys to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark."

It is said that time, patience and perseverance will accomplish all things. It was so in this case. As the last rays of the setting

sun were glimmering over the western horizon, and shone faintly upon the round logs of that now extinct barn, the last "crack" of the reel was heard to announce the completion of the forty-eighth "cut" and the fourth dozen.

The pioneer girl was victorious, and that triumph shaped her destiny in after life. Soon after the spinning was done, an account of the great feat was published in a newspaper, giving the name and place of residence of the spinner. Gen. Wm. Darnall, who had never before heard the name of Polly Latty, on reading the story, at the place where he was keeping school, at some distance from here, immediately formed a determination to see, become acquainted with, and, if possible, to enter into a life partnership with the best spinner of the time. All this he finally accomplished, although in his case, as in nearly all others, the current of true love did not always run smooth, for Polly had other admirers; but wisely selected the one of her choice. She had several brothers and sisters. I know of but one living, her sister Sarah, who married Benoni Barnes, and lives near Addison, in this county. There may be others, but I know of none.

Gen. Wm. Darnall, at the time he became acquainted with Miss Latty, was, like the writer, a "school-master," and Judge Vance, of our Probate Court, was one of his scholars. Soon after the passage of the first school laws by the Ohio Legislature, in 1825, Johnathan E. Chaplin, Wm. Darnall and myself were appointed the first school examiners in Champaign County. Mr. Chaplin was an attorney-at-law, but afterwards abandoned the practice of law and became a Methodist preacher. He passed from time to eternity many years ago.

Now reader, you have, as I believe, a true history of "Pioneer Polly," given in part by Mr. Antrim, in part by her husband, and in part by your humble servant. Here is an instance in which a young woman, before unknown to fortune and to fame, by her personal labor and great industry, in a single day laid the foundation of a long, prosperous and happy life. Permit me to say to the present generation of girls, "Go thou and do likewise."

PIONEER PRACTICE OF MEDICINE IN LOGAN COUNTY.

BY B. S. BROWN, M. D.

Having been requested to contribute something in regard to the Pioneer Physicians of Logan county, I have thought that it might not be uninteresting to the physicians of the county at the present time, and to others, to be told of the very great difference between the *practice* of the profession now, and what it was thirty to fifty years ago, especially in regard to the arduous *work* and fatigue necessarily involved then, and now. Now, since the county has become thickly settled, there are generally from two to five or six doctors in each of the dozen or more towns and villages throughout the county; consequently, the circuit of their practice is mostly restricted to a few miles, or they encroach upon the circuit of the adjacent village; which is sometimes necessary and very proper for the purpose of consultation, &c.

But in visiting their patients of late years, how do the doctors travel? They are mounted in an elegant spring buggy, mostly with a fast horse attached, whether their trip is a few miles in the country or but around the suburbs of the town. And besides, if they have to drive in the country, it is generally upon smooth, excellent turnpike roads, making it seem more like a ride for pleasure than hard work. This is all in very pleasant contrast with what the practice of medicine in this county was thirty or fifty years ago; then the physicians of the county were "few and far between," and some of the earliest practitioners had to ride to all parts of the county and frequently into the adjoining counties around.

For several years after there was quite a considerable settlement along the Miami river; Cherokee and Rushcreek in the northern part of the county. There were no physicians located north of Bellefontaine within fifty or a hundred miles, and a considerable portion of the practice of the physicians of Zanesfield and Bellefontaine was in that direction, particularly in the settlements along the streams above mentioned, and often extending into Hardin and some adjoining counties.

In the county spoken of, during the early settlement of it, I think there was much more sickness—in proportion to the number of inhabitants—than there has been for several years previous to this time; for in addition to "*milk-sickness*" which prevailed to a fearful extent in several localities of that region, before the cattle were grazed on *tame pastures*, they had several epidemics of typhoid fever, which was very tedious and difficult to manage and often proved fatal, after the most careful medical and nursing attention. Besides, malarial fevers, such as ague, and bilious fevers were more prevalent in the early settlement of the country, than since the land has been largely cleared and cultivated. As I have said before a large portion of the practice of the doctors here, was for several years, amongst the diseases I have mentioned, and in that region, at the distance of from six to twelve, up to twenty or thirty miles. But how did we get there? Certainly not by riding in a fine buggy over smooth and pleasant roads; but on horse-back along the worst kind of roads, or no roads at all, for it was often so that we had to be guided along a foot path, or trail, through the thick woods for miles together, and sometimes, to make a *shorter cut* from one road to another, through the woods where there was no path at all. There were some wagon roads in different directions which had been cut out through the woods; but at some seasons of the year, they were much worse to ride on horse-back over than the pathways, or trails through the woods, owing to the deep mud and ruts in many places along them. I have, however, frequently heard it remarked in the spring of the year, that there was only one mud hole between here and Cherokee, Richland, Roundhead, or any other town in that direction, but that one extended the whole distance. It was not uncommon in the winter and early spring, for these mud roads after they had been tramped up very roughly like brick clay, to become so frozen and rough that it was

very difficult for a horse to pass over them faster than a walk. And sometimes in places where the mud was very deep, it was not frozen quite strong enough to bear up the weight of the horse and his rider, and he would break through, nearly or quite knee deep. These are some of the troubles and difficulties the practitioners of those times had to encounter, both by day and by night, and I used to verily believe that these long trips had to be more often in the night than in the day time; which was accounted for in this way: A person, man, woman or child would be taken sick—not very bad—but after using some home remedies for a few days, the patient was no better, and but little if any worse. The neighbors would call in at night, to see the sick one, (for they were more sociable, and friendly in that way, then than now;) and upon consultation among themselves, would advise that the doctor be sent for forthwith. Then, perhaps, some young man present would volunteer to go, if some other one would go with him; and, if the roads were not as bad as described above, the two would mount and gallop the whole way, even if the distance was ten or twelve miles, arriving here perhaps about midnight. No excuse or proposal to go in the morning would avail, but the doctor must immediately saddle up, and go with the messengers, as they came, and it might be, to find the patient no more in need of medication, than he had been for days previous, when the doctor might have been called in the day time.

As an illustration of the greater social friendship existing in regard to seeing after, and assisting sick neighbors, I recollect of being sent for, and going to see a sick man in the night, about ten or twelve miles from here, arriving near midnight. The house in which I found the patient was a small log cabin, perhaps about sixteen by twenty feet, having but one room, with a large chimney fire-place at the end, and the beds, &c., at the other. It was rather cold weather. When we got about a half a mile from the place, we could see a very large fire in the direction, that it might almost make us think the house was burning up, till we got near enough to see what it was. It was a large "log heap" on fire in the yard, a few rods in front of the door, built and fired by the visiting neighbors, who were collected and warming themselves around it, because there was not room in the house to seat and accommodate half of them, without too much disturbing the quiet

of the patients. Some of these kind neighbors, both men and women, lived miles away; for the whole neighborhood considered it a duty to "visit the sick," and some of them of course would remain all night to assist in waiting on and nursing the sick.

When a child was to be born in those times, and the doctor was sent for, either by night or day, (and in cases of this kind it was not uncommon that he had to ride eight to twelve miles,) when he would arrive, he would generally find all the married women of the neighborhood had got there before him, frequently numbering from half a dozen to ten or more; for it was considered an insult to a woman, if within a few miles, not to be sent for on an occasion of this kind. As soon as the child was born and cared for, then commenced the preparation for the feast, and the innocent chickens on the roost had as much cause to be horrified, as it was said in old times they were on the arrival of the circuit preacher at his usual stopping place.

And in a short time, no matter what was the hour of day or night, the table was spread and loaded with substantials and luxuries sufficient for the appetite of the most intense gourmand. In those days it was considered necessary, on such occasions, even by temperance families, to have a quart or two of spirituous liquor for the benefit of the mother, and that she must take pretty freely of hot, sweetened punch, as a medicine to prevent her from taking cold: and if the drink was passed around, as it usually was, it was not considered a breach of the rules of temperance "to take a little." It was a custom in those times, in almost every neighborhood remote from a physician, that some man, generally a farmer or mechanic, would possess himself of a set of tooth-drawers and lancet for bleeding, and he was resorted to by the people around him to pull their teeth, and bleed them, whenever they thought they needed such operations, the latter of which was very frequent. In fact, the habit or custom of being bled became so prevalent, that many persons, generally women, both married and single, got to think it necessary to be bled, sick or well, at least once every year, and generally in the spring. This operation was generally performed by the adepts spoken of above. Besides this, it was not uncommon, when a person was first taken sick, no matter what the disease, to send for the bleeder, who would perform the operation, and perhaps give a dose of salts, or some other mild physic, which, if they did not relieve the patient, it was

thought to be time to send for the Doctor. This custom was so prevalent, that it was not uncommon for some of these men to obtain the reputation of being first-rate *half-doctors*.

In addition to the country spoken of as being within the bounds of the Doctors of Bellefontaine, they were sometimes called upon to visit patients of the Indians, who at that time lived on their Lewistown Reservation, which was twelve miles square, and included the present town of that name and the country around it.

I think the Indians there were partly of two tribes, the Senecas and Shawnees. Judge James McPherson was U. S. Agent for the Indians on the Reservation, but lived on and owned a large body of land about half way from the Reservation. A part of said land is now known and occupied as the Infirmary farm. At one time the Judge called on me to visit a sick Indian woman, the married daughter of one of the chiefs of the tribe. She lived with her husband in the country, about a mile in an easterly direction from Lewistown. Their dwelling was a neat log cabin, with a narrow porch on the front side, floored with puncheons, open at both ends. The Judge accompanied me to the place to act as interpreter, for but few of them could speak much English. After examining the patient, I told them I could do nothing for her, except perhaps to somewhat ease her suffering during the short time she could live. She was very low, in the last stage of consumption. They however requested me to come and see her every few days, which I did a few times, till one afternoon I found her dead, and laid out on a blanket spread on the floor of the porch. The corpse was splendidly dressed in Indian style, including a robe of fine broadcloth, an elegant shawl about the head and shoulders, and the nicest kind of beaded moccasins on her feet, and other things to match. On the floor, near enough to her right hand to reach, if she could have used it, was a large wooden bowl filled with what appeared to be fried fritters, and by its side was an earthen bowl filled with sugar. I was anxious to see the funeral, and soon after eight or ten Indians returned from the woods with the coffin, where they had been to make it. It was composed of four slabs of green timber, neatly hewed, about three inches thick, and a little larger than the body ; these were not fastened together, but were for the bottom, top and sides. Two short pieces of the same material and thickness for the ends completed the coffin. The grave was not yet dug, but it was soon done, as it was only about

two feet deep, and it was in the yard, only a few rods from the door, but near several other graves, as it appeared to be a common burying-ground. After the digging was done one of the slabs was placed in the bottom, and one set up on edge on each side, and the short pieces at the ends kept these in place. The grave was now ready for the corpse. Four men now lifted it, one holding to each corner of the blanket, carried, and in this way, let it down into the grave. A portly looking old chief, or priest, now approached, drew a large butcher-knife from its scabbard, which was in his belt, kneeled down at the head of the grave, and reached the knife down to the head and face of the corpse, and looked as though he were going to cut it to pieces. Not so; he carefully selected and cut off a nice lock of her flowing hair, and then cut a small corner-piece from each article of dress with which she was clothed, even including the beaded moccasins on her feet. These specimens of relics were carefully wrapped up and suspended from his belt. He then took from his belt a small bundle or bag, opened it, and spread out its contents, which appeared to be broken up dry leaves such as they smoke in their pipes. These he held in his open hands, standing a few feet from the open grave and facing it. The company passed in single file around between him and the grave, each one taking a little pinch of the dried leaves as they passed, and throwing it in upon the corpse. The thick slab was then placed on as the lid of the coffin, and the grave filled up, ending the burial ceremony.

The Old Pioneer; or, Forty Years Ago.

BY E. LARKIN BROWN.

Yes, everything is changed, John; there's nothing seems the same,
And yet it was not long ago, the time when first we came;
But the years have passed so swiftly; my hair is white as snow,
And not a white hair when I came—it's forty years ago.

'Twas here I set my stake, John, when all was wild and new;
We followed up the Indian trail—ours was the first team through.
Just there our wagon stood that night. We heard the wolf's howl then,
And the first sound heard, as morning dawned, was the boom of the prairie hen.

Then came days of trial and toil, but we weathered them bravely through,
For your grandmother had a cheerful heart, and was ever brave and true;
And your father and Jake were stout lads, then, and Nancy and Mary and Kate
Could lend a hand in cabin or field, and we all worked early and late.

And the Indian seemed half sad, half pleased, as our cabin logs were laid;
For he dreaded the white man's grasping hand, though fond of the white man's aid;
His sullenest moods were ever beguiled with the hand of welcome and cheer;
To his sunniest smiles we trusted not, and the loaded rifle was near.

'Twas there we had the first field of wheat, right over behind the barn;
And here, where the orchard and garden are, that spring we planted corn.
'Twas a cheerful thing to see them grow on the new-turned prairie sod,
And never a harvest was gathered in with more grateful thanks to God.

We had never a barn nor a threshing floor, and the mill was far to find;
But we trod the wheat on the prairie turf, and cleaned it in the wind.
For the saying is true, "there is always a way wherever there's a will,"
And I threaded the paths, and forded the streams, between us and the mill.

But neighbors soon began to come, and as soon as the second year,
We could count a dozen cabins' smoke from where we are standing here.
'Twas a pleasant sight on the prairie's rim, and sweet, as evening fell,
Was the sound of each settler's lowing kine, and faintly tinkling bell.

And with settlers came the law, John, for law is the right of all,
And never a man of Saxon blood that held the law a thrall.
I served as well as I knew, John, as juror, 'squire and judge,
And never false judgment stained my name, through fear, favor or grudge.

I say it not in pride, John, I wanted you to know
I did my duty as I could, so many years ago.
And you will be called as I was called, between the right and wrong.
And wrong upheld will canker a life, though life be never so long.

And I've been greatly prospered in basket and in store,
And have seen such things in forty years as were never seen before.
The country—you know its grandeur, its glory and its fame,
And how forever has been removed the shame that stained its name.

And then the mysteries explored—the wondrous things found out;
I do not understand them, John, and yet I cannot doubt—
Two months was the time from Europe, and full two weeks from home,
And now we hear in a single day from London or from Rome.

And the huge and mighty engines, with their long and fire-drawn trains,
They are running forever, a thousand ways, o'er mountains and o'er plains.
Such things had never been seen, John, the day that I came here.
And I always see them onward rush, with a sense of awe and fear.

And the sun—the mighty painter—one instant and 'tis done;
A picture that no human hand can paint you such a one;
There's nothing done in the old way, but everything is new,
We neither sow, nor reap, nor thresh, in the way we used to do.

The old neighbors who came first, John, and settled here by me,
Some sold and went, and some have died—there's only two or three;
They may have been rough and rude, John, but always just and true;
But dear old friends! the tear will start whenever I think of you.

And her—the soundest friend of all—the dearest and the best—
Not long ago I laid away in everlasting rest;
You lay me by her side, John—the time will not be long—
Where the oak tree casts its shadows, and the robin sings his song.

The old place will be yours, John, the rest have had their share;
I meant it for your father, who died in Freedom's war:
'Twas my home in early manhood, 'tis my home now I am old,
The deed was signed by Jackson—I'd like not to have it sold.

Yes, everything is changed, John, there's nothing seems the same,
And yet it was not long ago—the time when first we came.
But the years have passed so swiftly—my hair is white as snow,
And not a white hair when I came—it's forty years ago.

MY FIRST VISIT TO WEST LIBERTY.

BY THOMAS COWGILL, M. D.

It was in November, 1820 or 1821, early on a frosty morning, my father and I started to "Enoch's Mills." I was then about eight years of age. Our way was through the woods, barrens and prairies. Perhaps there was not then one half mile of lane on the common traveled pathway to the mills. There were then thickets of hazle and plum, where now stand trees large enough to make eight common rails, or to hew for building purposes. At that time I frequently saw from two to nine or ten deers, at full run one after another, go clear over the top of those thickets every leap. As I have said the land was mostly in a state of nature. A small log cabin meeting-house stood at Mt. Tabor, and a few graves were there enclosed with a rail fence. A camp meeting had been annually held here, and many tents were standing in the grove. The land composing John Enoch's beautiful farm was then nearly all unimproved, and partly covered by a dense thicket of hazel, plum and thorn, and the prairie overgrown with wild grass.

When we arrived at the Mills, a considerable number of persons were there before us, so that we must remain till near evening before our turn would come for our grinding to be done. Some had traveled twenty miles or more to get grinding done, from Darby Plains, from north of Bellefontaine, and other points. Among others the late Judge Daniel Baldwin, who then lived about four miles north of Bellefontaine—near where the village of Harper now stands—was at the mills. And here, for the first time, I saw my respected friend John Enoch. He was then a young man about

twenty-one years of age, and on that day was miller in his father's mills. During the day John Shelby was at the mill; he then, I think, represented Logan county in the General Assembly of Ohio. Capt. Alex. Black, Moses McIlvaine, James Baird, Robert Freakes, and other pioneer settlers of the land, were there.

I did not recognize the place as a town, although, in 1817, it was regularly surveyed and plotted by Aaron L. Hunt, then County Surveyor of Champaign county. A few small houses were built; and the house north of the mill, now occupied by Thomas Blackburn, was the residence of John Enoch, Sr. H. M. White had a log house with a shingle roof, and porch in front, in which he carried on tailoring, and had a few calicoes, pins and needles, on some board shelves; he also kept a house of entertainment for travelers, and furnished plenty of whisky, an indispensable article in H. M.'s estimation.

In the evening our grinding was done, and we returned home a little after nightfall. When my father told me we had been to West Liberty, I was somewhat surprised to learn we had been to town.

Whatever may be said of the degeneracy of the age, I think much improvement has been made in the moral condition of society since the time of which I am writing; intemperance then abounded to a much greater degree than at present, especially in the country neighborhoods; (much yet sorrowfully abounds in our cities, towns and villages.) At that time it was common for many persons to drink whisky every day, and frequently when we were at a neighbor's house we were invited and pressed to drink, and at all public gatherings, sales, house-raisings, log-rollings, corn-huskings, and in harvest, it was customary to have plenty of whisky on the ground, and to drink it as often as water, so that in the best of neighborhoods where ten or a dozen persons were together, it was nothing strange for some of them to be very tight. It was then much more common for men in ordinary conversation to use impure and profane language than at present. Our excellent Sabbath-school system, and our peace, temperance and other good organizations have wrought a great change for good. And much improvement has been made in the laws of our State in regard to care of the poor, imprisonment for debt, &c. It was then the law for the authorities to sell out persons who required pecuniary aid to the lowest bidder, to be kept six months or a year.

I was cognizant of one case where two aged persons, man and wife, were sold out to the lowest bidder to be kept six months. And according to the law of that time, any person who was poor, and in debt more than he was able to pay, was liable to be sued and incarcerated in jail, as soon as judgment and execution were obtained against him at the mercy of his creditor.

At our debating society, held in the school-house where the village of Kennard now stands, in the winter of 1827–28, this question was discussed: "Is it consistent with civil liberty to imprison for debt?" Among the speakers were Aaron L. Hunt, Judge N. C. Reade—both now deceased—and Edward L. Morgan, still living at an advanced age. It is probable no one could now be found to advocate the affirmative of this question. I was acquainted with many cases where persons were placed in jail for debt. And I was told that Simon Kenton had to leave his home in Logan county and sojourn in Kentucky to avoid imprisonment for debt.

So far as I now remember, all who were at "Enoch's Mills" on that November day, except John Enoch and myself have gone the way of the earth; and these reminiscences admonish me that I too am passing away.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THOMAS COWGILL, M. D.

"I love the rough log cabin,
It tells of olden time."

From 1818 to 1822 was said to be a very pressing time with regard to money, which made hard times generally with the early settlers, yet I think they enjoyed life, so far as I was acquainted, as well as any people I have since known. They were, in many respects, dependent upon each other. They would sometimes unite in their little farming operations—would join teams to plow a piece of new ground, and assist each other in fencing or planting, and all were considered to be bound to assist in raising a new house, or in rolling logs, &c. And frequently, to have word that a cabin was to be raised in the neighborhood was sufficient notice without an invitation. All felt at liberty and believed it was their duty to go and assist on such an occasion, although it might be to help some one they had never before seen or known. Every cabin that was built and every acre of land that was cleared, was considered so much addition to the general improvement of the country. And in borrowing and lending the settlers were generally on the most intimate terms. In case of necessity would go to a neighbor to borrow an ax, hoe, plow, harrow, cross-cut saw, chisel, or a little salt or flour, and any one who neglected to return or repay borrowed articles, would immediately lose credit, and not be trusted again if it could be avoided, unless he could give a reasonable excuse. And all who tried to do well had the sympathy of the community generally. In their manners and inter-

course with each other, the pioneers were friendly and affectionate. In meeting together they would generally shake hands in the most social manner—kindly inquire of each other's health and of the health of their families, and frequently sit down and converse for a long time, perhaps of their old home in Virginia, or elsewhere. Though much embarrassed by the circumstances by which they were surrounded, I think the pioneers had more time for social intercourse than people generally have now; they mostly called each other by their proper names, or would say friend or neighbor, and in their conversation there seemed to be sincerity, and not much attempt at deception or flattery. It was generally customary, so far as my observation extended, when a pioneer would go to a neighbor's house on some little errand, for him to shake hands with all the members of the family, beginning with the elder ones; and set down and converse an hour or more, if time permitted—attend to his errand, and then, in the most kind and friendly manner invite all to "come and see us," and again shake hands with all the members of the family and depart. About the time of which I am writing, there was more equality in the circumstances of the people of this country than at present, and I think as much genuine feeling and friendship then existed with the community as we can expect to meet with in this poor world. My parents were among the first settlers in the eastern part of Ohio, and I have frequently heard them express, that they never enjoyed life better than they did with the early settlers in the forests of Columbiana county.

TORNADO FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY WM. PATRICK.

Monday, March 22, 1830, was a memorable day for Urbana. It was mild and pleasant in the early morning, but at about 10 or 11 o'clock it began to haze with fitful South-western breezes, with alternate sunshine and flitting clouds, until about 2 o'clock P. M., when a small, black, dense cloud, could be seen low down in the South-western horizon, which gradually ascended and rapidly approached at a seeming angle of about thirty degrees. Spectators were attracted by its marked singularity in many respects. It moved, enlarged, and expanded in quick darting swoops, and zigzag gyrations, up, down, and horizontally, with quick, whirling evolutions, and seemed to emit dazzling bright electrical scintillations, producing the most gaudy fringe-work of which humanity can conceive. As it neared, for a few moments, all nature seemed to be hushed—not a ripple of air could be felt. The heavens seemed to hang out a dark pall, and all seemed to be immersed in one general gloom. When suddenly the scene changed from a death-like silence, and a breathless calm, to a most terrific and appalling spectacle. The whole heavens were in tumultuous commotion. The storm King in awful grandeur, rode majestically, wrapt in his cloud panoply to the music of the screeching, howling, and horrific roar of the elements, bearing up in his track in mid air, trees, lumber, fence-rails, timber, shingles, gates, haystacks and all manner of debris, as trophies of his vast and mighty power in the demolition of nature's garniture, and the results of man's labor.

The awful sublimity of the scene can not be impressed upon the mind of any one who did not witness it. And in much less time than the above can be read, the whole force of the tornado seemed to dart down like forked lightning upon the town—picking up and demolishing a small brick building on the north-east corner of John A. Mosgrove's homestead lot, occupied by Richard Baker; unroofing the Luce House on the corner of West Main and Russell streets, then with one concentrated swoop dipped into the Town-branch, in the present foundry yard, cleaning out all the water and sediment in its wake; then ascending, whirled and scattered J. B. Eaker's frame house, standing near the front yard of J. M. Gardener, unroofing a log house of old James Hulse, which stood in the rear of the present Lutheran Church, destroying all the stables in this vicinity. Then as if imbued with mercy, the cloud leaped over without injury to two or three small frames, near where Col. Johnson now lives, occupied by J. E. Chaplin and others, demolishing in front, a pillared street market-house; and then taking up a hip-roofed, steepled brick Presbyterian Church, on the present site of the Court-house—crumbling it to its foundation, carrying the steeple and other timbers long distances, some of which struck what is known as the Hamilton House, leaving the marks to this day; then with a bound, this last-named house was partly unroofed, and a part of its walls prostrated, unroofing at the same time the house of Joseph Reppart, now occupied by Mrs. James Brown.

Here in its wild freak, the tornado seemed to sever itself, and a part of it struck and unroofed a log house then owned and occupied by Wm. Downs, (Mason) drawing or rather sucking out the north wall from its solid corners of the old brick M. E. Church, evidently caused by a vacuum produced by the action of the storm, and laid it out in a straight line without even separating the masonry to any considerable extent.

The other segment of the tornado struck the house of Rolin J. Harvey, near the present residence of Mrs. Heylin and prostrated it to the ground. Then it whirled into fragments a new frame house, occupied by George Bell (school-teacher) a little east of the present residence of Dr. Houston.

Would to God it were only necessary to record the demolition of property; but oh, no; the spirit of the storm here transformed itself into an angel of death, and seized four innocent, beautiful

and interesting children, one a little infant, as victims to the dark domain, and secured them as additional trophies, in the retinue of the Storm King, carrying their lifeless bodies immense distances in mid air; and not content with this sacrifice, hurled Mrs. Bell several rods, maiming her for life, and at the same time greatly injured a little girl who happened at the house, who is now a respectable lady of this city, and who carries the evidence of it to this day.

Here the two segments of the storm again coalesced; leaving the residence ef Jerry Mathis untouched, which stood in the present front yard of Jerry Deuel, and next picked up the brick residence of Charles Mathis, (on the spot where Mrs. West now lives,) and crumbled it to the lower floor, leaving Mrs. Mathis sitting with a small child in her arms, surrounded with the wreck of the house, uninjured and unscathed, as a seeming atonement for the work of death at the last named place, and then veered north and demolished the oil-mill of John Mathis, destroying his whole stock of castor beans, &c.

At this point the Tornado left our town, pursuing its tumbling, pitching, swooping course through the Ryan woods, hurling, twisting and up-rooting the largest trees; on, yet on it sped, ascending and descending, touching the earth, here and there, at unequal distances, leaving a track of some twenty yards wide when it came in contact with the earth through the State of Ohio, nearly destroying a small town in Richland county, reaching a small town in North-Eastern Pennsylvania at about 5 o'clock the same afternoon at the unparalleled speed of about 150 miles per hour.

You need not tell me, gentle reader, that my effort is a failure; I know it. I feel it, but console myself with the reflection that no uninspired pen, however ably wielded, can do justice to such a subject. I have failed to catalogue all the destruction in the town; some thirty buildings, including stables, &c., were either partially or totally demolished in the wake of the storm, besides many chimneys and other fixtures in other parts of the town.

I ought to speak of one incident which I passed: I have already spoken of the Hamilton House; it was in process of erection and Elijah Wolfkill and another carpenter were in it, and were entirely buried with the crumbled part of one of the walls and were only saved by crouching under their work bench, which held up the weight of brick and mortar.

I might here extend many diversified incidents, some very sad,

some mirthful, and some indeed laughingly ludicrous, but will forbear, and will close by merely saying that immediately after the catastrophe the citizens of the town, and many from the country, met with the council and immediately inaugurated measures of relief to the sufferers, and early next morning, marshaled under chosen leaders, commenced the reconstruction of the buildings that the havoc of the storm had demolished. Merchants, blacksmiths, tailors, shoe-makers, hatters, tinners, saddlers, wheelwrights, tanners, pump-makers, cabinet-makers, potters, gunsmiths, and, indeed, all classes were metamorphosed into carpenters, plasterers and brick-masons, and those who could not labor furnished means necessary, such as shingles, nails, glass, lumber, &c. Also in addition to contributions from our own citizens, the people of Dayton and perhaps some other neighboring towns, contributed and placed in the hands of the town council handsome sums of money for distribution; all the unfortunate families were again provided with new homes and many indeed in less than a month were in better condition than before the storm; thus order and comfort were restored by united effort.

PERE DUGAN.

BY ED. L. MORGAN.

It is not known who was the first white man who settled in Salem township, nor at what time or place the first cabin was built. It is thought by many that Pere Dugan, a Frenchman that had an Indian squaw for his wife, was the first. In 1803 he was living in a small log cabin, a short distance from the present residence of Mr. Mark Higbee, and the Pan Handle Railroad passes over or near the spot where it stood. Dugan Prairie took its name from Pere Dugan, who was the first white settler upon its border. His name is immortalized, and will probably outlive the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, who spent his whole life in robbing, tormenting and butchering his fellowmen; Pere spent his in killing the beaver, the wolf, the bear and the prairie rattle-snake, thus preparing the wild desert for the secure settlement of the civilized white man. Reader, which do you believe will occupy the highest seat of honor in the great hereafter, Napoleon Bonaparte or his fellow countryman, Pere Dugan? At the time here spoken of, and for many years after, the Prairie, (with the exception of a few small islands, and here and there an elevated spot) was covered with water, in some parts to a considerable depth, for there was no out-let for the water which flowed in from the surrounding country. In spring and summer it had the appearance of a small lake, and contained a vast amount of fish, frogs and turtles, and was a place of resort for countless numbers of water fowls, such as wild geese, ducks, cranes, storks, &c. Great numbers of beaver, otter, mink, muskrat and black rattle-snakes

had their houses on the margin of the lake, and in the elevated spots throughout its whole extent. Of very dry summers the water on the prairie would get so low that some parts would become entirely dry, and leave large quantities of fish, which would either be devoured by the hogs, wild beasts and fowls, or left to rot in the hot sun, causing an almost intolerable stench, and it was thought caused much sickness for many miles around.

"Us young folks" once constructed a rude sail boat and launched it upon the "raging waters" of Dugan. In this boat, accompanied by our "darlings," we spent a good deal of time that might have been employed in a more profitable, though not in a more agreeable and pleasant manner. Occasionally, either by accident or design, the boat would tip over, but this seldom happened in deep water, so that all could wade to the shore. Of the hundreds who enjoyed the happiness of a rapid and merry ride upon that boat but few now remain upon the earth. I know of none save four of the family of Jonathan Long, four of the family of Matthew Stewart, one of the family of John Taylor, and myself. This was probably the first boat ever launched in this township, and I know of but one other since that time, which was built by John McAdams, Esq., some years after. The history of this boat and the adventures of its owner, I expect to give in a short time.

In 1825 the Legislature passed an act authorizing Judge John Reynolds, of Urbana, to drain Dugan prairie, which he accomplished in a short time at great expense, and by this means became the benefactor of the inhabitants for many miles around. The people in that neighborhood have suffered but little with fever and ague since then, though it occurred every summer previous to that time. When emigrants from the old States began to settle and make improvements around him, and Pere could see the light of other fires in the "clearing" at night, and hear the sound of the woodman's axe and maul by day, he concluded it was time for him to hunt a new home, as game was getting somewhat scarce. He accordingly packed up his traps and accompanied by his wife, children and dogs, he wended his way to the north and located near the head of the Scioto river, where he ended his days. It was his custom after he left here to visit Urbana at least once a year, to dispose of his furs and skins, and as Judge Reynolds had become the owner of his old home, he always expected him to pay some

rent, which was cheerfully done, and a pound of "pig-tail" tobacco or a calico dress pattern for his youngest pappoose was usually given by the Judge, and thankfully received by Pere as ample satisfaction. Many amusing anecdotes of Dugan were related by the early settlers who knew him, one of which I will give:

He once purchased a bag of corn-meal from John Taylor, at his mill on Kings Creek, and as he had no horse of his own, Mr. Taylor kindly offered him the use of one to carry his meal home. The horse was a small one named Gopher. Pere thankfully accepted the offer, and after taking an earnest look, first at Gopher, then at the bag of meal, then at himself, he concluded that it would be impossible for the horse to carry both him and the bag of meal, and being impressed with the belief that "a merciful man will be merciful to his beast," he took the bag of meal upon his own shoulder and deliberately leading Gopher to a stump, he mounted his bare back, saying as he did so that "he could carry the bag of meal and the horse could carry him," and in this way he rode home.

FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY THOMAS COWGILL, M. D.

In presenting some account of my knowledge and experience of the trials and privations, the pleasures and friendships of the pioneer settlers of this country, I may not do better than to give the history of the "emigration and settlement" of our family here. The history of one is mainly the history of all the families of the early settlers, as they all had nearly the same object in view — they were in search of a home in the wilderness; and they generally had about the same means of conveyance — they moved in covered wagons, in carts, on horseback, and on foot. There was not then the convenience of railroad, turnpike, canal and river conveyance, as at present.

They traveled through the woods on the new and rough roads, and often without roads, to the respective places selected for their homes. They were generally about on an equality in point of property, were mostly comparatively poor, and had sought this new country where land was plenty and cheap, to better their condition in life. Yet some had left comfortable homes in Virginia, the Carolinas, Tennessee, &c., and had come to settle in this country, that they might be entirely free from any participation in that "sum of all villainies," — that scourge and curse of the human race — human slavery.

About the middle of October, 1817, our family had made necessary preparation, and started on our journey toward the setting sun, leaving our family home in Columbiana county, Ohio. In the latter part of this month we traveled up the valley of Darby

to the neighborhood where Middleburg now stands. This neighborhood, and north and east of it, as far as settled, was then known as the "Beech-woods," and farther south and west, in Mingo, Kingscreek and Madriver valleys, was called the "Plains." In the east part of this State, and perhaps other places, all this section was known as Madriver, or the Madriver country. We remained in that neighborhood two or three days, visiting some relatives, and many old Virginian acquaintances of my parents, and among those old acquaintances were the Elberts, Sharps, Garwoods, Jameses, Stokeses, Ballingers, Bishops, Euanses, Inskeeps, and Warners.

On the morning of November 1st we started, and traveled on the laid-out road from Urbana to Garwood's Mills (now East Liberty), and at about 11 o'clock, A. M., on that day, being the second day of the week, arrived in Mingo Valley, at the spot which was since that time the home of my parents during their lives, and still belongs in the family. The place was entirely in the woods, except a small cabin, 17x20 feet, which had been built and used as a school-house, by a fine spring of water. The logs of this house were of large oak and hickory trees split in two, and the building was five logs high to the square, with puncheon floor, or slabs about four inches thick, split out of large trees, and hewed a little where they were too rough. The fire-place occupied the entire south end of the house — about seventeen feet — with a back-wall of round stone and clay, built up about five feet high against the log wall. At the top of the square a log was laid across about three feet from the south wall, and on this log and the wall the chimney was built of sticks and clay; that is, a little house was built up there, about three by four feet, a little higher than the roof, and the cracks filled up with mortar; there was no up-stairs to the house, and the roof was tolerably flat. In this house our family of ten persons lived about eighteen months. During the winter of 1817–18, a school was taught by the late Judge Daniel Baldwin, about one mile south of our house, in a house similar to our dwelling, except there were some joists and an upper floor. This school was largely attended by the young men and women of the neighborhood — a number of them coming four miles to school. There were at least ten young men attending this school over six feet high and large in proportion, and weighing about

two hundred pounds each. There were about the same number of young women attending this school. Verily, there were giants in those days. And those large and tall young men exhibited more signs of humility than some of the smaller scholars, for in walking across the floor they must bow, or they would *bump* their heads against the joists every time. A number of those young men and women were in their spelling-books. The young women were neatly clothed in home-spun, mostly the work of their own hands. Their educational privileges seemed to be poor, yet they were highly favored of nature; they were fair and comely, and I never beheld a more beautiful company of young ladies.

The school books consisted of Webster's Spelling Book, Lindlay Murray's Works, the introduction English Reader, Sequel, and the New Testament, Walsh's and Pike's Arithmetic. I think there was no one studying English Grammar or Geography. The late Nicholas Williams, his two sisters and several brothers attended this school.

I have taken some note of the subsequent history of the young men and women who attended this school. With a few exceptions they have all gone to the house appointed for the living, and with the exception of one or two prodigals, they all did well in life, were mostly bright ornaments to society, lived useful lives, and died respected and lamented.

A little incident occurred which may be worth relating as an evidence of the care and protection of Divine Providence. On a beautiful sunshiny Sabbath day, in the spring of 1818, all of our family, except my mother and I, and three smaller children, had gone to a meeting about three miles from home. About noon mother was walking in the yard near the door, and no doubt that she felt lonesome, when a man came running through the woods towards our house. In passing by, in sight, he discovered that our cabin was on fire; at the junction of the clap-board roof with the stick and clay chimney the fire had kindled and was burning in a blaze. In a moment he was on the roof, and with a bucket of water soon put the fire out. If this good man had not been passing by at the time there is no doubt that our home would have been destroyed in a few minutes.

I think it was Samuel Adams, in speaking of the history of the early settlement of this country, who said: "These things, my

countrymen, should not be forgotten. For the benefit of our children and those who come after them, they should be recorded in history."

One object with me in writing these notes is to induce others of the early settlers still living in our favored country, to write their experience of early times' in order that they may be perpetuated in history for the benefit of those who live after us. And thus each one who can, bringing their "tithes into the storehouse," may call to mind many pleasant scenes now forever past and gone.

"And here our pilgrim fathers bowed,
In fervent faith and prayer."

I propose to give an account of two ministers of the gospel, of the Society of Friends, who visited this country in early days. I believe many of the pioneers paid much attention to the promotion of religion, to founding churches and building meeting-houses.

"For angels of mercy oft met with us here,
In the wilderness home that we loved."

One of those ministers was a lady over seventy years of age, residing in North Carolina. This aged and devoted christian traveled on horseback through the wilderness from her home in North Carolina, on her gospel mission to the people of this then new country, mostly camping out at night, and where she could find a little settlement, holding meetings and preaching the glad tidings of mercy and peace to the lonely settlers. In passing through the woods from a meeting held in "Marmon's Bottom," to an appointment at Job Sharp's house, near where Middleburg now stands, the party was overtaken by a heavy rain, accompanied with much wind, thunder and lightning, and her companions proposed to halt and shelter under the trees as best they could. She at once said, "No, go on; go on, we shall be too late to meeting." Her mission and desire seemed to be to do the will of her Divine Master.

"Her shield was faith in God."

The above relation was given to me by some one of the early settlers of this country, and I can not now give the lady's name as the incident took place before we removed to this country.

About the year 1820, Joseph Hoag, whose home I think was in the State of Vermont, in the course of a religious visit to the people of the South and West, was a guest at my father's house, and

held meeting for Divine Service at our meeting-house, and also held a number of meetings in the vicinity, mostly with the members of his own church. He was a remarkable man—a first cousin to Lorenzo Dow—and spent about sixty-five years of his life in traveling and preaching the gospel; his wife also spent about the same length of time in the same service. He had nine children, all married, and all his children and children-in-law, with two exceptions, were able ministers of the gospel, of the same church with him. Several of his children became public preachers before they were fifteen years of age. At the time he visited my father's house he had been traveling through the Carolinas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Indiana, and other States. He related to my father how the Kentuckians treated him. At Lexington he was taken sick, and Henry Clay removed him to his house and treated him in the most kind and friendly manner until he recovered from his illness. Being unable to travel for some time, he held several meetings in the neighborhood of Lexington, and preached to the people. When he was about to take his leave, the Presbyterian Church sent a committee to him, inviting him to remain with them as their pastor for one year, offering him a house, furnished as he desired, and every convenience about it that he wanted, and fifteen hundred dollars per year (which was considered a great salary fifty years ago,) and if that was not satisfactory, they wanted him to say what would be, as they desired him to remain with them.

He stated to them that he felt that his duty was discharged to them—that his mission was to visit other churches and people, and that he must leave them and travel on. The committee evinced much feeling on the occasion and proposed that if he could not remain with them, that he would accept a purse of one hundred dollars to enable him to pursue his journey. He thanked them for their kindness, and said that if he needed help he would be as willing to receive help from them as any other people, but as he was prepared to pursue his journey, he desired that they would help other persons, if they met with such that were needing help, and they would not lose their reward.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF *MRS. MARY MADDEN.

BY ED. L. MORGAN.

Mary Madden was the oldest daughter of Matthew and Elizabeth Stewart, who became residents of Salem township, Champaign County, Ohio, in the spring of the year 1804, and settled upon Kings Creek, where Mr. Stewart purchased from the United States, the north-east quarter of section number nine, of township number five, of range twelve, for which he paid two dollars per acre. His youngest son, Matthew Stewart, now owns and lives upon the same farm.

Mary was born on the 19th of May, 1800, and was consequently four years of age when her parents settled on Kings Creek, and there, and in the adjoining township of Union, she passed sixty years of her life. She was married to Nathaniel W. Craighill, in the year 1819, and by him she had five daughters: Eliza, now the wife of John Beatty, of Kennard, this county; Nancy, the wife of Mr. Joseph Miles, of Lewisburg, this county; Mary, the wife of Mr. Richard Gill, who lives near Sandusky; Margaret, the wife of Mr. Bell, of California. These four are still living. Elizabeth, the youngest, died some years ago, on the road to California.

Mr. Craighill died on the 3rd of September, 1826, aged twenty-seven years, at the place where Mr. Martin Dickison now lives; and Mary was left a widow with five small children to maintain, to feed, to clothe, to educate by means of her own labor, for they were too young to render their widowed mother any material aid. Shortly after the death of her husband, she moved to a small farm on the east side of Dugan Prairie, and adjoining the farm now owned and occupied by her sister Eleanor's husband,

* See Photograph.

Mr. Jesse C. Phillips. Here, in a small log cabin, with her family of five young female children; with a fortitude and firmness that is seldom equaled, she toiled on, through "thick and thin," through the long tedious days of summer and the long, stormy, dreary nights of winter. But she was equal to the emergency, and when she was not employed in other household duties, the constant whir of her spinning-wheel might be heard as she was preparing thread for the manufacture of linen or cloth for the comfortable clothing of her children who were merrily playing around her. At this time Polly (for by this name she was known), was the owner of a fine, large, black mare, named "Sook," which was purchased from my brother George. This mare was of a quiet, docile disposition, reliable and safe at all times, and under all circumstances. In time of winter when there was snow on the ground, Polly would do her visiting and church-going with her children, in a "jumper," drawn by Sook. In summer she frequently went to church, riding upon the back of the old mare, equipped with an old-fashioned side-saddle, and a blind-bridle. Behind her mother, snugly seated sideways, might be seen the oldest daughter, while the youngest child was safely seated on its mother's lap. Over the back of the animal was placed a wide strap of leather, and to each end of this strap was securely fastened a large, strong basket. In one of these was placed two of the children, and in the other the remaining child, with a small basket of cooked victuals in its lap to make them balance. A lovelier sight upon earth has never been seen than this family group, as they passed along the road. The cheerful smiles and happy countenances of the well-clothed, clean-washed youngsters, with their well-combed heads, bobbing above the brims of their baskets, was a sight both beautiful and interesting, that can never be excelled.

On the 8th day of January, 1832, Mary was married to Perry G. Madden. Mr. Madden is still living. He is a native of Virginia, was born in Harrison County, on the 5th of July, 1809; came to Ohio in August, 1830. Perry and Polly (for by these familiar names they were known to everybody), commenced life together at the lowest round of fortune's ladder. Neither of them was blessed with what is called a liberal education, for the means of obtaining it were extremely limited in the days of their youth. But they possessed what then was, and still is of much greater value, healthy, robust constitutions, and a will to labor.

It is an old adage that "where there is a will there is a way," and in this case it proved true, for by unremitting toil, honest industry, and the judicious investment of the proceeds of their labor, they eventually became wealthy. Mary Madden, wife of Perry G. Madden, died on the 11th of May, 1864, aged sixty-four years less eight days. By her last marriage she had seven children, five of whom were living at the time of her death. Her son Nathaniel, who married Miss McFarlan, has since died, leaving a widow and two sons. Sarah, the oldest daughter, married George Reams, and lives at the old homestead. Susan married David Perry, and lives near Dugan Prairie. William married a daughter of Martin Dickison, and lives on a farm in that neighborhood. Martha married John Pearce, and lives at Kennard. All own good farms. Two of their children died in infancy. Perry Madden, who is known to everybody in this region of country, is now sixty-three years of age, large and well formed, weighs about two hundred and forty pounds, and is somewhat of a favorite among the ladies, always jovial and full of fun. The welcome visitor at the hospitable mansion of Perry Madden is sure to enjoy the comforts of a rich joke, a hearty laugh and a good dinner. Mary Madden had two sisters and six brothers. Her sister Eliza is married to Wm. Long, and her sister Eleanor to Jesse C. Phillips. As a model wife, mother and neighbor, she had few equals, and surely none were her superiors.

JOHN CHESHER.

Died, at the residence of his son, in West Middleburg, Logan county, Ohio, December 26, 1859, Mr. John Chesher, aged 93 years, 7 months, and 12 days.

The deceased was born in Prince William County, Virginia, May 14, 1766—was nine years old at the time of the battle of Lexington, and ten when the Declaration of Independence was made—and though too young to take an active part, he was an eye-witness and participant (as nearly all the inhabitants were) of many of the trying scenes and hardships of the Revolution. He was near

enough the Battle of Yorktown, to hear distinctly the roar of the cannon. He afterward joined the army, and marched, under the command of Gen. Morgan, to suppress the flames of civil war that had broken out in Pennsylvania, known as the "Whisky Rebellion." On their way, they were met, at Morgantown, by Washington, who passed their lines, and remarked to them "that they were a brave looking set of heroes." He also took part in the struggle of 1812; was forced marched (after the battle of Bladensburg) to defend Washington City; but arrived only in time to see the capitol and other public buildings in ruins. He was also at the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and in several other less important engagements. In 1816, he removed from Virginia to Todd county, Kentucky, and thence, sometime in the fall of 1823, to Clarke county, Ohio, and finally, in the spring of 1825, to Logan county, and settled in the vicinity of what is now West Middleburg, to which village he removed shortly after it was laid out, and continued to be an inhabitant thereof, during a greater part of the time up to his death. During the last few years of his life, age and affliction weighed heavily upon him, and he was for the most part, confined to his room. Yet, though for years he had been tottering on the verge of the grave, his death was sudden and unexpected.

Thus has passed away from our midst another of that venerable race of men, who, in the language of the immortal Webster, "had come down to us from a former generation;" one, the period of whose life extended back to a time when our present proud and glorious Republic was a colonial dependency of the British Crown, numbering little more than two million inhabitants; when the Valley of the Mississippi was—with the exception of a few French trading posts—an unbroken wilderness, trodden by the Indian and the buffalo, and echoing to the scream of the panther, and the war-whoop of the savage; one that was a witness of the seven years' struggle between Might and Right, that resulted in the birth of our glorious liberty—one that had lived under the administration of every President of the Republic; and one, too, whose arm had been lifted in defence of the liberty which we enjoy; who tore himself from the bosom of his friends, left his home, braved many dangers, and periled his life in his country's cause. May his good deeds be long remembered with gratitude, and his defects be hid with him in the grave.

* HENRY WEAVER.

At the ripe old age of eighty-four years, the wealthiest man in this county has been gathered to his fathers.

Henry Weaver was born in Berkely county, Virginia, May 6th, 1788, and while yet an infant was brought to Kentucky with his father's family, residing in that State until 1802, part of the time near Maysville, and later near Lexington. In 1802 he came with his father to this county, settling in the south-western portion of Mad-River township. In 1807 he was married to Nancy Chapman. He moved to Urbana in the winter of 1813-14, beginning business in a small shop that then stood on Scioto street where E. B. Gaumer's dwelling stands. He was then a practical shoemaker, and plied his vocation diligently, and branching out into mercantile pursuits in a small but profitable way, entering fully into the legitimate store business (as it was called in those days) only when his son Lemuel became old enough to attend the counter.

He successfully owned and occupied the Gaumer shop, the Guthridge property and, in 1821, built the Bassett house, near the Square, on Scioto street. In 1824-25 he occupied a store room in what is now the City Hotel; afterwards, and for about two years, the Campbell corner, now called Glenn's corner, on the Square.

In 1821 he was appointed Tax Collector for Champaign county, at which time the collector traveled the county over, visited each tax-payer, and was armed with the special powers and privileges of a constable to distrain and enforce payment if necessary.

In 1833 he purchased from Wm. Neil the site of the present L. Weaver building and removed the old buildings (some of which may yet be seen) to lots on Church and Court streets. He erected at once a building which was in that day an ornament to the town, and one of the finest brick blocks west of Columbus.

He built the house occupied by O. E. Lewis & Co. as a leather store, and the Weaver dry goods store room, finishing his work on

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* The above sketch of the life of Mr. Weaver I clip from the *Urbana Citizen and Gazette*.—[E. D.

Monument Square by the completion of the large and elegant Weaver House, a building unexcelled for beauty of architecture and attractive style by any house in the State.

He had built a number of dwellings, two of which, neat brick cottages on South Main street, remain unfinished.

In 1859 he was elected President of the Champaign County Bank, a position he held several years, and we believe until the reorganization of the bank under the National Bank laws.

Mr. Weaver was a man of purely business habits. His mind was thoroughly engrossed and occupied with business and his attention was not easily drawn aside from his daily routine. With vigilant eye he observed his gradual and constant increasing fortune, meeting with little adversity, yet surmounting difficulties with vigor and energy. Within a few days of his death he was on the street and at his store at his accustomed hours, transacting the usual business connected with his large property, retaining his usual vigorous strength until Tuesday, February 27. On that day he was attacked with congestion of the lungs and suffered severely until Sunday evening, March 3, when he died, at 8:25 o'clock. He retained his consciousness to the hour of death, though at times under the influence of powerful opiates administered to alleviate pain.

THE *PIONEER MEETING.

Mr. Joshua Antrim, Historian of the Pioneer Association of Logan and Champaign counties, hands us the following address of Hon. Joseph C. Brand, Mayor of Urbana, accompanied with the request of the Association that it be published. It was the Address of Welcome to the Pioneers, when they assembled at the Court House, September 5th, 1872:

MR. PRESIDENT AND LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PIONEER ASSOCIATION OF THE COUNTIES OF LOGAN AND CHAMPAIGN:—A society organized and created as yours has been, from patriotic motives, unselfish in its aspirations, and impelled by an earnest desire to serve the era in which you live, as a medium between the past and the future, and through which to collect and preserve for future use the historical incidents, individual heroism and the interesting details in the settlement of these two beautiful counties, should command the respect and kind regard of every good citizen.

Three quarters of a century ago our fathers were neighbors to the Indians, and surrounded by the concomitants of that race—the buffalo, the bear, the panther, and other wild beasts, and lapped upon that barbarous and uncivilized state in which this beautiful country had for ages been enveloped. They were the compeers of Logan, Tecumseh, Moluntha and Kenton, and to recover fragments of the History of these brave men and women is the work of your society.

When we remember the change that has been wrought in this period, it is wonderful even to us, and marvelous to the old nations of the earth.

Seventy-five years ago, on this very ground, our fathers and

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*From the *Urbana Citizen and Gazette.*

mothers had to contend with the savages and the wild beasts of the forest; but in this short time (which is scarcely anything in the life of a nation) we find in these two counties almost every acre of land subdued and cultivated, animated with a population of 50,000 active and enterprising people, while the plains and the valleys "blossom as the rose." Schools, colleges, universities, churches and cities now line the old Indian trail from the North to their hunting grounds in Kentucky, where the buffalo and the deer wintered upon the cane-brakes. Along this Indian trail our first army for the protection of the northern frontier marched and left its trace; the first railroad in Ohio was also built upon it; and will it be extravagant to predict that in less than a century from this time the cities and towns that now dot this historic path will run together and form an almost unbroken city from the southern to the northern boundary of the State? This line of country has the material and capacity to support its millions instead of thousands, with the varied pursuits and industries common to all densely populated countries.

It is a custom long since established in the old countries of Europe, through the agency of antiquarian societies, to preserve as near as possible the characteristics of their people in every century —to preserve in government museums specimen samples of the fine arts, architecture, mechanical skill, implements of husbandry for house and field, arms, armour, costumes (military and civil,) house and kitchen furniture, wares, &c. These relics increase in value and interest from age, and so will the valuable reminiscences of the trials, adventures and labors, as well as biographical sketches of representative men and women of the early days of our history enhance in value and interest as the years come and go, and the last link that binds the present to the past generations shall have been broken. You will then be remembered as lovers of your race and as disinterested public benefactors. Your archives will be carefully examined and your annals read with interest and avidity.

Mr. President, without detaining you with elaborate remarks and occupying your valuable time, I now, on behalf of the people and authorities of the city of Urbana, welcome you in our midst, and hope that this, your annual meeeting, may be both interesting and profitable.

THE LOGAN COUNTY *TORNADO.

A whirlwind is a bad thing to get mixed up with. People living in cities have little opportunity of judging the entire truth of this statement, but their country cousins are entirely aware of the fact, and their knowledge is based on the very solid foundation stone, experience. Their houses are not of the city pattern. They contain no massive joists, and walls a foot thick, nor is much brick or stone used in their construction. They are generally wooden structures, rarely over two stories in height, and are not destined to last much beyond the lives of their builders. Consequently when the wind becomes tempestuous in a country village, the inhabitants of the place are very much concerned about the matter, and are at their wit's end to find a secure refuge. Such was the case with the inhabitants of this little town, and those of De Graff, its nearest adjoining neighbor, on Friday evening, 7th inst.

Indications of a storm were apparent to the close observer during the day, but as twilight came on, the clearness of the atmosphere and the strange quiet that seemed to affect all things, gave everybody the cue to what was to follow. The whirlwind came from the west, and at about half-past 6 o'clock it struck in the vicinity of Quincy, tearing the forest to pieces, and then after leaving their broken remnants behind it, coming upon the town itself. It looked like a massive balloon as it sped on its mission of destruction, and little clouds appeared to be pursuing each other with lightning rapidity through the upper section of it, while the lower part, corresponding to the basket of an æronaut's vessel, seemed like the chimney of a locomotive. As it struck the town, houses, barns, stables,

* From Quincy Correspondence *Cincinnati Gazette*, June 12th, 1872.

outhouses, buildings of every description, went to pieces with a continuous crashing that sounded like the shock of armies in battle; and the terror-stricken citizens, such as were unhurt, rushed wildly to and fro with irresolute mind but feet of courier swiftness. Shouts of joy from mothers at finding their lost offspring, from husbands at seeing their wives again, and from children being assured of their parents' safety, mingled with lamentations of grief from those whose search was unrewarded.

The scenes were such as would have ensued had the end of the world arrived, and there is perhaps no resident of the town who did not for the moment suppose that such was the case. The terror was universal, and every thought was of self, until the wind had expended its forces. When the nature of the shock was understood, however, many persons recovered a portion of their lost courage, and their thoughts reverted to their relatives and friends. They then endeavored to ascertain their whereabouts, and many who left their houses under such circumstances, fell in the streets, struck by flying timbers and debris. After the shock had lasted about a moment, its destroying force was carried onward to DeGraff, which is situated three miles from Quincy, and there the same scenes were re-enacted among the populace. The destruction was principally wrought in the best section of the town, but was not as extensive as in Quincy. The whirlwind seemed to be traveling on a straight line at the rate of sixty miles an hour as it reached DeGraff, and it covered territory from fifty to a hundred miles wide. After the hurricane had passed over DeGraff, it progressed about three miles further in its course, and then died away with its force expended. The citizens of the devastated villages were then able to proceed about the mournful task of hunting out the victims of the disaster, and the work was one to which all hands were turned and which was soon completed. In DeGraff about fifteen persons were hurt. The house of Jonathan Roll, a large two-story frame, fronting on the main street of the hamlet, was badly riddled and the roof torn off, and during the alarming crisis the occupants became overwhelmed with terror, and rushed into the street. Mr. Roll in person carried his little daughter Lulie, a girl seven years of age, in his arms, and had scarcely left the building before a mass of flying wreck struck and knocked him to the earth and covered his body and that of his daughter out of sight in the

ruins. When the rescuers reached him after the accident, the little girl, the pride of his heart, was still clasped in his arms; but her eyes could never more twinkle the delight she felt while in his company, and her tiny hand could never more pat his cheek—she was dead; and the form five minutes before all grace and beauty, was now distorted into a shape that wrung copious tears of sorrow from those who viewed it. Her injuries were so terrible that death could not have been delayed long enough for her to know that she had received them.

Mr. Roll, personally, suffered a broken shoulder blade and numerous and severe bruises. His wife and Levanda Moses (her daughter by a former husband) met with an equally terrible misfortune in their effort to seek safety. The girl's brains were dashed out, and she was mutilated as badly as her half sister, and Mrs. Roll had her left forearm crushed, and received internal injuries of so serious a nature that her recovery is entirely conjectural. The names of the other victims I can not recollect. Suffice it to say that they are receiving every attention, and, with the exception of a boy named Warner, who was blown a distance of one hundred yards, some assert, are in little danger.

THE PROPERTY DESTROYED.

The ravages of the wind in DeGraff are made plainly apparent to the occupants of passing railroad trains, and they still look confused and widespread, although every effort is being put forth to restore the town to its former shape. The chief thoroughfare abuts on the railway depot as Baymiller does to the C. H. & D. Depot in Cincinnati, and a view of it in the present condition is not gratifying. The last building on the east side of the street was a barn, which belonged to Newt. Richardson, and adjoining it was the barn of Dr. Hance. Next to the last named came the frame house and stable of T. J. Smith, and then the Methodist church, a large frame structure. These buildings were all some distance back from the street, and were leveled flat. In front of the church was the dwelling house, store, and barn of Mrs. Christine, and not an erect timber in either building is left standing. Mr. Roll's house and stable were situated next to Mrs. Christine's property, and the stable was wrecked completely. Adjoining the Roll homestead on the west was Mrs. Lippincott's house and barn. The house was bereft of its roof and otherwise damaged,

while the stable was resolved into lumber on the spot. The last buildings on this side of main street were a small brick building, occupied as a tin and stove store by Samuel Pratt, and the frame cabinet shop of J. H. Rexer, both of which were ruined.

On the west side of the street the destruction was not so great as on the east, but the number of buildings partially destroyed was about even. The list opens with Newt. Richardson's frame business house, which lost its roof, as did the adjoining store of Conrad Mohr. The dwelling of John Van Kirk came next, and was similarly treated, and the owner's saddle and harness shop next door also suffered scalping. The next house was Schriver, Wolf & Co.'s dry goods establishment, which, in addition to unroofing, was battered and broken in many places. A good sized frame next to this last named, occupied as a dry goods store, and owned by Benjamin Crutcher, was unroofed and otherwise damaged, and the hardware store of Grafford, Crutcher & Co., adjoining it met with bad luck, being nearly destroyed. On Boggs street, in rear of Main, Mrs. Russell's dwelling house (a large building,) Lippincott & Hersche's cooper shop and barn, and Lippincotts stable, were all very badly damaged, and on the west side of this street the dwellings of John O'Hara and David Gainey suffered severely.

C. H. Custenborder, a farmer living half a mile distant, lost his house and two barns, all of which were blown to atoms. The grist and saw mills of Schriver, Wolf & Co., near DeGraff, were injured to a considerable extent. In Quincy about seventy buildings are believed to have been all or partially destroyed, and an estimating committee who reckoned up the matter calculated that the loss would reach sixty or seventy thousand dollars. Among the chief losses are the following: Baptist and Methodist churches, frame buildings, both are down. Wm. Cloninger's blacksmith, cooper and wagon shops, leveled with the ground, and dwelling house rendered uninhabitable for some days. The dwelling house was moved twelve feet from its foundations. Large frame house occupied by Daniel Clark and Edward Fitzgerald, was rendered almost valueless by the damage inflicted. Henry Keyser's frame house, demolished. Widow Offenbach's dwelling house, roof off. Elias Walburn's crrriage shop, partially destroyed. D. S. Wolf's hotel and pump factory—roof off the former and the latter destroyed.

These are but a few of the heaviest losses. Very few buildings in the entire town seemed to have escaped the visitation. Several people were caught and imprisoned in the ruins of their own houses as they fell, and had to wait some time before succor came to them. The force of the hurricane was felt very plainly in Quincy, and as instances, timbers of a thickness of eight or ten inches were blown from the Methodist Church a distance of ten yards, and in one place after the storm, a shingle was found driven into some weatherbording, just as if it had been steel and as sharp pointed as a razor. In De Graff, also, it drew a pump from the well of Alexander Corry, and threw it ten feet and over his house. A large piece of tin roofing was carried away from the town hall in the latter village, and was thought by imaginative countrymen, in its progress, to be a winged gray horse. Masses of rubbish were carried several miles and deposited in fields, on the tops of forest trees and elsewhere.

INCIDENTS.

The first reliable intimation of the coming destruction was given to the inhabitants of DeGraff by a countryman, who drove through town in his wagon as fast as his lame and antiquated government mule could hobble, and shouted to the people to vacate. Nobody understood the cause of his alarm, however, and many thought the volume of dust sweeping on toward them was caused by a runaway team. When the storm broke, a citizen named Johnson, who possessed the first requisite of a good Cincinnati Councilman, a capacious abdomen, laid himself down beside a stone wall, and had not been there thirty seconds, before Mr. Graffort, the hardware man, came gliding along and speedily ranged himself on Mr. Johnson. It wasn't a good fit, however, and the next man was a Kentucky doctor of about Johnson's size, who settled down on the two members of the stone wall brigade, with all the lightness and ease of a three story brick house. He found, however, after he had done so, that the wall was not high enough to shield him from the destroyer, and so got up again, thereby saving himself the unpleasantness of acting as principle in a murder trial, as Johnson's breath had ebbed down to almost a thimbleful, and he could not muster up a whisper of remonstrance.

The most miraculous event that occurred in DeGraff is believed

to have been the escape of a French stallion—a splendid animal—that was lodged in a stable back of Main street. The stable was leveled flat with the ground, and a surface of perhaps one hundred feet square was covered with corn cobs and rubbish, and the animal was found afterward standing where his stall ought to be, and calmly feeding upon the loose hay strewn around him. A similar incident was the escape of a brood of pigeons. This last event was chronicled by one youngster to another (as overheard by a bystander) in very grieved tones, "There wasn't one of the old pigeons hurt," and the event was sufficiently singular to excite comment among older people than the boy. On Hay street a small frame dwelling house occupied by John Van Kirk was turned half way round with the gable end to the street, without a board being displaced.

The Ministerial Association of the Bellefontaine District was to have met in the Methodist church to-day, but upon second thought concluded they would not do so. The funerals of the dead girls, and also that of Mrs. Glick, in Quincy, took place on Monday, and were not very largely attended, owing to the other interests that claimed the absorbing attention of the people. The towns have been visited by thousands of people since the disaster, and the relief movements are in good shape, and promising an abundantly satisfactory return. In DeGraff the houseless ones have all been provided with shelter by their neighbors, but in Quincy the destruction was so general that many had to be sent to the country, and thrown on the hospitality of the farmers. In many houses in Quincy the occupants can be seen at their work, sewing women plying the needle at the windows, where sash, glass and all are missing, and domestics washing in apartments with apertures in them large enough to admit a horse, seemingly.

The following curious poster, written with ink, meets a person's gaze on nearly every dilapidated house front in the place:

"Blown down, but alive and ready to do duty in my dwelling house, one door north of the old stand. SAM. FRANTZ,

"Stoves, queensware, &c."

Half a dozen persons in the two towns were carried some yards by the strength of the wind, and one by the name of Johnnie Parks, living in Quincy, says he held to the post as long as the post stood it, but when it went he went too. He couldn't resist

the inclination. It is most probable that the whirlwind's power was brought chiefly to bear upon the forests before it had reached Quincy. The scene in these uninhabited tracts of land is most convincing evidence of the wind's terrible power. Trees as high as the Opera House, and thick beyond the capacity of two men's arms to encircle, lie here, wrenched out of the very ground by the airy monster. Some are split in two, and their branches lie strewn around in endless confusion. Others are taken short off at the base, and others still have had their branches lopped off. Those that are still standing are bent and insignificant-looking, when compared with their former erect position.

HOW KINGS CREEK GOT ITS NAME.

BY ED. L. MORGAN.

According to the best information which can be obtained, this township (Salem) was first visited by the whites, in the fall of 1786. At that time an army of Kentuckians, under the command of Gen. Benjamin Logan, passed through here, when on their way to destroy the Indians on Mac-a-cheek. The advance of this army was commanded by Colonel Daniel Boone and Major Simon Kenton. The following incident, which occurred at the time, was related to the writer, and others, by Simon Kenton, at Taylor's mill, on Kings Creek, in the spring of 1814:

A few of the mounted men, who were a short distance in advance, suddenly encountered a few Indians, in the prairie, a short distance west of the present residence of Mr. John Eichholts. The two parties discovered each other at the same time, and the Indians, who were on foot, made a vigorous effort to reach the high ground upon the east, that they might have the advantage of the timber, and fire at the whites from behind the trees; but by a timely and rapid movement, they were headed off by the horsemen. The Indians then wheeled to the north, and on entering the high grass, near the creek, they scattered like frightened quails, and squatted and concealed themselves in the high grass and weeds. The Kentuckians pursued, and at a point about one-fourth mile below the present site of the Kingston mills and nearly opposite the present residence of Mr. Nathaniel Johnson, one of the horsemen came upon an Indian, who, upon being dis-

covered, rose to his feet, presented his gun and pulled the trigger, but fortunately for the soldier, the gun missed fire, and the Kentuckian shot and killed the Indian before he could make his escape. This Indian, from his dress and appearance, was supposed to be a chief or king. After scalping the fallen foe, and divesting the body of its ornaments and jewels, they watered their horses at the beautiful stream hard by, and gave it the name of "The King's Creek," which name it still bears.

At the time here referred to, there stood near the spot a honey locust tree, which afterward attained to a great height and uncommon size for one of its kind, and was often referred to by the old settlers as the place where the Indian king was killed; and some folks who believed such things, asserted that they frequently saw the red man's ghost, with his "raw head and bloody bones," prowling about the tree or perched upon the topmost branches in form of a huge horned owl, as they passed that way of a moonlight night; and so great was the dread of some, that they would travel half a mile out of their way, rather than risk an encounter with his "royal highness." But that tree is gone, the ghost has disappeared, the generation that feared it has passed away and is almost forgotten—nothing connected with the event now remains, save only the creek and its name—they will abide forever.

*DEATH OF HON. MOSES B. CORWIN.

Moses Bledsoe Corwin died at his residence in this city, Thursday evening, April 11th, 1872, aged 82 years and 3 months.

He was the first child of Ichabod and Sarah Corwin, and was born in Bourbon county, Kentucky, January 5th, 1790, and six years later the family removed to Lebanon, Ohio, where he grew up to manhood.

June 4th, 1811, he was married to Margaret Fox, of Lebanon, and in 1812 they moved to Urbana, arriving here June 18th, and here they spent the remainder of their lives. Upon his arrival here, Mr. Corwin began the publication of the *Watchtower*, the first newspaper published in the then large county of Champaign, introducing press and types into the vast wilderness, undismayed by the popular illiteracy of most early settlers, and less annoyed by the competition of other presses a hundred miles away.

Early in 1811 he had been admitted to the bar and he began his practice here, which became very extensive, his circuit including Cincinnati and Detroit, at which places he was an attendent at court. In those early days the lawyer traveled like an old style gentleman, astride the best horse in the country, his legal acumen stored in his brain and legal authorities in his saddle-bags. The journey of a circuit then was no trifling trip, as it now would be, but occupied weeks always, and frequently extending into months.

In 1838 Mr. Corwin was elected Representative from Champaign and Union counties to the State Legislature, and was re-elected in 1839.

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*From the Urbana, O., *Citizen and Gazette.*

He represented this District (then composed of Champaign, Logan, Union, Delaware and Clarke counties,) in Congress, in 1849–50, and again in 1853-54, serving, faithfully and acceptably, the people of the Eighth District, in times when political strategy and high-toned compromise were actively engaged in preparing evil webs for a future day to unravel. On all the measures of those days, Mr. Corwin entertained and advocated advanced ideas, which eventually led him to enroll himself in the ranks of the Republican party, early in its career, in which he lived politically until his natural death.

His social life was a thread of interesting portrayals of the character of true friendship. The fire of love burned brightly in his heart and the sun never set upon his anger. To a friend he was all friend, in adversity or thrift. In the hour of trial, of deep despair, his friend found him strong to avert any danger and with a will to do it.

An incident occurs to us that is fruitful of the lessons of friendship and shows the true tests. It was told by Jonathan E. Chaplin, in the First M. E. Church, many years ago, in an address on Temperance. And to make this incident the more fully understood, it must be known that in his early manhood, Mr. Corwin was an intemperate man, beyond the ordinary dram drinking customs of the day, and Mr. Chaplin was his chosen companion of the hour.

In the fall of 1839, in November if we mistake not, the naturally religious faculties of Mr. Corwin assumed supremacy over his grosser passions and led him to unite himself with the M. E. Church. He closed his lips against liquor in all its forms and became totally abstinent. The great change in so prominent a man was the theme of every tongue and excitement even resulted from so great a reformation and so prominent an example.

The example was not lost on his most valued and truly honorable friend, Jonathan Chaplin, and he too made the effort to abstain from the cup. For days and nights he wrestled with the demon appetite, and fought manfully against the love of that which he knew would drag him down to destruction. At the morning of the eighth day he succumbed to the demands of his tottering brain and with shaking nerves, and mind racked with the torture of an appetite freed from resistance, he arose long before dawn,

and maddened, crazed, he awaited the coming of the first gray streaks of the day that he might go down town, awaken a storekeeper, and appease his appetite with brandy, which he knew he would surely obtain.

Day dawned, and throwing a blanket around him, he started down town, the wind blowing fiercely, and rain falling frozen upon the ground, and soon reached North Main street. As he turned into that street he met a strong blast of wind that nearly carried away his hat and blanket, when he pulled the blanket over his head and groped his way onward, not caring what might be in his way, and seeing nothing. Out of a little nook near where Busser's Cigar Store now stands, stepped a manly form and seized him firmly by the shoulder, turned him around, and in a friendly voice said, "Jonathan, come home." And, God be praised, *Jonathan went.*

He who had saved his friend from that most hopeless, uncharitable road to destruction, was Moses B. Corwin, and for eight early mornings had he watched and waited there; knowing the cravings of appetite that would afflict him in whom he had the strongest interest—knowing the hour it would come the strongest to attack him, and he put forth the strong and resolute hand. Jonathan Chaplin became an honored and exceedingly popular minister of the Gospel.

Such an event is worth the living of an ordinary lifetime; but Mr. Corwin's life exhibited many such incidents, showing his valuation of the fraternal ties of manhood, and their correct uses.

The declining days of such a man are full of peace, and his retrospect of a long life was fruitful of comfort and contentment that made him happy, even when surrounded with affliction. Seeing, he heard not, but his thoughts of the good the world has and had were the solace of a good old man.

THE LUDLOW ROAD.

HOW IT GOT ITS NAME.

BY ED. L. MORGAN.

The question is often asked, why and for what reason a certain line and road in this county is called the "Ludlow Line," and "Ludlow Road." I will endeavor to explain the why and the wherefore, in as brief a manner as possible. On the 23d of May, one one thousand six hundred and nine (1609,) King James the First of England granted a charter to certain persons for that part of America called Virginia, and from that charter I now will copy the following extract:

"And we also, of our special grace, certain knowledge and mere motion, give, grant and confirm, unto the said treasurer and company, and their successors, under the reservations, limitations and declarations hereafter expressed, all those lands, countries and territories situate, lying and being in that part of America called Virginia, from the point of land called Cape or Point Comfort, all along the sea coast to the northward two hundred miles, and from the said point of Cape Comfort all along the sea coast to the southward two hundred miles, and all that space and circuit of land lying from the sea coast of the precinct aforesaid, up into the land, throughout, from sea to sea, west and north-west; and also all the islands lying within one hundred miles, along the coast of both seas of the precinct aforesaid."

The foregoing is an exact copy, even to the punctuation.

By virtue of this charter, Virginia claimed title to all land lying between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, and her right was never called in question. After the close of the war of the Revolution, the State of Virginia ceded to the United States the greatest part of this vast domain, and at the same time made certain reservations; and among them she reserved all the land lying between the Little Miami and Scioto Rivers, in what is now the State of Ohio. This land was reserved for the purpose of paying the Virginia soldiers who served in the war of the Revolution, and was distributed among the officers and soldiers in quantities proportionate to their several grades in the army. As the Little Miami extended but a short distance into the country, from its mouth at the Ohio river, and the Scioto, which is the eastern boundary of the reserve, extends a great deal further, both northward and easterly, into the country, it was necessary that a line should be run from the head of one river to the other, in order to define the limits of the reserve made by the State of Virginia. The first line was run from the head of the Little Miami toward the place that was supposed to be the head of the Scioto. This line was run by Israel Ludlow, hence the name of "Ludlow Line." This line from the head of the Little Miami bears north, twenty degrees west. It was afterward discovered that the head of the Scioto was several miles further west than the point at first designated as its source. This discovery caused much trouble and several law-suits, and a second line was run, called "Roberts' line." In due time a number of surveyors were employed to locate and survey the lands, and for this purpose the owners of warrants put them into the hands of surveyors, and in many cases gave them part of the land for their services. I will here state that the surveyors' fees were payable in *tobacco*; but lest my veracity should be called in question by some of your readers, I will quote from a law of the State of Virginia, passed in October, 1793, and which I believe is still in force, and applies to surveys in the Military District.

"SEC. 3. And for declaring what fees a surveyor may be entitled to: *Be it Enacted*, That every surveyor shall be entitled to receive the following fees for the services hereinafter mentioned, to be paid by the persons employing him, and no other fees whatever; that is to say: For every survey by him plainly bounded, as the law directs, and for a plan of such survey, after the delivery

of such plat, where the survey shall not exceed four hundred acres of land, two hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco; for every hundred acres contained in one survey above four hundred, twelve pounds of tobacco; for surveying a lot in town, twenty pounds of tobacco; and where the surveyor shall be stopped or hindered from finishing a survey by him begun, to be paid by the party who required the survey to be made, one hundred and twenty-five pounds of tobacco; for surveying an acre of land, for a mill, fifty pounds of tobacco; for every survey of land formerly patented, and which shall be required to be surveyed, and for a plat thereof, delivered as aforesaid, the same fee as for land not before surveyed; for running a dividing line between any county or parish, to be paid by such respective counties or parishes in proportion to the number of tythables, if ten miles or under, five hundred pounds of tobacco; and for every mile above ten, fifteen pounds of tobacco.

"SEC. 4. That all persons who are now chargeable with any surveyors' fees, for services under the act of Assembly, entitled, 'An act for regulating the fees of the register of the land office, and for other purposes,' or who shall hereafter become chargeable with any tobacco for any of the services mentioned in this act, shall, at their election, discharge the same either in transfer tobacco notes or in specie at the rate of twelve shillings and sixpence for every hundred pounds of gross tobacco."

The foregoing quotation is from Henry's Statutes of Virginia, page 353. Jim Armstrong and I had been paid such fees for *our* services as surveyors, and all in tobacco and could we have kept it until now, we would be able to supply the upper and lower ten and their little boys with cigars for a month or more, beside poisoning all the potato bugs in the county.

EX-GOVERNOR VANCE'S FAMILY.

For the satisfaction of those who feel an interest in the family of Ex-Governor Vance, and would like to know how many of his children are still living, and where, I will just say, in addition to Judge A. F. Vance, mentioned on page 258, now Probate Judge of Champaign county, he has another son and one daughter, now living in Urbana, Dr. D. M. Vance, a practicing physician in that place, and Mary, the widow of Judge John A. Corwin, late of the Supreme Court of Ohio; three links that bind us to the many pleasant memories of the past. May they never be forgotten.

ERRATA.

In the heading of the Poll Books of Champaign and Logan counties for 1811 it is said, "The first election." This is a mistake of the printer. The first election held in Champaign county was the same year the county was organized, 1805. The first in Logan, then Champaign, was in the year 1806. I selected the year 1811 because the vote was fuller, and the names of voters come within the memory of many now living.

Page 173, eight lines from bottom, for 1872 read 1822.

Page 217, last line, for North-East read North-West.

Page 140, for Fillis read Tillis.

Page 229, sixteen lines from bottom, for Rupel Bigalow read Russel Bigalow.

Page 230, twenty-two lines from top, for Marly read Maily.

Page 137, for Thomas Runkle (Taner) read William Runkle (Taner.)

Page 253, for Lidders read Siders, and for Parker read Parks.

Page 230, six lines from top, for John ~~Long~~ Strong read John S range.

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